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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

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VOL. XLVI

NOVEMBER, 1915, TO APRIL, 1916, INCLUSIVE

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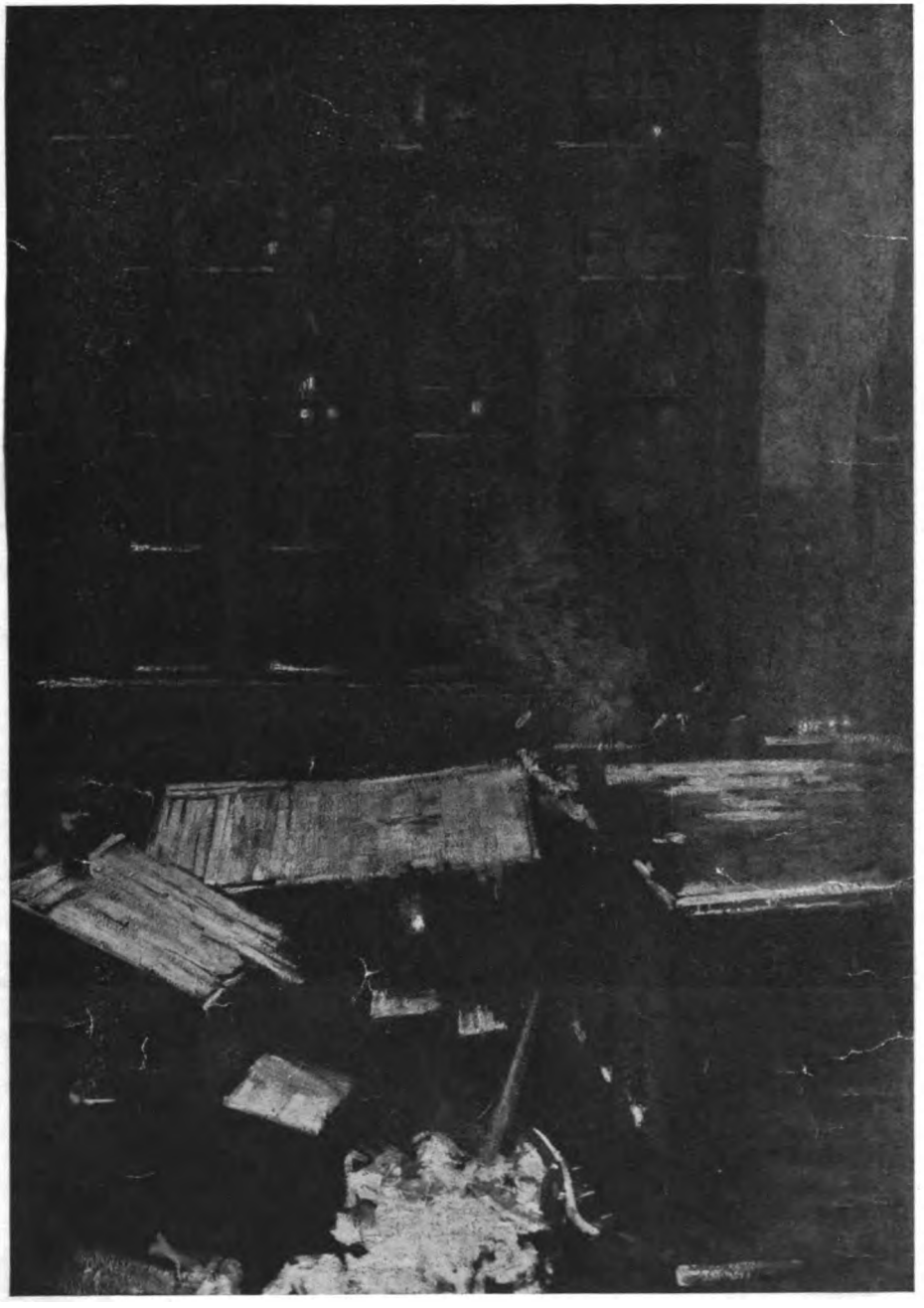

THE SHACK, WINTER

From the Painting by Curtis Williamson, a Canadian Painter of great distinction

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 1

OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUN.

And now having glutted the market for urban lots, and floated all sorts of franchise-holding propositions, and "acquired" all the natural resources in the form of waterpowers and timber limits and mining claims that prodigal public administrators let slip out of their hands, it is high time for us as a nation to go to work. . . . Canada must work out her own industrial salvation—eight millions of people cannot live on the evanescent iridescence of a real-estate boom.—*The Globe* (Toronto), July 26th, 1913.

WE frequently meet the statement that there is a widespread interest in science on the part of the American public, and if by "interest in science" we mean absorbing with child-like credulity the accounts in the daily press, where equal prominence is given to the claims of serious scientific workers, and notorious imposters—then undoubtedly we are great patrons of this branch of learning. For no account of an invention is too inaccurate provided it is glaring and sensational enough to attract our attention. However, any serious realization of the value of science in the life of the nation seems to be almost lacking, and the superficial receptivity alluded to above may be attributed entirely to the sensational manner in which the subject is treated.

The world to-day confronts the spectacle of one nation guided by a false philosophy and actuated by motives utterly subversive of modern social ethics defying, and to a large degree successfully defying, the whole civilized world. In admiring the industrial efficiency of Germany, the writer will not even pause to deal with the contentions of those who maintain that were we to attain to the same efficiency we would put it to similar evil uses. There is no support for that contention. National immorality is not the inevitable concomitant of national efficiency, and it is not too much to say that had the allied nations possessed Germany's

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scientific and industrial efficiency, her organization and alertness to avail herself of all that is best in the new things science brings forth week by week, the war would long ago have been concluded, saving the lives of thousands of the Allies and saving German efficiency itself for a better purpose than to be the tool of a misguided Prussianism.

The extent to which science entered into the commercial and national life of Germany was dwelt on until the words "Germany" and "scientific" became almost synonymous in the popular mind. Allowing for a due amount of enthusiasm and exaggeration in these reports, is there not still a great deal for us to learn from the conditions which prevailed in Germany and which has made it possible for her to maintain the resistance she has? Science has been respected, honoured, and handsomely endowed in Germany, because in that country it has been given a chance to justify itself. This is not the place to take up the scholastic argument as to whether science has any justification for its existence other than the furtherance of industrial and economic welfare—the writer believes it has—but it will certainly be admitted by even the most academic that it is in the interest of "pure" science that industry should thrive, and the application of science to the solving of industrial problems is the greatest means not only of obtaining the material support necessary for the prosecution of research, but, which is vastly more important, the moral support, confidence, and respect of the nation.

The industrial development of Canada, on account of similar conditions, has been in the main a smaller replica of that of the United States, a country which has risen to the position of one of the great commercial powers of the world by the keen practical business acumen of its people and their ability to think in large amounts, whereby great industrial combinations have been formed, expense of production cut down, and executive economics introduced. In alertness to avail themselves of the fruits of research, in the improvement of processes and products by careful investigations carried out by trained chemists and engineers, they have only very recently, and in a comparatively small way, begun to imitate the progress in this regard in Europe. In all these tendencies we have copied the methods of the United States rather than those of Europe. Fortunately, however, our industries are still in their early infancy compared with those of the other nations mentioned; and we would be blind indeed if we did not profit by the examples and experience they provide us. The fact that industry after industry, the scientific foundations of which were laid in England by English men of science, has been wrested away from her may be chiefly ascribed to a contempt for scientific methods and technical education largely the result of social conditions. Pure science England has supported, and supported nobly, but science as the guiding spirit of industry is almost unknown, and it is no less discouraging than it is surprising that the nation that gave to the world Boyle, Newton, Faraday, and Kelvin should be the last refuge in many cases of inefficient rule-of-thumb methods.

Canada, a new country with almost unparalleled natural resources, presents opportunities for the scientist to distinguish himself that are equalled in magnitude only by the benefits that will accrue to the nation from its efforts. The fields of activity for men of scientific training in the national development of Canada may be roughly divided into aiding the work of conservation of natural resources, and in promoting the development of new industries.

In dealing with the work of conservation and the relation of the chemist and the chemical engineer

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thereto, we shall once more look to conditions in the United States for illustration. At the beginning of the last century the United States was in much the same position that Canada is in to-day—a sparsely-settled country with enormous undeveloped natural resources. By the exercise of national energy and industry unequalled in the previous annals of the world they rose in one century to their present commanding position. Throughout all this period production and expansion involving the exploitation of natural resources was the constant aim of the nation, but of late years there has been a tendency to take stock and to look around, so rapid has been the consumption of the material treasures of the country. It has been clearly seen by some few statesmen, and dimly by the whole nation, that their resources are in many cases being squandered and that immediate action is necessary for their preservation.

Although not confined to the United States, and although not finding its highest expression there, it is in that country that we may best study conservation, for their conditions are more like our own than those of any other nation, both as to the problem and the type of mind of the people to face it. This is important, for while largely the result of anxiety at the rate whereat certain essential articles are being used up, it has also a deep-seated basis in the national psychology of the American people.

The consumption of the material resources of the world has been proceeding at a steadily increasing rate since the advent of man. Initially insignificant owing to the fewness of the human race and the simplicity of their individual needs, it has augmented with the growth of civilization and the spread of education until it has assumed the enormous proportions demanded by our present scale of living. The variety of commodities known to the ancients, although representing a considerable advance on primitive conditions, was still small, and during that long period known as the middle ages there were few additions to the raw materials of commence.

With the exciting times following the birth of the "New Learning" came the beginnings of modern conditions. The world suddenly assumed larger proportions, and the energy of Europe, which for many years had found an outlet in wars and crusades, was bent towards the exploration of the new lands made accessible by the discoveries of Magellan, Columbus, Cabot, and Cortez. Countless voyagers sailed away to the Indies and to America, to Cathay and to the Polar Seas, bringing back with them on their return as well as wonderful tales of adventure, material evidence of their travels in the form of a hundred new and diverse commodities.

The impetus given to discovery, invention, and the pursuit of learning by this expansion of territory has never been suffered entirely to die out. The stream of immigration from Europe, although it has fluctuated, has never ceased. Settling first along the Atlantic coast, the frontier has moved from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies, and thence to the blue waters of the Pacific. Throughout all this period of conquest in North America there was, somewhere in the West, a definite frontier, an "edge of things", beyond which lay the potentiality of the impossible. With the advent of the nineteenth century all this began to come to an end. When Commodore Perry anchored his fleet in the Bay of Yedo one day in February, 1854, to open negotiations for the admittance of American commerce to the ports of the Japanese Empire, the long westward march of civilization, begun when the forefathers of the Anglo-Saxon race left their homes in Central Asia and set their faces towards the West, was ended. The line of demarcation was erased, the frontier was no more, and

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human progress, born in Asia, had, after sweeping around the world, brought the beginning of a new era for the old nations of the East. In the middle of the nineteenth century at Kurihama by this apparently insignificant diplomatic expedition an era of world-completeness was inaugurated.

The significance of all this history for the engineer and the economist is in the possibility it brings of taking stock of our material resources, and the change that that possibility, albeit only half-realized, effects in the mind of the individual and the nation. The adjustments and alterations demanded by the eradication of the frontier are still in progress, and we are just beginning to realize its bearing on our national and individual life for the future. While the social questions brought up by this change are still unsolved, the message to the student of conservation is clear. Instead of there being vast unknown regions in which the mind of the optimist could conjure up illimitable resources of coal, lumber, and metals, we are now pretty well confronted with facts, and it is possible to calculate within reasonable limits the world's supply of any important commodity. This the International Geological Congress at Toronto in 1913 did for coal. Of course, this can only be done in a rough way, but the order of magnitude will be known, and consumption and resources both being very large quantities more than that is not needed. The material resources of the world being a constant of approximately known magnitude, and the consumption a very rapidly increasing variable, it is patent to the most impractical that the future of the race is inseparably bound up with making the most of what we have.

To the unthinking pessimist the outlook is a very dark one. Apparenly the very civilization which we have been centuries in making, and which is our pride and boast, by its incessant and insatiable demands, is to be the instrument of our destruction. In the last five years the United States produced as much steel as the whole world in 350 years prior to 1850. In 1900 the world's output of steel was one hundred times as great as thirty years before in 1870. Coal which took millions on millions of years in its formation is being dissipated in at most a few centuries. A single issue of a metropolitan paper requires fifteen acres of forest for its paper. It would not be so bad if we even used all we produce, but the outlook darkens when we turn to what we waste. Only about one-quarter of the iron produced is reworked as scrap-iron, less than one-sixteenth is used thrice. In mining we waste one and one-half tons of coal for every ton we use, and when we come to burn it, with all our modern furnaces and engines of whose efficiency we are so prone to boast, we only obtain under the best conditions ten per cent. of the available energy. If we use this engine to drive a dynamo we get about one-fifteenth of the available energy of the coal as electricity, and if we use this energy in a lamp, with the best apparatus made we get little over two per cent. as light. Thus with the usual steam-power electric-lighting installation we get a mere fraction of one per cent. of the available energy of the coal as light; all the rest is wasted. Considering the great mass of facts like this that can be amassed, the pessimistic philosopher sees little hope for humanity in contemplating the future. Formerly he was prone to fall back on arguments of a theological nature to settle this troublesome question, and assumed that long before our resources were used up the end of the world would arrive and free us from the necessity of troubling about our material welfare, but with the development of saner ideas on the interpretation of the Scriptures this religious soporific has lost much of its potency and the spec-

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tacular finale of the material universe has been pretty generally relegated to the negro camp-meeting. What then is to be the outcome? Are we to become a degenerate troglodytic race living in caves and reduced to paltry numbers for lack of sustenance? Is our boasted civilization a mere myth that is to prove the chief cause of our downfall? Were it not for the hope presented in the "serene evangel of science" such might indeed be the case, but with the engineer and the chemist solutions of these difficulties are quite possible, and on their work the human race will depend for its happiness if not for its very sustenance.

There are two main aspects to the conservation of natural resources. One, the better known, consists in preserving from unnecessary waste the existing supplies of lumber, coal, metals, arable land, and water-power. The other, which is of more recent origin, may well be called "the new conservation," and is in essence the utilization of scientific research to suggest new materials and new uses for already known materials which at present are largely or totally without application, thus relieving the demand on other raw materials. As an example may be noted the invention by Perkin, the great English chemist, of a process for making the red dye, alizarine, which set free for other purposes thousands of acres devoted to the growing of the madder plant from which it was formerly obtained. Owing to the manufacture of indigo by a similar synthetic process the area devoted to indigo culture in India decreased in ten years between 1896 and 1906 from 1,600,000 acres to 450,000 acres, a loss of nearly seventy-five per cent., and when it is considered that all this land is now used for something else, or ought to be, that the synthetic dyes are purer and more efficient than those made from vegetables, that they are made from material that formerly went almost entirely to waste, the enormous economy effected by this discovery is at once apparent.

With legitimate consumption the conservationist has no quarrel. As pointed out above, that is bound to increase on account of the increase of population and the rising demands of the individual. A type of conservation that would attempt to provide for the needs of future generations by depriving the present generation of necessities or even of luxuries would be as futile as it would be objectionable. Rather are the energies of the conservationist to be directed to the elimination of waste, the utilization of by-products, and the transformation of the nuisances into the necessities of life. Now all three of these purposes demand careful and protracted and often expensive and fruitless research for their accomplishment, and consequently the expenditure of money. Where there is a possibility of profit they may be undertaken by private individuals or corporations, and some of the most valuable and useful inventions in these lines have been given to the world by the laboratories of commercial enterprises. It has been estimated that the well-known "tungsten" incandescent lamp, which, by replacing the usual carbon filament with a tungsten one doubles the amount of light obtained from a given amount of electricity, has already saved the consumers of America over $12,000,000, and at the same time its manufacture and sale nets the owners a good profit, much of which is used in paying for research on other projects equally useful.

There are, however, many investigations that will add much to the comfort and economy of modern life, which are of such a nature that they must be financed by the public as a whole. Such are the abatement of the smoke nuisance in cities, the treatment of sewage, the prevention of epidemics of disease, the relation of the weather conditions to mine explosions, and the elimination of indus-

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trial poisoning. Let us briefly consider the first of them, the smoke trouble, which is such a serious problem in Pittsburgh, Sheffield, Chicago, and other cities, and which is yearly becoming more of a real trouble in Toronto and other of the larger Canadian cities. The enormous loss from this source staggers one who has never stopped to think about it. The United States Geological Survey has estimated it at a minimum of $500,000,000 a year for that country alone. When analysed this figure is found to embody the separate items of loss due to manufacturers from inferior combustion of their coal, loss from damage done to merchandise, defacement of buildings and household goods, additional expenditure per capita of population for laundry with its attendant shortening of the life of the goods, additional amount of electricity consumed in office buildings owing to obscuring of daylight, etc.

Just as important, but harder to express in figures is the tremendous injury to human life from disease directly traceable to a smoke-laden atmosphere, the depressing psychological effect of a smoke-laden atmosphere which hinders the efficiency of workers apart from its æsthetic objections and the expense of constant litigation on the subject. The amount of electricity consumed in Pittsburgh office buildings is many times greater than in other cities of equal size, owing to the dense pall of smoke that generally hangs over the down-town section. Until very recently public prejudice has been too strong to allow of anything being done to abate the smoke nuisance. When Mgr. Sheppard, Rector of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael, in Jersey City, protested against the smoke nuisance in that place, he received the following reply from the president of the Erie Railroad: "The smoke-laden air of every city is but a testimonial to the general prosperity of the country: no smoke denotes rural stagnation, healthy to live in, but commercially unprofitable". We can quite appreciate what it meant to a Pittsburgher to see smoke once more pouring from a thousand stacks after the dark days of the panic of 1907, but surely it is possible to make them see that that smoke is a mere accidental accompaniment of prosperity and not an essential condition for it. With a staff of over thirty chemists, engineers, physicists, economists, botanists, architects, and lawyers, the Mellon Institute of the University of Pittsburgh has set itself to the work of solving this problem for the city. The expense is being borne by a committee of public-spirited citizens, and although the work still meets with much ignorant opposition, a great deal has been accomplished. This is typical of the kind of research which will always have to be left to the state or to large public research organizations, and to be prepared in some way to deal with such matters is one of the functions of the modern state.

"Probably no science has done so much as chemistry in revealing the hidden possibilities of the wastes and by-products in manufactures. This science has been the most fruitful agent in the conservation of the refuse of manufacturing operations into products of industrial value. Chemistry is the intelligence department of industry." This is not a quotation from a commencement address, it is from the United States Census Report. That country has lost vast sums by neglecting her scientific talent, and it behooves Canada to learn from that to make use of the young chemists, metallurgists, and others who graduate from her universities, colleges, and technical schools.

The second article of this series, which will appear in the Christmas number, deals further with startling examples of waste that greatly affect the whole country.

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THE THIRTEENTH GUEST

A STUDY OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH.D.

ABOUT a decade ago a new applied science came into existence. It is a genuine science inasmuch as its principles are derived from a systematic inductive investigation of abnormal human psychology. It is an applied science inasmuch as it is a new curative method in psychiatry—nervous pathology, mental therapeutics. This practical science is known as Psycho-Analysis.

Psycho-analysis proceeds on these two hypotheses: first, it assumes that the human soul—the "psyche," in Aristotle's meaning—is, in general, as it were, composed of a self-conscious mind and a sub-conscious or unconscious mind; secondly, it assumes that in the unconscious mind there exist and operate all kinds of occult ideas, images, fancies, apparitions, fears, and what not, which really have more to do with our choices in life, our beliefs and doubts, our attitudes to our fellows and the world, our bias or trend of character, our spiritual reactions and loyalties, our success or failure—or, in short, our health and happiness—than have our conscious thoughts, emotional reactions, and volitions.

On the face of it, the theory of psycho-analysis does not seem plausible. Yet these hypotheses are genuinely scientific. For just as physical scientists assume the existence of the ether and ether waves as the best way—verifiable by the conduct of phenomena — for explaining [illegible] fol[illegible] heat, sound, and light, so medical scientists have assumed the existence of unconscious mind and its occult contents as the best means of curing certain nervous and mental disorders. Now, an hypothesis, whether in physical or mental science, holds good and is retained as true just as long as it "works out"; the moment its validity is destroyed by, as the scientists put it, one or more "negative instances", the theory or hypothesis is discarded. Every scientific hypothesis must be inductively, experimentally verified. It happens that the hypotheses of psycho-analysis have been as amply and convincingly verified as the hypotheses of the natural sciences—by the overwhelming success of the theory in curing nervous and mental disorders. For there is nothing speculative about the theory and methods of psycho-analysis. These are derived experimentally from the practice of the discoverer, Dr. Sigmund Freud, physician, of Vienna, his elaborator, Dr. Carl Jung, of Zurich, and by certain noted neurologists and professors of psychiatry in the United States and Canada, particularly Dr. W. A. White, of Washington; Drs. Hinkle, Ames, and Jelliffe, of New York; Dr. A. A. Brill, of Columbia University, and Dr. Ernest Jones, of the University of Toronto. Moreover, verification of psycho-analysis daily goes on in the leading hospitals and neurological institutes of Germany, France, England, and

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America. In these institutions the method of psycho-analysis is regularly employed as a curative agent for hallucinations, untoward dreams, and other neural and mental disorders.

I should, however, totally mislead the uninitiated if in the preceding brief statement of the theory, method, and history of psycho-analysis I had left the impression that this new applied science is employed solely as a method of healing nervous or mental diseases, taken simply as diseases. While the curing of the neurally and mentally sick—those unfortunate, unhappy beings whose life is a burden and whose conduct is a futility—is the first and most important business of psycho-analysis, the science has come to have two other important practical applications: first, to everyday conduct, by destroying certain embarrassing habits and attitudes, such as forgetfulness, absent-mindedness, lapses of the tongue and the pen, stuttering, indolence, day-dreaming, profanity, and superstitions; secondly, to child pedagogy, by directing surviving infantile ideas, feelings, and volitions, no matter how unsocial or untoward, into right channels, and by emancipating children from those infantile instincts, prepossessions, and derived desires and attitudes which tend to make the adolescent "clinging vines"—lacking self-dependence, self-confidence, self-reliance, and all those qualities that make the adult a genuine individual, every inch a man. In short, the physician, the moral reformer, and the teacher may re-educate "disordered" adults and adolescents into efficiency by the application of the methods of psycho-analysis—by discovering to them the complexes of occult ideas, feelings, memories, images, fancies, wishes, desires, passions, antipathies, affections, hates, dreads, and superstitions, either repressed or never before seen, known, and understood, that oppress, obsess, inhibit, and cause individuals to become physical and mental wrecks, a burden to themselves and society.

It is with a singular set of these occult contents of the unconscious mind that I shall deal in this essay. I purpose to take some of the more common or popular superstitions, and by the method of psycho-analysis to show wherein they are absurd and wherein they can reasonably be explained and justified. And since this new science is virtually a method of self-analysis, the present short study should prove both enlightening and entertaining.

At the outset it must be premised that perfect candour on the part of my readers is necessary to make this study profitable. That is to say: all must candidly acknowledge that some form of a superstition, overt or inchoate, affects their conduct and lives, either negatively or positively, and must, therefore, interrogate their own experience for fact and for verification as to whether a given superstition is absurd or genuinely based in normal or abnormal psychology. For some superstitions are really absurd, and others are psychologically based, and are thus superstitions only in form, not in reality. But both species have, as the physicians say, their "symptoms", namely, in peculiar attitudes and habits of individuals which we note as making certain persons odd, queer, eccentric, and even idiotic. In short, all of us have some sort of everyday "peculiarities" which mark us as being under the dominance of the submerged contents of our unconscious mind or self-obsessed by a superstition, no matter how much we may pooh-pooh or pooh-bah these in our deliberate, conscious conduct of life.

I should judge that the commonest of popular superstitions is that which causes a hostess to shiver with dread on discovering that, including herself, there are thirteen seated at the dinner-table. Alas, in her mind this is an ominous "sign": one of the thirteen shall die shortly, or, if not shortly [illegible] very distant date, say, when [illegible] company shall have

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planned to dine together again at the home of the present hostess. "What nonsense!" immediately remark those who are either not candid with themselves or who do not see the genuine reasonableness of this so-called superstition. It is, in fact, a real superstition on the part of the hostess, because in her unconscious mind there dwells the belief or fancy that fate, destiny, or some untoward *outside* power in the universe, has decreed that one of the company shall pass from earth. Yet on the basis of the mathematical doctrine of Probability and Chances the superstition is wholly reasonable. For the greater the number seated at the table, the greater the chance that one of the number will die shortly. Or, to put it, in general, mathematically, the probability of any event happening can be expressed rigorously in algebraical symbols. Thus, if a coin be tossed in the air, it must fall either head or tail, and if we conclude these to be equally likely, the chance that it will fall head is one-half, and the chance that it will fall tail is one-half, the sum of the two being unity, that is, certainty. So if the chance that a man (guest at table) will die in a year is p, the chance that he will live is $1\text{-}p$. Further, if thirteen people (guests at table), equally healthy, and of the same age, be considered as a group, the chance that all will live a year is $(1\text{-}p)$, and, therefore, the chance that one will die is $1\text{-}(1\text{-}p)^{13}$, which is a factor greater than $1\text{-}(1\text{-}p)^{12}$, the corresponding chance for a group of twelve, and so on correspondingly for smaller groups.

To the hostess of this sort—and there are many such—who takes seriously the superstition about thirteen at the table as a sign or warning that death shall befall one of the company, as if some malign outside power had willed it and would bring it about, the psycho-analyst would say: "Your perturbing superstition is not the belief that death is impending for one of your company, but that fate—a power outside yourself and beyond your control— has decreed and will cause the disaster you anticipate. Mathematically considered, you can take any number of guests and increase the number by one, and you will thereby increase the probability of death befalling some one of the company. But this is only an abstract probability, and the algebraical formula is only a short-hand description of genuinely possible fact, though not of something which will necessarily and inevitably become actual and real. Your perturbed state is altogether *within*—a derived belief or fancy inhabiting the recesses of your unconscious mind, and only waiting the proper occasion for emerging into consciousness and thus spoiling your happiness as a hostess. Your superstition is absurd in that you do not see that no outside power is plotting any disaster to one of your friends, but that, rather, your own unconscious mind is doing the plotting, to the detriment of your peace of soul, by imagining or fancying an impending evil which, after all, when considered from the view of Chances is but abstractly possible. An abstract possibility, a mathematical probability, is a mere possibility—and an unreality. Therefore, do not put your superstition out of your self-conscious mind, put it out of your unconscious mind, and it will no longer enter the former, and no longer perturb your spirit."

In fine, the reason why this class of superstitions, which enter the unconscious mind fortuitously by suggestion from associates or from family attitudes and which create in us the apprehension or forebodement that a malign fate encompasses us, that an outside power is plotting to defeat, and will defeat, our happiness—the reason why this class of superstitions profoundly perturb the spirit, the sane, self-conscious mind, is that they are what Freud calls "foreign bodies" in the unconscious mind. That is to say: they are sub-

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merged ideas, images, fancies, desires, repulsions, and what not, that, first, originate absolutely outside ourselves, and, secondly, enter into no genuine relationship with the contents of our sane, self-conscious mind, conduct, and life. For this reason they have no rational explanation, and because they have no observable origin in our rational consciousness, but well up in us, fortuitously, without right or reasonableness, they become irrational obsessions, and, therefore, sources of dread and unhappiness. To this class belong such superstitions as the breaking of a mirror (seven years' bad luck), setting sail from port on Friday (violent storms and drowning), gift of pearls (tears), gift of opal engagement ring (bad luck), and, in the contrary direction, wearing of a rabbit's foot and the picking up of a pin (good luck). These are all absurd for the reasons given. The only "cure" for them, the only way to cause them to cease troubling us, is truly to recognize their absurdity, their irrational origin, their wrongful place in our unconscious mind, and their total unrelatedness to the body of our sane ideas; in short, to face them resolutely when they appear in consciousness and rigorously refuse to entertain them or to think about them at all. In other words, an honest confession to ourselves that our superstitions of this class are absurd will prove, like any other confession, good for the soul.

There is, however, another class of abnormal obsessions which have the form of "bad luck" superstitions, but which, in reality, have a profound relation to our inmost being, to our inmost ideas, passions, desires, and volitions. They had their origin in our self-conscious mind, but, for one cause or another, have become submerged in our unconscious mind, where they exist and operate insidiously, affecting adversely our physical health, nervous reactions, and mental attitudes. This class of so-called superstitions disclose their existence and operation in the unconscious mind by definite, unmistakable symptoms. They have, therefore, assignable causes and rational explanations. For these superstitions and their symptoms are but "signs" that a power *within* ourselves — some idea, passion, desire, love, or hate, submerged or repressed in our unconscious mind—is affecting our whole being, conducting our social and moral reactions, and making our destiny and life, whether we will or not. They indicate that there is something profoundly wrong with ourselves, that in the occult recesses of our being there are unknown forces, motives, currents running counter to our conscious volitional processes.

Popularly, for example, it is supposed to be an absurd superstition on the part of a bride or wife if, on happening to mislay or lose her wedding ring, she seriously believes that it is a sign from an outside encompassing fate that she will have an unhappy married life. A single instance of such remissness is not sufficient as a datum for a reasonable induction. But if the bride or wife mislays or loses her wedding-ring frequently, then this repeated remissness, the psycho-analyst will tell her, is a genuine sign—and not an absurd superstition—that she will have an unhappy married life. What looks like a silly interpretation of a series of accidental acts, neither is silly nor are the acts accidental. For as certain symptoms warn a physician of the nature and seat of a disease in the human body, so these slips in conduct, lapses in memory, or other mental vagaries, and the consequent superstitious alarm and dread they cause are symptomatic warnings to the bride or wife that not outside fate but inner unconscious self will sooner or later adversely do something to make her married life unhappy. In fact, they are the expression of some form of doubt, antipathy, or other feeling or attitude which she held to-

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wards her husband in the days when they were lovers, but which she put out of her self-conscious mind into her unconscious mind. There she has, by effort, kept this occult idea, doubt, antipathy, or attitude of pre-nuptial days submerged by repression in her unconscious mind, believing it to be totally inhibited and eradicated from her being, and forgotten for all time, whereas it is merely repressed, still lives and operates in her subconscious imagination, and expresses its real existence and activity in forgetfulness, and in indifferent, careless acts.

Similarly to be explained are such popular superstitions as that the gift of a pocket-knife, or the spilling of a salt-cellar when passing it to a fellow-guest, who is a friend, portends the severing of friendship between the two persons. To the conscious knowledge of both parties either act is a mere accidental happening, yet the sudden, impulsive gift in the one case, and the awkward nervous hesitancy in the other case, are in all probability the expression of a hidden motive, an unconscious antipathy on the part of the first person. Also similarly to be explained, are such seemingly silly superstitions as that the dropping of an umbrella or the turning back home for some forgotten thing or message, after one has gone a short distance from one's house, forebodes a disappointment during the day. If the umbrella were borrowed from a friend, the dropping of it would indicate the existence of unconscious ill-will towards the friend. But in general such seemingly accidental acts as dropping an umbrella and turning back home, upon sudden remembrance, are to be explained as lapses of the nervous system, ideational centres, and the attention, due to the unconscious existence of internal counter-currents which operate side by side with our waking conscious processes, and thus deflect the attention from what we mean to do, or prevent absolute concentration of the mind and the imagination on the business we have planned for the day. They indicate a doubt, a hesitancy, an antipathy in our unconscious mind; and the belief that they are an omen of ill-luck, though in form a superstition, in reality is a genuine sign or warning that a power within ourselves is about to do us some harm, make our conduct futile, and our life unhappy.

In sum: so far we have seen that there are two species of superstitions, subject to investigation and treatment by psycho-analysis. The first gain their oppressive, perturbing influence by creating the sense or forebodement of impending disaster, planned by a malign outside power—an untoward fate. These, we saw, are absolutely fortuitous contents of our unconscious mind, have no real or vital relation to what the psychologists call the "apperceptive" contents of the mind —the body of active, sane ideas and volitions of our self-conscious mind, which constitute and make our genuine intellectual and practical experience. These are superstitions, pure and simple—totally absurd, and, therefore, to be unheeded and discarded. The second species of superstitions, we saw, have a real origin and basis in our inner being. They are ideas, passions, and attitudes which once belonged to our conscious mind, but which we have submerged by voluntary repression in our unconscious mind, where they remain active, and, unwittingly to our conscious knowledge, affect our nervous reactions, mental perspectives, and volitions. They express the existence and activity of a power within ourselves, as it were, plotting injury or disaster to our consciously-conceived ideals of success and happiness. They have a vital relation to the body of our sane ideas and volitions. They are, therefore, superstitions only in so far as their seat and origin are not known, and their real existence and influence not detected. They must be investigated and discovered by psycho-analysis. But, unlike the ab-

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surd class, this second species of superstitions cannot be immediately and voluntarily discarded from the mind. They are a "survival" of old ideas and passions, and to eliminate them and to destroy their malign influence, they must, first, be discovered; then, honestly confessed; and, finally, be slowly eradicated by processes of *re-education* in true knowledge of self, social relations, and moral obligations.

In concluding, I wish to observe the existence of a third species of superstitions, which do not seem to have been investigated, or even noted, by the professors of psycho-analysis. This species, as far as my own study goes, appear to be absolutely *sui generis*—unique and inexplicable. The classical example is the "daimon" of Socrates. This "daimon", so the philosopher himself informs us, was an internal divine voice, or preternatural sign, which he heard speaking to him by way of prohibition or warning, but not by way of inciting moral action. One can explain the "daimon" by supposing that Socrates possessed a vivid auditory imagination. His "daimon" would be simply a moral instinct, and its prohibitions or warnings would be heard in the auditory imagination with the vividness of a real voice. Under these suppositions, the only element of superstition about his "daimon", on the part of Socrates, would be his belief in its divine origin. But according to the Law of Parsimony a sufficient explanation is found in viewing the "daimon" as a moral instinct, sensed vividly—heard—in the auditory imagination. But in all candour I must admit that I myself—and I presume many others—possess a daimon or daimons, which take the form of genuine superstitions. That is to say, daily I hear, clearly, an internal voice prohibiting me from certain trivial and absurd acts, or inciting me to others, thus: "Do not do this, or you will have bad luck to-day"; or "If you do this, you will have good luck to-day". For instance, the daimon or voice will say to me, "Don't drink from a glass held in your left hand, else you will have bad luck"; or, "Walk on the right side of the street, and you will have good luck". Now, these are not significant moral acts, but trivial absurdities. In my conscious mind I know this. Sometimes I heed my better sense and pay no attention to the daimon; at other times the daimon becomes so insistent and pestiferous that I obey the silly prohibition or incitement. But I do not obey because I am superstitious about its telling me for truth that an outside power or fate is plotting to do me harm or good, as the case may be. I obey merely because obedience is the only or best way to get rid of the pestiferous daimon. What is the origin of this singular voice, where is its abiding seat, what relation has it to the body of one's sane, apperceptive ideas?—these are questions to which I can find no answer, and which, as I said, I have not seen investigated, or even noted, by our psycho-analysts. Possibly the "daimon" as a pathological phenomenon is an hallucination, pure and simple. For the present, let it go at that.

In the meantime let us candidly examine ourselves, discover our superstitions, and confess them; it will then be found that an honest confession, in psycho-analysis, as elsewhere, is good for the soul. And this essay is a case in point For if one should ask me why I wrote it, I should confess candidly, honestly: "To get rid of my own superstitions."

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TWO THUMB STRINGS

BY VINCENT BASEVI

BOBBY KEOGH, Dr. Roach and I were sitting in the smoking-room of the Hotel Cecil in London. We were experiencing that feeling of brotherly love for all mankind of which Socialists are wont to write. For we had just finished an excellent dinner, and the claret had been really good. There is nothing like old claret for developing in man a feeling of genuine affection for his fellow creatures.

Bobby was a nice boy, but for some reason his parents gave him a small allowance and insisted on him living away from home. Dr. Roach was a Hungarian, an alleged journalist, and the proprietor of a gold mine which nobody wanted to buy. Bobby lived at Cricklewood with Dr. Roach, the woman the doctor had forgotten to marry, and Tim Linkinwater, an Irish terrier. I think Bobby's allowance paid most of the household expenses, though a number of young men with nothing to do and money to spare made use of the house as a sort of Bohemian club, and helped the doctor to stave off bailiffs.

I had a sincere liking for Bobby, and I wanted to draw him away from company that was not calculated to develop sound character. On this evening I had invited him and Dr. Roach to dine with me in order to see if Bobby could be tempted to emigrate. If he remained where he was he would simply degenerate into one of the bloods, now known as nuts, who loaf about London doing nothing.

While I was expatiating on the wonderful opportunities offered by Canada, a stranger came across the room and sat in a vacant chair near us. He ordered a liqueur which had to be placed on our table. We were feeling too comfortable and contented to resent his action. I finished my lecture by asking Bobby if he would come to Canada with me next time I crossed the ocean. Before he could answer, the stranger spoke.

"Excuse me for butting in," he said, "but I belong to Canada, and I came over only a month ago. Now if your young friend wants to go out there he will have to make up his mind to work and to mix with people. The exclusive air will not go down across the ocean. And no one there has any use for a loafer. I daresay a lot of good Englishmen emigrate to Canada, but a lot of rotters come out as well. They never work. They complain about everything, and they brag about themselves and their country. We call them Bronchos. Because of these Bronchos the Scotch and Irish are made more welcome than the English. My advice to your young friend would be to make a start by throwing away that eyeglass."

Bobby flushed to the roots of his hair. None of us actually gushed at the stranger, but he went on undisturbed by lack of encouragement.

"I wonder why you send out men who cannot make good in their own country. They have a much harder nut to crack in Canada. We are doing things out there; men's work.

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We are doing things that were done for you generations ago. It is the best of our men who come to England. We send you those who cannot find sufficient scope for their talents in a country with a small population. And they all rise to the front rank here. There is my close friend, Jimmy Morrice, and dozens of others I could mention."

He paused. Always having made a study of liars, I asked him politely if he was on a visit, or if he had come to stay?

"I have come to stay. My name is Walter Mitford Featherstone. I am the champion banjoist of Canada. You do not seem to realize here that the banjo is really a musical instrument. And I am not surprised. Surrey is the only banjoist of repute in the country, and his tremolo reminds me of a dog scratching itself with its hind leg. Now I am prepared to show that the banjo is an instrument on which you can interpret the works of the great masters, and it is an instrument for which genius finds pleasure in composing."

A quarter of an hour later I left my guests to drink in banjo lore from the world's greatest master of this instrument. Mr. Featherstone did not interest me. I had met his type in many countries and many climes. Bobby had no money to lend. Dr. Roach regularly saw to that. So I was able to leave with a clean conscience.

On the occasion of my next visit to the Bohemian club in Cricklewood I was surprised to find Featherstone installed as a resident. Bobby had just come back from a riding lesson. He was sitting on the tall fender, immaculately dressed in white riding breeches, patent leather riding boots, and the very latest cut of morning coat. Dr. Roach was wearing a long flannel night-gown under a brown dressing-gown. Featherstone, who was explaining the rules of a game called pedro, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves smoking an enormous pipe. We played pedro for an hour, and then I leaned back and asked Featherstone how he was succeeding in his mission.

"You English are a hide-bound lot," he answered. "I have not had a chance to start yet. Not one of the leading agents has enough courage to arrange a concert for me at Queen's Hall or the Albert Hall."

I murmured a few words of sympathy and asked when he was going back to the scenes of his former triumphs.

"Not till I have won out here," he replied. "Any man of character can impress his personality on the community if he knows how to go about it. You must cater to the people. That is the secret of success. Cater to them. As I cannot arrange a grand concert, I am going to accept a few weeks' engagement at the Palace. Two thousand people will hear me every night. Then there will be a demand for my appearance at your leading concert halls. There are always several means of getting to one's destination."

A few weeks later Bobby came to my chambers to see me. He could talk about nothing but Featherstone and his wonderful playing. Featherstone had not secured an engagement at the Palace. Bobby said that the meanness of the management made it beneath his dignity to accept the offer. My young friend was suffering from a bad attack of hero worship. What a fine fellow was this Featherstone! Such grit! He did not know the meaning of the word defeat. Actually he had accepted a post under Surrey, the rotten banjoist, at thirty shillings a week. He would work up from that until he would make London recognize his genius, and incidentally, I inferred, the superiority of the banjo over all other instruments. I began to think that Bobby would need looking after, so I became a frequent visitor at the Bohemian club.

One day I found Featherstone

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there by himself. He was sitting in pyjamas by the fire. Across his knees lay a banjo, and from a pipe in his mouth there exuded the most pungent of nauseating odours that I have ever suffered. "Good heavens, man," I said, "what beastly stuff are you smoking?"

"It is excellent."

"Excellent?"

"Yes. Excellent tea. Roach is broke. Bobby is broke. So I had to raid the tea caddy. Out of deference to your insular prejudices I will lay my pipe aside, and I will play to you."

Certainly he could play the banjo. I admired his dexterity. But I was not convinced that the banjo is a musical instrument. He accepted a cigar and proceeded to talk of his relations to humanity. The gist of his sermon was that he had come to London only to discover himself a nonentity amid a population of about twelve millions. This had not dismayed him. Unable to assume the prominence in England to which he had risen in, I think it was Edmouton, he had started at the bottom of the tree, and now complete success was within his grasp. The fact that he was smoking tea that afternoon was not of moment. In a few weeks' time he would open a studio of his own near Bond Street. The pupils he was teaching at Surrey's place would follow him, and he would get all their fees instead of a paltry thirty shillings a week. Then his pupils would talk, and talk meant advertisement. Featherstone ended by offering to bet me that within twelve months he would be invited to give a concert at Queen's Hall. Then Bobby came and I learned the whole truth.

Bobby was about to come of age, and then he would inherit £100, plus interest that had accumulated during twelve years. Featherstone was to get the £100 to start him in a studio, and the interest was to be spent on celebrations. It was no good scolding the boy. He had given his word, and I would only have offended him if I had attempted to lecture.

Of course I went to the Bohemian club to congratulate Bobby on his twenty-first birthday. He asked me to stay the afternoon and go with him to the theatre in the evening. He had money and was longing to spend it on someone. Featherstone had gone out armed with Bobby's £100 to rent his office, buy furniture, and make preliminary arrangements for the conquest of London.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Featherstone returned in a cab. He had a receipt for one month's rent of an office, two bronze ornaments, a bottle of port, a few coppers in change, and the most complete drunk I have ever seen sustained by a man in a perpendicular position.

"That is all I have left out of £100," Featherstone said, throwing fivepence on the table. He was speaking very slowly and concentrating his faculties on the pronunciation of each syllable. "All the rest has gone to blazes, but it has started me on the road to fame. Rest easy in your mind, Bobby. Sleep comfortably. You have this day made the best investment of your life." He produced the bottle of port and invited us to drink to his success. It was the only thing to be done. Then Featherstone steadied himself with one hand on the table and revealed his innermost soul.

"Man is like a banjo. He needs five strings to his life. Music, food, friendship, a wife—these are the four strings, and the fifth is a child. Yes, the high trembling note of the thumb-string is the child's treble voice which pierces one's heart. Beautiful, beautiful!" He sat down on Tim Linkinwater and wept, and the dog joined him in his lamentations.

There was no theatre party that night. Bobby took it all like a sportsman, but a party would have been a frost. When I returned to Canada Bobby came to see me off. He men-

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tioned casually that Featherstone had been compelled to give up his studio, which was hard on him as he had just married.

"Well," I said, "he has the fourth string to his life. Let me know when the thumb-string arrives."

Bobby was still loyal to Featherstone, and he seemed to resent my flippancy, but we parted good friends.

A year later I was leaving England again, and Bobby was coming with me. We had sent on our heavy luggage and were spending the last day in London in rather a listless manner, not knowing what to do with ourselves. Towards evening we went to a picture show, which advertised many thrills and much laughter for a few cents. There in front of the screen, thumping on a piano, was Featherstone. After a few pictures had been shown, we moved to vacant seats in the front row, and, leaning over the barrier, we shook hands with the great banjoist.

"Hard luck?" I asked.

"Yes, twins!" he replied.

AT TWILIGHT

By BEATRICE REDPATH

I have lighted the tapers each side thy head
And have gathered fresh blooms for thee;
I have wept and have prayed, I have knelt by thy bed
And have laid thee back tenderly.
Now my feet are still and my hands fall wide,
As I sit by thy side.

Ah, for what should I braid up my fallen hair?
And for what should I go to the well?
Should the dawn sky be ever so red wouldst thou care,
Wouldst thou wake from thy quiet spell?
Shall I hear not again thy feet on the floor,
Nor thy hand on the door?

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THE JAPANESE FAN

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens, one of the cleverest and most versatile of Canadian women artists.

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THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS OF WESTERN CANADA

BY W. A. CRAICK

TO one who crosses in turn the thresholds of the nine buildings which house the Legislatures of the Canadian Provinces a variety of emotions are possible. The quaint little pile on the square at Charlottetown is redolent of the secluded, old-fashioned charm of the Island of the Gulf. Nova Scotia's solid gray structure, planted so firmly on the Atlantic shore at Halifax, speaks of the steady, substantial life of the inhabitants of the most easterly Province. At Fredericton, the more elaborate Parliament Buildings of New Brunswick look out from among the elm trees towards the waters of the St. John River and appeal to one by reason of the quiet yet prosperous atmosphere that pervades them. Quebec's legislative building harmonizes well with the associations of the ancient capital, and within its portals one still breathes a little of the air of old-world mystery and suggestiveness that hovers about the city. At Toronto the complacency of the banner Province is reflected in the big brown edifice that rears its ungainly form in Queen's Park, a place of much activity and life. In Winnipeg, one savours something of the romance of the early days of settlement in the congested old Parliament Buildings so soon to be superseded by a magnificent new erection.

But what must be said of those splendid Provincial capitols that raise their imposing domes towards heaven at Regina, Edmonton, and Victoria? They are separated from their eastern compeers not only by many miles of space, but by that subtle difference of character which divides the East from the West. The eastern legislative buildings are wrapped about with a thickening cloud of memories, which men bind together and call tradition. There is none of this in the West. Like the country itself, the legislative piles are new, speaking not of the past, but of the present and the future.

Truly it is a wonderful thing to be present and take part in the birth of a nation and to see the ideals of that nation typified in wood and stone. For the legislative buildings which have been erected in the three western Provinces of the Dominion articulate something of the spirit that animates the minds of the people, who dwell on the prairies and beyond the mountains. They are proclamations in stone that the West is going to be a mighty country—nay, that it is even now, at the very threshold of its career, a great country—and that it is building on broad lines to meet the needs of the coming years.

Some day future generations will begin to weave fancies about these traditionless edifices; memories will cling to their walls and they, too, will become as full of associations as their eastern predecessors. One can fancy

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a time when the commonplaces of today will have been magnified by a wondering posterity into marvels and the people of the present take on strange hues of romance; when visitors will tread the marble corridors, built by hands long dead, and gaze with reverence on chamber and gallery that now awaken no other emotions save those of admiration.

Western Canada has had behind it not only the experience of the East, but the example of the Western States as well. It has seen population increase with almost incredible rapidity, cities spring up in a night and waste places blossom and become fruitful. It has learned the lesson of foresight as few other countries have learned it, and, while in many respects certain phases of its development are not to be commended, yet as regards the provision which it is making for government and education, it has shown itself to be broad-minded, progressive, and far-seeing.

To a traveller approaching Victoria by water, the white walls and greenish-tinted domes of British Columbia's Parliament Buildings single themselves out from the other buildings of the city long before the steamship reaches its dock in the inner harbour. Though lacking the advantage of location on a commanding elevation and appearing from a distance to be crowded in among other structures, there is a certain uniqueness about the architecture of this handsome pile that would distinguish it no matter where it was placed. But, when once one has arrived within its immediate vicinity and the long front with the beautiful grounds extending from it down to the waterside are exposed to view, the impressiveness of buildings and surroundings are better appreciated.

Victoria's waterfront, with Parliament Buildings to the right, the large and lofty bulk of the Empress Hotel in front, and the city rising to the left, presents as pleasant a scene as one might wish to see. There is a suggestion of luxury and restfulness about it, an almost Oriental magnificence in the glittering walls and towers and the lavish gardens and borders. It is doubly impressive because it represents one small corner of a great, wild, sparsely-settled Province where refinement and cultivation seem to have been developed to a remarkable degree.

One approaches the buildings by a walk extending up from the balustraded harbour, the gleaming whiteness of which stands out in clear-cut contrast with the intense green of the lawn. A few luxuriant trees shut out at first a complete view of the facade, but these passed, it is seen that there are in reality three sections to the structure. To the main edifice there stand united at either end by means of colonnades, two smaller buildings, each in harmony with the central portion. The material of which the entire building has been constructed is a pearly gray stone that seems to be peculiarly susceptible to the influence of changes in the colour of the sky, for it takes on delicate shades with each variation in the light.

An imposing array of broad granite steps leads up to the grand entrance, which is only opened on state occasions. At other times the visitor secures entrance through one of the smaller doors that open on a lower level at either side. These give access to short passages extending to the main corridor, which stretches at right angles from end to end of the building.

Ascending at once to the next floor, on which the legislative chamber is located, one enters the grand central hall, which is probably the most striking feature of the interior. It is circular in form and is surmounted by the main dome, which rises to an imposing height above the pavement. From the hall, entrance is secured through a wrought-iron door into a large vaulted lobby, on the walls of which hang many portraits and group photographs of people famous in the

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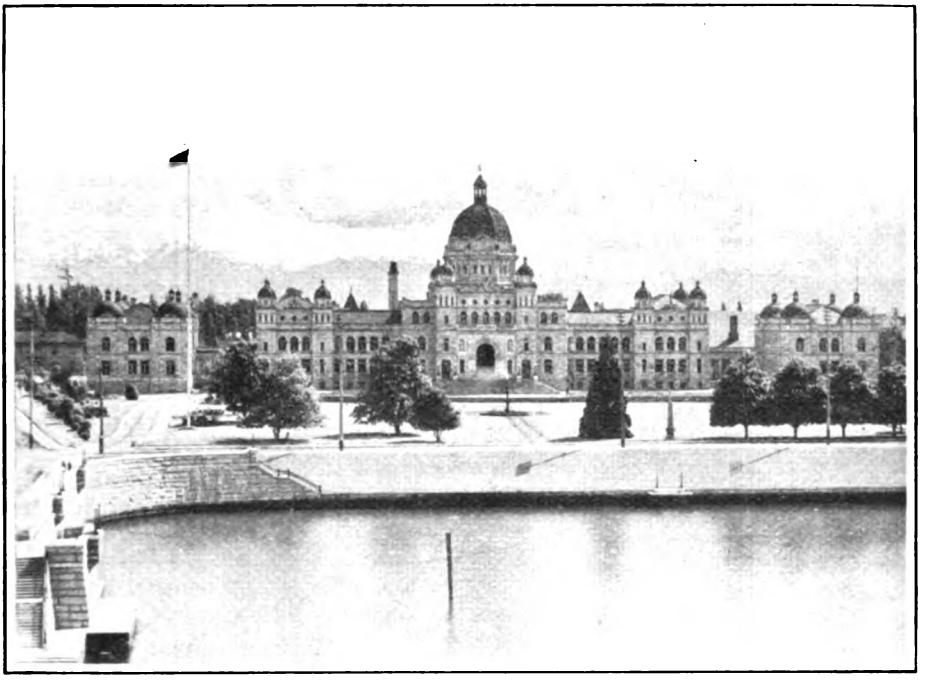
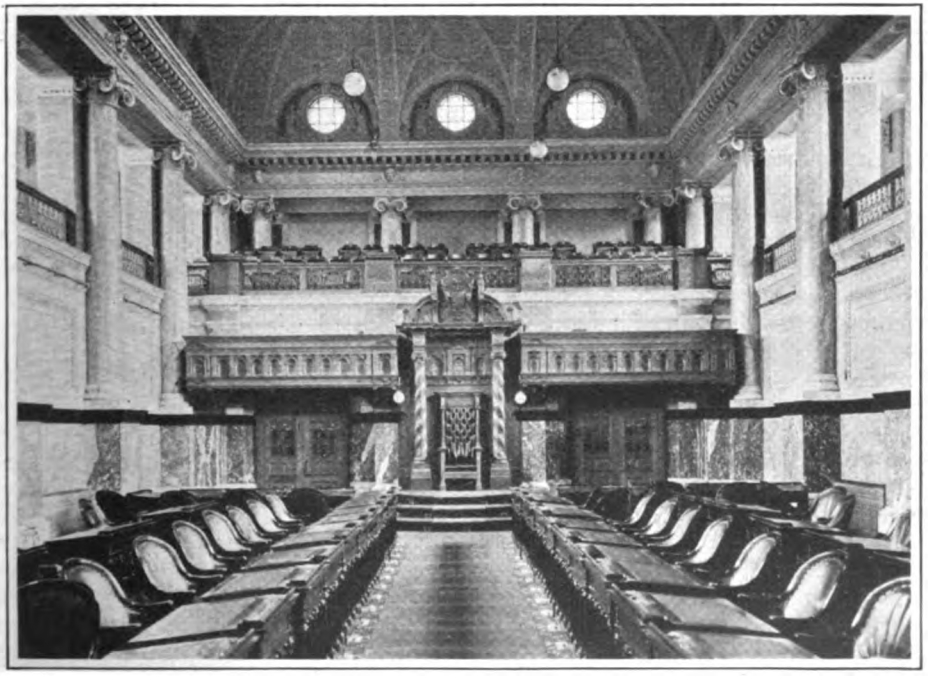


THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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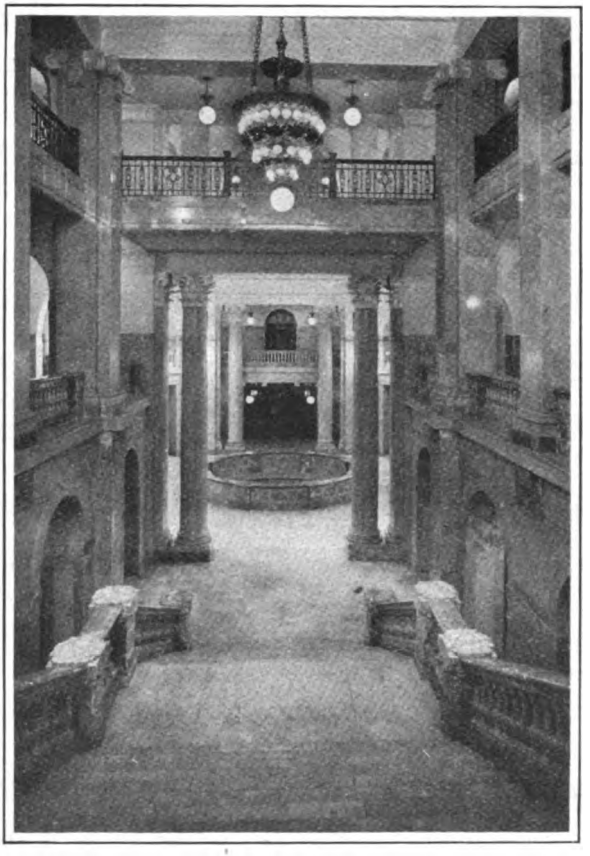

THE ROTUNDA OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT EDMONTON

history of the Province. The lobby in turn gives directly on the legislative chamber.

The apartment in which the Provincial legislators meet is a handsome chamber, in dimensions about forty by sixty feet on the floor level. As, however, the various galleries extend back over surrounding lobbies the room appears considerably larger. It is panelled in Italian marble with large monolithic columns of green Cippolino marble at each bay. The Speaker's canopy in oak is a richly ornamental piece of work that attracts much attention.

To right, left, and rear of the chamber are corridors from which open various committee rooms and offices, including the legislative library. These are panelled in some one of the various native woods, such as maple, cypress, fir, cedar, alder, and spruce, and are designated by the name of the wood used in the decoration, as the Maple Room, the Cedar Room.

Returning to the central hall and following the corridors in either direction, it is found that the building is in effect composed of one main section and three arms stretching to the rear. There are separate staircases of moulded stone with handsome wrought-iron railings for each section and the various departmental offices are grouped together conveniently. The corridors are all vaulted and arched and finished in white polished cement, presenting a rich and elabor-

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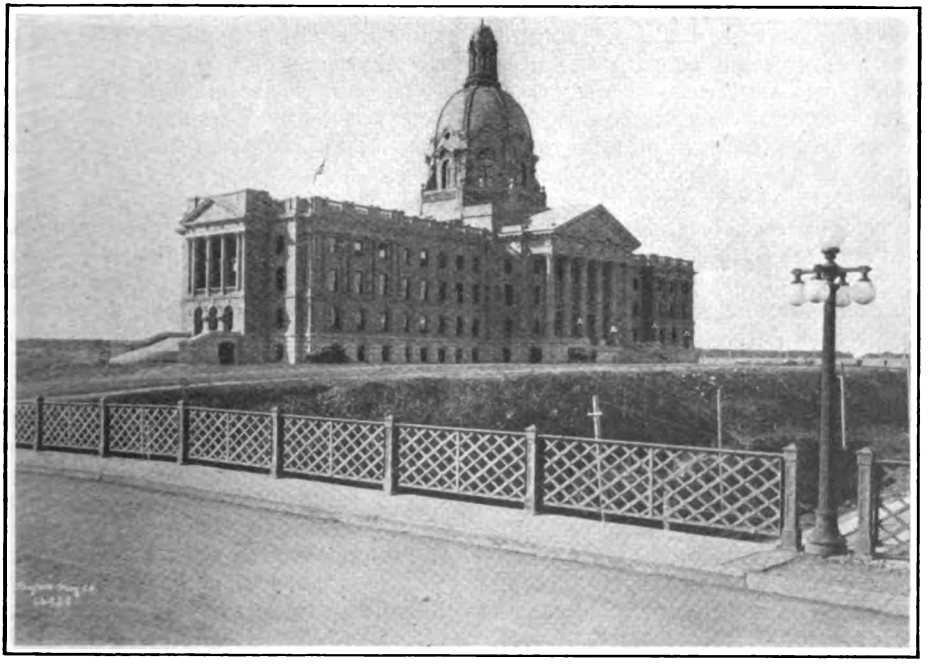
ate effect. Indeed, the whole building resembles a stately marble palace.

In the two annex buildings there are at present quartered the printing department and the Provincial museum. The museum is well worth a visit. It contains a unique and valuable collection of the fauna and flora of the Province, which have been excellently preserved and are well displayed. Both these departments will be given extended space in the large addition to the Parliament Buildings which is now under construction at the rear of the present structure. The new sections will preserve the architectural features of the older portion and will give much-needed accommodation to over-crowded departments.

It is a matter of interest that in the construction of these buildings practically all the material used was secured within the Province. The stone was quarried on Haddington Island, three hundred miles north of Victoria. The slates on the roof came from Jervis Inlet, whilst the granite steps and landings were obtained from quarries at Burrard Inlet and on Nelson Island. The various hardwoods used for ornamental purposes and otherwise throughout the interior are all native products.

Turning now to the new legislative pile which the Province of Alberta has reared on the lofty bank of the North Saskatchewan River at Edmonton, it is evident that the Government has spared no effort to make the building harmonize with the high ideal it has set for the future of the Province. It is a structure of imposing proportions, admirably located in a commanding position. Standing on the site formerly occupied by the residence of the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and overlooking the plateau on which the old fort stood, it enjoys an unobstructed view both up and down the river and across to the southern height on which Strathcona and the



WHERE THE LAWS OF ALBERTA ARE MADE

This imposing pile stands on the spot where the residence of the Hudson's Bay Company's factor used to stand

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University of Alberta are being built.

The building faces away from the river, but it is so designed that the river frontage is quite as hadsome in appearance as the landward side. Moreover, the two ends are graced with tall columns, so that viewed from any side the structure looks well. It has as its central feature a dome, which rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-eight feet and dominates the entire building. This with the massive entrance columns provides the principal ornamentation on an otherwise plain and substantial stone edifice.

The interior, with the exception of the main hall and the legislative chamber, has been designed for use and not show. It is divided into three wings, two administrative sections extending to left and right of the main entrance and the legislative portion to the rear. The departmental offices occupy four floors and are finished in a simple, yet dignified style.

The main entrance leads directly into the central hall or rotunda, which is situated beneath the dome. It is forty-six feet square on the ground-floor, with octagonal corners. These latter narrow in until at the height of the third floor a complete circle is formed, which in turn is carried up with ornamental pilasters and cornices to the beamed and panelled ceiling of the dome. A sense of spaciousness and strength is imparted by this lofty and impressive rotunda.

Opening directly from it is the lobby, of which the central feature is a flight of marble steps leading up to the door of the legislative chamber. All this portion of the building is adorned with marble and other decorative effects and is very elaborately conceived. Galleries surround the lobby, finished with balustrades and pedestals for statuary.

The chamber is a room fifty-six feet square, extending in height through the second and third storeys. In design it follows the dignified style of the Ionic order, there being two detached columns on each of the four sides and angle pilasters at the corners. Around the chamber are the apartments set apart for the use of the members of the House, the Speaker, the officials, and the press, while to the rear access is had to an open-air gallery commanding a view of the river valley. The space in the legislative wing directly beneath the chamber is devoted to the library, which is a splendid roomy apartment, admirably equipped.

There is a slight resemblance between Alberta's legislative building and that of Saskatchewan. Both have a towering dome and pillared porticos. But, whereas the domes are of practically the same height in each, that surmounting the building at Regina looks smaller because the building itself is considerably longer. There is a difference of over one hundred feet in the frontage of the two structures, that at Edmonton being 427 feet and that at Regina 543 feet. This produces a decided difference in the character of the two.

The new Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings enjoy no advantage of location. They rise from the level prairie which spreads out all around them with exceeding flatness. True, there is a small body of water lying in front of them, called Wascana Lake, which will add to the attractiveness of the grounds that are developing nicely under the care of landscape architects, but they will have to rely for their impressiveness on their imposing size and the contrast between their architectural beauty and the monotony of the landscape.

The material used in the construction of these buildings has been Tyndal stone, which gleams pure and white in the prairie sunshine. There is little to relieve the unbroken front save the dome, which rises to a height of 187 feet, and the three porticos, one near either end of the front and one in the middle.

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SASKATCHEWAN'S MAGNIFICENT PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT REGINA

A few years ago there was not a tree or shrub on these grounds

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT REGINA

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Entering at the western door the visitor passes into the main corridor which stretches the entire length of the building. It is imemdiately noticeable that Saskatchewan has built for service. The corridor is comparatively narrow, space is not wasted and more room is accordingly given for the offices which line either side. As at Edmonton, there is a grand central hall immediately under the dome, circular in shape, and very handsomely proportioned and decorated. Through the rotunda entrance is secured into the legislative chamber, a lofty and commodious apartment with room to spare for the accommodation of a great many more members than are at present elected in the Province, a fact that reveals commendable foresight.

All three Provinces are justifiably proud of the splendid buildings in which their legislators sit and the Provincial business is done. They have spent millions on their construction and already they are none too large to meet requirements. To one who has an idea that Western Canada is still largely in a crude and formative period of its growth, the rich and elaborate architecture of these three buildings comes as a delightful surprise. Truly it speaks well for the people of the West that they have been willing and anxious to put their money into such genuinely creditable buildings.

RED LEAVES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

LITTLE red leaves with your baskets of wind.
Hurrying down to your market town,
Go hurrying on, for I fear me much
Old Mother Autumn is dressing in brown.

She is donning a garb of quiet hue,
Like beechen trunks and the maple limbs;
Hurry on, little leaves, and your laughing wares
May woo her yet from her drowsy whims.

Go scatter your wares before her eyes,
And maybe she'll stir to see you there,
And, holding you close to her heart, will dance
In gold and crimson upon the air.

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Drawings by

NEIGHBOURS

By

ESTELLE M. KERR

Estelle M. Kerr

I'VE always lived at number two,
But in the house next door
The folks were dreadfully grown up—
Quite ten years old or more.
I didn't like my neighbours,
Though they say in Sunday-school
That you should always love them,
For that's the Golden Rule.
So when the moving-van came round
And took their things away,
Their cricket bats and football,
And rough things boys will play,
I didn't mind a single bit!
And then next day it came
And brought a lot of other things
That looked about the same:
First stoves and rugs and boxes,
Clocks, tables, beds, and chairs;
And then, while I was watching them,
I saw two Teddy bears,
A cradle, and a rocking-horse,
And dolls (I counted three!);
And then a little girl came out
And looked across at me.
And when she smiled, I said, "Helloa!"
And she smiled back some more.
So now I love my neighbour,
And she lives at number four.

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THE WAY OF A WIDOW

BY HUGH S. EAYRS

THE first time I came in contact with her was the day after we had left New York. The *Idonian* was carrying a number of Americans across to the International Exposition in London. That is, they were ostensibly going to the Exhibition. There may have been other motives. Mrs. Van Kunden was taking her daughter to stay with Lady Loamshire. There were some nasty people in New York who were not above saying that Sadie Van Kunden and a quarter of a million might be looked upon as a fair exchange for Carrarbrook, Lady Loamshire's lordling son. But, of course, Mrs. Van Kunden had not confirmed this, for the very simple reason that the gossip had not been allowed to reach her ears. Still, that does not enter into my story. It just serves to point out that there might have been some reason why the *Idonian* carried so many rich Americans, with the usual accompaniment of jewels, *ad lib,* other than that the International Exposition was to furnish fresh excitement for a lot of people who would otherwise have been so bored that they would have migrated to the Continent.

Well, I came in contact with her after dinner. Most of the people preferred to let their digestion work out its destiny by sitting still in the lounge, to the certain boredom of one another. I was on deck. So was she. I was leaning over the rail. So was she. I was smoking. She wasn't. Now it may have been the spell of the exquisite night, with the moon playing all sorts of pranks with the glistening water and the easy motion of the boat reminding us that we had a week of this before we got to England; or it might have been the excellent dinner which the Imperial Line provided; or it might just have been a little joke on the part of Mistress Fate, but I was conscious of someone saying in a very musical voice, "Are you smoking Egyptians? If so, don't you think you might ask me if I will join you?"

I turned round and raised my hat.

"Pardon me. I am sorry I did not think of it," and I handed her my case. And, of course, we started talking. That's the beauty of being on a steamship. If you do feel particularly anxious to talk to a most engaging-looking lady you are not conscious of an irritability because you can't secure the necessary introduction. All in fact is plain sailing. You just steam right up to the lady and make some vapid remark about anything in general and nothing in particular and the sea breeze does the rest. So it was with us. I learned that my companion was a Mrs. Billings. She told me with anything but a mournful air that she was a widow. I was rather startled, for she did not look like it. And I was even more surprised when she added that her husband had shuffled off this mortal coil only the week before. The amount of cheerfulness which she managed to infuse into this remark set me thinking. I wondered if I should ever

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marry a women who could bear up so bravely under my demise. . . .

I am not sure how many cigarettes my companion smoked, but I am quite sure that she performed the operation in a most alluring way. She was charming altogether; she was one of these women to whom Providence gives every possible weapon which might be useful in the campaign of getting one's own way. A bewitching face bewitchingly expressed, a real vivaciousness which made you agree with the unspoken thought that it was a jolly old world after all, an ability to talk and to say something—all these made up a fascinating little woman. Such was Mrs. Billings. It appears she was going England to stay with some American friends. Was I going to London? Would I care to call on her? Did I know the sights to be seen? All these questions came out, and although I suppose we did get pretty intimate, it did not occur to me until afterwards that we had done so very quickly.

For myself, I was going home. I had been in New York for twelve years, and had managed to make a little money. For the first time in twelve years I was at liberty to take a vacation, and to satisfy my want to see my people again. I was all alone on board. So was Mrs. Billings. And I mentally decided that as sure as my name was Jack Andrews, I was going to see more of Mrs. Billings. With which wise—or foolish—resolve I turned in and slept soundly.

We met again next day. The widow had not been down to breakfast, but when luncheon time came along, I saw her go up to the saloon steward and, disregarding the frowns of all the elderly dowagers in the lounge, ask to have her place at table changed, so that she might sit next to Mr. Andrews. Up went the lorgnettes of the elderly dowagers! What frightful form! Did anybody ever hear of a widow making a dead set at an engaging young bachelor the very week after her husband had died! And they nodded sagely to one another that Mrs. Billings was very questionable, very questionable.

Nor was this all. After dinner that night Mrs. Billings and I went into the lounge, and I began to smoke. The eyes of the dowagers were upon my companion.

"O Mr. Andrews, do give me one of those delightful cigarettes. I have not missed an after-dinner smoke for years," and my companion smiled with the faintest *soupcon* of scorn at the ladies who were glaring at her, as if she would say, "It's all very wicked, isn't it?" But she got her cigarette, and she smoked it.

I could see we were going to have a rough passage.

We had on board Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus P. Codger. Cyrus P. was known throughout the length and breadth of the Union as the manufacturer of Codger's Celebrated Cough Candy. He had managed to become at once a public benefactor and a millionaire by giving to an else-whooping country a remedy that was "a boon to the system, and a pleasure to the taste", to quote the magazine advertisements. After living for a time in New York on the proceeds, he decided to die, and go to London. That is why he and his wife were on the *Idonian*. I was rather interested in their presence on board because, before I left New York I had seen a note in one of the papers about a certain diamond tiara, worth a hundred thousand dollars, the property of Mrs. Codger, which had been stolen at a reception on Madison Avenue, and subsequently recovered. I wondered if Mrs. Codger was taking it to England. The probability was that she had it with her, and that if she had she would come to the table with as many jewels as she could conveniently crowd on to her person, the tiara among them.

I was not far wrong. That very night, at dinner, Cyrus P and his

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wife sailed in, the picture of prosperity—and, it must be admitted, vulgar wealth, too. She wore the tiara, and seldom have I seen so glorious a piece of jewellery. At every movement of Mrs. Codger's head it flashed a thousand shafts of light and blazed and gleamed like something alive. Its chief value to the lady whose head it adorned was that it cost a hundred thousand dollars. That was plain to see. There were those amongst the company, beside myself, who thought it was very vulgar display, as well as very unwise, to wear such a valuable ornament in a company where everybody was newly acquainted with everybody else. But Mrs. Codger had a precious possession, and, like every other *nouveau-riche* since time began, was anxious to flaunt it in front of as many people as possible.

I was thinking myself that it was surely unwise on Mrs. Codger's part to appear in this tiara, when a voice at my side—Mrs. Billings's—voiced the thought in my mind.

"Yes, I agree," she said. "She doesn't know who all these people are. For all she knows to the contrary there might be a bunch of crooks on board, who would think a tiara like that worth the risk it would mean to get it. Why, I might be a crook myself. I am certain that those diamonds would better become me than Mrs. Cyrus P." Those were fateful words. I thought of them afterwards.

My friend, the gay widow, came into rather unpleasant contact with Mrs. Codger the very next day. My cabin was in the same alleyway as that of Mrs. Billings, which was immediately opposite mine. Next to that of Mrs. Billings, and therefore also opposite to mine, was the cabin of the Codgers. For some reason they had not been able to get a suite, despite the ravings and alternative bribings and threatenings of Cyrus P. During the afternoon Mrs. Billings had occasion to get a steamer rug from her cabin, and I met her coming down the alleyway. A bright idea flashed across her mind.

"I say," and her eyes sparkled, "what fun it would be to have some tea, just you and I, tête-a-tête."

Of course, I acquiesced, and she rang the bell and ordered tea. Now, tea tête-a-tête is ever so much more attractive when you smoke a cigarette to help it down, and Mrs. Billings saved me the trouble of offering her one by calmly taking my case out of my pocket. It would have been a delightful half-hour had not our conversation been interrupted by a shrill voice calling for the bedroom steward.

"Steward, I thought smoking was not allowed below stairs. It is really very annoying to think that we cannot have a quiet hour in our own cabin without some unmannered people"—here she glared at my companion who by this time was standing with me in the alleyway—"polluting the atmosphere with vile cigarette smoke". But my companion did not turn a hair.

"Times change, Mrs. Codger," said she; "this is a very demoralized age. Besides, everyone to his taste. Now, I think a good cigarette is just as palatable as cough candy. Moreover, you should have an eye to business. The more cigarettes I smoke the more likely I am to stand in need of some medicine to put my throat right—cough candy, for instance."

The next day everybody was startled by a report that Mrs. Cyrus P. Codger had lost her diamond tiara. It proved to be true, and at lunch-time far more attention was paid to its discussion than to the excellent meal which was provided. Mr. and Mrs. Codger did not appear. Someone said they were with the captain. During the afternoon, skipping and other thrilling amusements common to ocean liners were abandoned, and the passengers gathered in groups to talk over the question, "Who stole

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the diamond tiara?" At dinner-time the skipper and purser appeared to be preoccupied. At the end of the meal—we felt it was coming—the purser announced that he had a grave statement to make. Some jewellery of great value could not be found. It was the property of Mrs. Codger. Active search had been made, but it had been unavailing. The purser supposed nobody had seen anything of it? No, he thought not. Further search would be made, and doubtless the tiara would be found. Probably it had been mislaid. The purser was quite sure it would turn up—and so on, and so on. If it did not, he regretted that a thorough search would have to be made, but—and he became suave again—doubtless that would not be necessary.

But it was. At dinner on the next evening it was the skipper who spoke. He was grave and he was stern. The diamond tiara had not been found, despite the fact that a very close search had been made. He regretted he must come to the conclusion that the missing tiara had been stolen. Therefore search would be made in every cabin, and failing satisfactory results, each passenger would be searched before leaving the ship.

There was a silence of two or three minutes—then babel. Everybody in any particular set glared at everybody in every other set suspiciously. Who could have taken the tiara? No one was safe from accusation. Everyone looked askance at everyone else. It was a real relief when someone suggested that there must be a dissatisfied purchaser of Codger's Celebrated Cough Candy who had taken the tiara as compensation for the agony he had endured in swallowing the famous medicine. Everybody in the saloon laughed—laughed loud and long. But the laugh was artificial, and it only broke the tension momentarily.

I did not see my friend Mrs. Billings that night, nor during the next day, when search in the cabins was being made. But the next evening she and I were on deck, leaning over the rail, both of us silent, both of us thoughtful. I chided her on her pensiveness.

"A penny for your thoughts."

"They are worth more than a penny"—and there was something in her voice that made me turn. I saw she was agitated. I felt that what she was going to say was fraught with significance. She laid her hand on my arm—"they are worth more than many pennies. They are worth a diamond tiara!"

"What?" I asked quickly.

She dropped her eyes.

"I—I hardly know how to tell you, Mr. Andrews—Jack—but the tiara—Mrs. Codger's tiara—" and she was silent.

"Yes?"

"The tiara that they are all looking for—it is here," and she took from the bosom of her dress the jewel for which the officers had searched the ship high and low.

For a minute I was flabbergasted. Mrs. Billings—the tiara; the tiara—Mrs. Billings, I kept on muttering, as I looked down at the glittering thing which she had pressed into my hands. I turned round, and saw one of the officers, who gave me "Good-night", looking at me curiously. I could almost have sworn he saw the tiara in my hand, but I knew a second later that it was shielded by my coat. I took my companion's arm and started to walk up and down the deck, feverishly, jerkily, for I hardly understood what had happened. Mrs. Billings a thief? . . . And I knew, then, if I had been blind to it before, that I was in love with the girl at my side.

"But where did you get it?" I stammered. "You didn't—you didn't *steal* it? You couldn't—"

Her face in the moonlight was deathly pale, and she leaned heavily on me as we moved towards the rail. "Mr. Andrews—Jack," she whispered, "don't look at me like that. I—I

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had to do something. I am in debt, heavily, thousands of dollars — for cards," she added, after just the slightest pause. "And I thought I could get away with it. Oh, yes, I know how mad it was, Jack, but one does do mad things, mad things," and her voice trailed off into silence.

"Jack"—she was speaking again—"say something. What can we do? Can't you put that hateful thing back in Codger's cabin? Oh, you must help me. I'm distraught. And, they'll search the ship again, and if it isn't found, they'll search us each as we leave the boat, and it will all come out. Oh, you must put the tiara back, somehow, won't you?"

How irresistible is a woman in trouble! And if a man is in love with her, she is ten times more so. I had no more idea than the man in the moon how I was going to manage it, but I knew that somehow I had to get that tiara back into Mrs. Codger's cabin.

"But it's guarded night and day," I said, "and it will be till we reach Liverpool. I don't know how it is to be done."

"There's the porthole, Jack," said the girl at my side.

"The porthole?" I queried in blank astonishment. "But no one can reach the porthole, unless—"

"Unless they climb over the side of the ship," came the answer. "Yes, I know how dangerous it would be, Jack" — the words were hurried — "but, oh Jack, it's for me, and—and—"

"Yes," I said fiercely. "Yes?"

"Oh, Jack, I know you care, I know you care. And perhaps I care, too. If you could only get me out of this trouble, we might—I might—"

So that was it. I was to be asked to prove my love. I was to go through some sort of test. To win the girl I loved, I must risk my honour and take a chance on some months in an English gaol. But a man in love is a man mad, and I never hesitated. I took the girl by the hand and looked at her long and earnestly.

"Mrs. Billings, I'll do it, somehow. For I'd do anything, I'd lose the world for you," and I drew her close to me.

That night stands out in my life. I can never forget it. When I look back I wonder however I came through it alive. I had decided that if I was to make an attempt to put the tiara back in the Codger cabin I had better do it at once. We were only about two days away from Liverpool, and though all would be confusion at landing, the skipper was too wise a man to allow that to prevent him from guarding the cabin. For, of course, there was the chance that the thief was going to try and restore the tiara. So, it seemed to me, that I could not make my attempt too soon. The moon was unfortunate, but I should have to risk that. I went to my cabin and waited till all aboard was quiet. People were asleep. The majority of the stewards were sleeping, too, and only those on night duty were in the alleyways. It was about two o'clock that I opened my cabin door and sneaked out. I had an old cap pulled down over my eyes, and as I have often thought since, I must have looked a queer passenger to be travelling first-class on a steamship. Luckily the steward who was supposed to be patrolling the corridor was fast asleep at the end of the alleyway down which I had to pass. I made my way up the stairs, through the lounge, to the door opening on to the promenade deck. My task, as I thought about it, standing there on deck, with the fresh wind blowing on my face, and clearing and sharpening my senses, was no easy one. The cabin previously occupied by the Codgers seemed so near and yet so far. Actually it was opposite to my own in the same alleyway, but I had to make a detour of a long stretch of deck to come to the place which was immediately above the porthole of the cabin. There was no

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one on the promenade deck. It was not till I grasped this that I realized for the first time what a predicament I should be in if someone saw me. There was I, a first-class passenger, wrapped about like a burglar, my cap jammed down over my eyes, my coat-collar turned up, a muffler tied tightly round my uncollared neck, and—worst of all—a diamond tiara in my pocket for which a whole shipful of people were searching. I got to the rail and turned about, starting at every little quiver of the boat, imagining myself pursued from all sides. I grasped the upright and slung myself over the side.

It was not till my legs dangled below and I was hanging on to the top rail that I suddenly thought how much of the success of my venture depended upon the porthole being open. Suppose it were closed? There was every reason why it should be. The cabin was guarded so far as its door was concerned by an officer all day and all night. Would the porthole be left open? And yet the night was calm; the sea was quiet; even the wind seemed less harsh than usual, and possibly the porthole, after all, was open. How I hoped it might be!

This and a thousand other thoughts flashed through my mind, and quickly passed. I had gone too far to draw back, if even the porthole were closed. Hand over hand, my legs round the upright, I lowered myself till my feet touched the deck below. Then, with one hand still clinging to the upright, I leaned my body over the side of the ship until I was nearly bent double. The porthoole *was* open. I realized my good fortune and thrusting my hand in my pocket drew out the tiara. Leaning for a moment in an almost breaking position I grasped the porthole ledge. The strain was immense and intense, for I could only just reach. I paused and breathed hard. I was nearly all in.

And then—it happened. Before I was aware of it my hand was gripped and a whistle sounded. Two men came out of the door above. My hand was wrenched from the upright, which its fingers tightly clutched, and was fitted neatly with a handcuff.

"So, *Mister* Andrews. You got frightened, and tried to put it back, eh?" came the words from the second mate. "But you reckoned without your host."

A day and a night later we reached Liverpool. During the time which had elapsed since I was caught with the goods I had had ample time for thought. I thought all sorts of things, The captain had interrogated me, but I had admitted and denied nothing. There didn't seem to be anything to deny. There didn't seem any use in denying anything. I had been caught, and caught red-handed. I stood—the thief of the tiara. There was no explaining things away. The tiara had been found in my hand. My progress—as I learned—had been watched from the first moment I left my cabin on that fateful night, to the time, a few minutes later, when my hand was on the porthole ledge of the Codger cabin. The tiara was found in my pocket. The captain was jaunty and I could have knocked his head off his shoulders.

"You understand, of course, Mr. Andrews," said he, "that this means gaol for you? It is a pity that our line has suffered the misfortune of carrying a thief, and that—first-class!"

Worst of all, I couldn't see the girl for whom I had done it all. Why didn't she come and see me? Had she asked permission to see me? She must know what had happened, because, although the ship's passengers had not been informed of the dénouement, still, I had been absent from her side the morning and the day following my attempt to return the hateful tiara. She must have known that that meant one thing—failure. And she must have known

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one other thing. She must have known that I would keep silence, that I would brave the courts and gaol—for her! But she might have come to see me. She might have sent me some message. I pictured her alarmed, dismayed. I take no credit for thinking more about her mental anguish than about my own predicament. Love, despite the cynics, is very unselfish. But—she might have come, she might have sent! And, what of her half promise? Was my attempt, though it had ended in dismal failure, to count for nothing. Did she care? Could she care?

All was confusion on landing. Shut up in the children's nursery, I could see out of the window, and I knew when she pulled into the dock. There was the Liver Building, and back of it was Water Street. The luggage was tumbling merrily down the chutes and being trundled or bundled into the customs. Then the gangways were let down and the first-class passengers left. I craned my neck, so that I might remark each one. But I had eyes for only one form, and it didn't come for some time. Then I saw her shake hands with the first officer, and with a small valise walk down the gangway and across into the customs. She was smiling. She didn't seem to have a care in the world. Never a look behind and for aught I knew never even a thought. I lost sight of her.

The second-class and the steerage passengers followed. All got clear of the ship; most of the crew went ashore, too.

After several hours my door was unlocked, and the captain and first officer, the doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Codgers, and a policeman appeared. The captain evidently was to act as the spokesman. He cajoled, he threatened, he stormed, he coaxed, but all to no purpose. I refused to speak.

"You know, of course, Andrews, that this means gaol for you?"

"Yes."

"And you refuse to speak? You refuse to say how you got the tiara, from whom you got it, and why you tried to put it back?"

"Yes."

"You know, too"—and here he looked at me keenly, "that this tiara which I have here, the one which you attempted to put into Mrs. Codger's cabin *is not the real tiara which has been stolen.*"

"Not the real one," I cried, "why, then she's tricked the lot of us."

And then I told them the whole story. The widow was evidently a common crook. With her beauty she had made me her dupe. Unconsciously I had connived at the theft. She had got away with the tiara after all; while, all the time, I had been commiserating with her over her trouble, and running my head into a noose to relieve her, she had been laughing up her sleeve and getting away with one of the most daring robberies of modern times. Fool that I was to think I was anything more than a pawn in the game.

So I've given up trying to understand women. I could have sworn that the look in her eyes that night on the deck meant a whole world to both of us. But it only meant a superb piece of trickery. . . .

When my business carries me over the Atlantic, I think of her. But I do not make friends with widows—now.

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WE MUST FIGHT

BY CEPHAS GUILLET, PH.D.

EVERY evil, so far as it provokes to honest thought regarding its causes and earnest effort for the removal of such causes of evil in the future, may be said to be, though not a good, yet to that extent redeemed and robbed of its worst power.

This atrocious war and the minor atrocity that preceded it have produced in many minds a final and irrevocable hatred of all war; and to many a distressed heart there is no glamour of glory left in association with this word. From my own feelings and thoughts I can guess what thousands of people have been feeling and thinking in their bewilderment, for human beings react very similarly to their environment.

France, though defeated and robbed in a former war, trusted her enemy's word, and, trusting that word, neglected to protect her Belgian frontier. And that other nation, with the proverb, *"Ein Mann ein Wort,"* one of its noblest inheritances, breaks its word to France and stabs her in the back! This is war! Is it any wonder that that nation applauded the act of its ship-captain, who, sailing into a hostile harbour disguised as a friend, murdered with one cowardly blow some hundreds of his unsuspecting enemies? This is war. And those British soldiers who suddenly open a breach in their line to lure the Prussian Guard into a death-dealing trap? This is war. And the submarine that sneaks up to a fleet of cruisers and with diabolical skill torpedoes them one after another while they stand by to rescue? This is war. And the Hindoos who, differing from the Christians only in colour, steal into the trenches of the enemy in the night and cut the throats of scores of sleeping men? This also is war. In war the sneak and the cut-throat are heroes and are presented with—a cross!

There is no such thing as fairness in war. There is no such thing as an equal combat, a "fair and square stand-up fight". A fight in which neither side had the advantage would never end. It was unfair for Goliath to oppose his strength to the weakness of David when the weapons were fists or swords; but it was equally unfair for David to have recourse to a long-distance weapon in whose use Goliath had no skill. It is unfair for Germany to use her vast and thoroughly-prepared and equipped army to crush Belgium and France; but it is equally unfair for England to use her vastly superior navy to starve Germany; and again it is unfair for Germany to torpedo defenceless merchantmen with her submarines. And so on! One combatant is always possessed of superior weapons, and so the combat is unequal and unfair. And many a thoughtful man is asking himself, Can such superior strength or skill be a true test of righteousness? Is it not on a par with the old trial by combat whose use the world has long since abolished in the case of individuals? "Jehovah saveth not with sword or spear," declared David, and that was a great saying. But is not the logical

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conclusion: Neither does God save with sling or stone, but only with "the sword of the spirit"? Such seems to have been the conclusion of Paul, following his master, who said, "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword".

Is not all war, with or without rules, cowardly, and a reversion to the methods of the beast? Indeed all warlike acts are simply forms of the animal instincts of hiding and attack. The water-turtle lurks behind a rock and darts out its head to grasp the unwary fish; the snake crawls softly through the grass and suddenly seizes the unsuspecting frog; the tiger creeps up towards its victim, taking advantage of cover, until near enough for a final rush or spring. All well enough for reptiles and cats. But that moral beings should descend to such behaviour towards one another! For in like manner our soldiers take advantage of all cover and make artificial cover of trench and earthwork and masonry, substitutes for the armour of the days of more primitive weapons. But even if no cover of armour or ground or mist is taken advantage of, but the attack is boldly made, relying on speed or strength or numbers, what is the difference? Are these spiritual reliances? Can spiritual values be expressed in terms of numbers or physique or training or strategy or guns or daring?

And if the reliance is really upon God, as is always claimed, what need of cunning or speed or numbers or strength of body or skill of hand and murderous arms? Are these God's weapons? Are not His weapons, offensive and defensive, faith, hope, and love?

Wait thou for Jehovah,
Be strong and let thy heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou for Jehovah!

For Jehovah is a God of justice; blessed are all they that wait for Him.

It was thus that, appalled by the horrors of this brutal war, I reasoned with myself, and such logic led me at last to declare, as I then thought, a final and irrevocable hatred and renunciation of all war, as essentially unjust and diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ, who, as I believed, desired us to use only spiritual weapons.

And then came that atrocity of atrocities, the torpedoing of the *Lusitania,* and with the scattering of those hundreds of defenceless men, women, children, and babes in arms upon the bare ocean, my dialectics were likewise scattered to the winds, and my deepest nature spoke: "What must one think," I cried, "of a nation that can do a deed like that?" Long I thought and tried to fit it in with my previous philosophy, but an instinct deeper than logic cried out: "Such a nation is a lunatic nation, mad with the lust of power, and the false pride, hate, and envy that such lust engenders. What should we do with an individual who, maddened by alcohol or by hate or with delusions of persecution, should run amuck among his fellows and 'shoot up the town?'" Fly to shelter like the beasts that perish, or, despising this life, as men who know there is a higher and more precious and permanent, bravely join other loyal citizens to run him down, disarm him and place him where he could do no more harm? Would any well-born Christian hesitate?

What, then, of Germany? Is it not evident that all brave, self-respecting, God-fearing people should join in the effort to disarm that lunatic nation and bring it to its senses? And this need not and should not consistently be done in the spirit of hate, but in the spirit of love: just as, in the case of the individual lunatic or criminal, we do not disarm him or confine him in order to punish him, but in order that we may be in a position to heal him and bring him to himself.

And yet that would be war. Yes, but it would be war against war: it would be war to make peace; and is

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not one of the greatest sayings of Christ, "Blessed are the peace-makers"?

Here, then, I got my clue to the solution of the riddle that had so perplexed me all those months and had been so badly solved by a renunciation of all use of force.

And I arrived at the following conclusions: First, force is in itself not an evil. Unconsciously, as I now perceived, I had been all the while assuming the truth of an ancient falsehood, a falsehood that has constituted the weakness of so many religions and philosophies—of Buddhism and Gnosticism and the rest, down to the Christian Science of our own day—namely, that Matter is Evil, that only "spiritual" forces, "spiritual" weapons, are good, and that God has really nothing to do with any other. This was the Gnostic position, and it led those ancient theologians to very curious and devious thinking. As matter was evil, they argued, God could not have created it. And so they imagined that he created a scale of beings (angels or demigods) of decreasing degrees of virtue (each, I should rather have said, creating the one lower), until at last one was created imperfect enough to create in turn the world!

No thoughtful person is deceived nowadays by such tortuous foolishness. The life in the tree that rends the rock asunder is a material force, only of a higher potency than inertia and gravity. The highest forces of life, namely, the intellect and will of man, which span the rivers, roam the seas, and invade the realms of air, the powers of thought and imagination that have invented languages, moved men to action, created our literatures of poetry and history, science and philosophy—these also are material forces, and God created them all.

But, if God created matter and the forces inherent in matter, including life itself and the forces of instinct and intellect and will inherent in life, these cannot be in themselves evil. Power, then, whether physical or intellectual or volitional, is not in itself an evil. On the contrary, it is the only weapon man has, and the only weapon God himself has, with which to advance his purposes. We should therefore seek to increase our power, our physical, intellectual, and volitional forces, in order to become ever more efficient in the performance of our task, in the attainment of the purposes of our being, which are the purposes of God.

And here we may well learn a lesson from the Germans whose practical efficiency and organizing ability are the marvel of the world. No people—not even British—needs the lesson more than we in America, who are so careless and wasteful of time, money, energy, nay, even of life itself. The pupils in our schools dawdle over their work with too long hours instead of working intensively for shorter periods with proper recesses and rest periods. The long vacation is too often frittered away in an idle and useless fashion that fixes still more the idle habits formed at school. Our workmen, also, with too long hours, work at half their capacity. The employer, who may study every other detail of his business—if not rendered too careless for that by a protective tariff—is liable to leave out of account the most important asset of all, namely, the health and safety and culture and all-round advancement of his employees. Too many of these, on the other hand, think the world owes them a job and refuse to earn it by rigid training, economy, self-denying industry, and alertness to every opportunity of education. If only the Germans would put the splendid energy, the fine earnestness of purpose, and thoroughness of performance which they are displaying for their own aggrandizement into the service of humanity, the world would leap forward with a new impetus.

This brings me to my second principle, namely, that the moral sig-

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nificance attaching to force attaches only to its use. It is the unrighteous or cruel use of force that condemns it, or the use of a kind of force inappropriate to its task. It is not wrong to use force to slay an animal for food, or to master an animal for the purpose of advancing our medical knowledge. But even here the use of force must be humane, that is to say, it should be of a kind that involves no unnecessary pain. And likewise as between men and between nations, force should be used at all times with a single eye to the service of all—all men and all nations—not with any self-aggrandizing purpose. Only that kind of force suited to the purpose should be used. And the use of force must not be attended with any unnecessary pain or distress.

Let us now, in the light of these principles, examine the conduct of the nations that are using force in the present controversy, and in particular the conduct of the two chief participants, Germany and the British Empire.

What do the Germans themselves say are the purposes that animate them in their present use of force? These, as I understand them, are two. First, to get more territory and seaports to permit of the greater growth of the German nation. This purpose cannot justify the use of any kind of force, for it is a selfish, nationalistic purpose, involving the sacrifice of the liberties of other nations.

That the Germans themselves recognize the unsoundness of such a reason for the use of force is shown by their declaring themselves actuated by another purpose, namely, the spread of their beneficent Culture over the world. The answer to this is that the proper force to spread *Kultur* is not war. The proper and only effective way to spread German ideas of efficiency and social justice is to exhibit these ideas in action as forces in a normal and beneficent way, not to turn the splendid force that they in turn create to purposes of destruction. And that this is true is shown by the fact that the former method was succeeding with marvellous rapidity. German science and German economics were conquering the world, and Germany was acclaimed as a great and beneficent power. The only exception to this general acclaim was made regarding Germany's preparations for war. These were thought to be an economic mistake, as well as a menace to the world, involving economic waste in other countries as well. And it is precisely this aspect of Germany's *Kultur* that is most prominent in the eyes of the nations to-day, and that is surely not calculated to increase their respect for this *Kultur* as a whole.

What sort of culture is that that must be thrust down people's throats at the point of the bayonet or inoculated by poisonous gas? Is not such a nationalistic and militaristic conception itself barbarous and a reversion to the ancient barbarity of Assyrian imperialism? Let Germany consider the fate of that mighty power that vanished like some volcanic islet in the vast Pacific and was erased for ages from the very memory of man. Mighty forces are again at work to rebuke the blasphemous power that scoffs at justice and mercy and peace. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong". This was the judgment and this the experience of the intellectual prince among nations. Might does not make right, but right makes might. "Do right though the heavens fall," said also the Romans in their best days, knowing well that the heavens do not fall when right is done.

German culture is seen to have one fatal defect, namely, its barbarous ruthlessness, its absence of all noble and chivalrous ideals, its cold and barren materialism, its mechanical and tyrannical subjection of the individual to an impersonal State-god, not differing essentially from the Marduk of Babalonia, the Asshur of Assyria, and the Mars of Rome, gods

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devoid of all true personality or moral character, gods that are sheer deifications of the unholy ambitions of their devotees. The Kaiser of Germany striving to spread *Kultur* by the sword finds a fitting ally in the successor of Mohammed.

And this is the explanation of the unmeasured violence of the German use of force, the atrocious sack of Belgium, and the cruel use of submarine and Zeppelin and asphyxiating gas. The *Lusitania* atrocity strikes us as a huge and callous exhibition of ferocity, but it constitutes no exception to the general conduct of the war by the German nation.

The Germans are therefore condemned both by their use of the wrong kind of force to advance their aims—a force discredited and antiquated—and by their inhuman and fiendish use of this force. A people conscious of the purity of its aims, a people really actuated by sentiments of affectionate interest in other nations, and a desire to help them, could not have acted thus. Their action would rather have been like that of the Americans at Vera Cruz.

George Kerschensteiner, the able superintendent of schools in Munich, Bavaria, deplores the fact that the vast majority of the continuation schools of Germany give only the narrowest kind of utilitarian vocational training. No effort is made to instill a broader culture. And the technical schools, the schools of trades, art, manual training, agriculture, and commerce, have no history or literature or any other formative study in their course. And "in what German school system," he exclaims, "has the thought of arousing a strong feeling of responsibility taken practical form? Have we tried to let the morally productive powers of our children unfold in a kind of mutual helpfulness and self-government?" If, humbled by defeat, Germany will learn the lesson that Denmark learned, she will yet win a far fairer fame than she has lost.

Can the arch-offender in this war honestly be called a Christian nation? Has not Germany for many years been devoting all its efforts to the development of one side of human nature, the intellectual? Has it not become predominantly rationalistic, materialistic, deterministic, and utilitarian? Could the Devil desire a better soil in which to sow his seed of militarism? The terrible words of the Kaiser to his troops sent to avenge the murder of German Christian missionaries; the attempt of a German missionary in Africa to blow up a British warship, declaring he was "a soldier first and a missionary afterwards"; the vindictive protest of the German Protestant clergy against England's action in entering the war; and the German Catholic journal's defence of the sinking of the *Lusitania*—all these incidents prepare us for what Professor Kuno Francke tells us in his "German Ideals of Today," published before the war. In Germany, says this German authority, the church has ceased to be a moral leader, the inner life has been secularized, and its watchword is no longer atonement, but striving! And the German ideals of to-day, according to this same frank apologist for his country, are no longer the "antiquated and threadbare" ideals of the brotherhood of nations, enlightenment, freedom, democracy, parliamentary government, but social justice among Germans, administered by a bureaucracy of experts under a constitution whose corner-stone shall ever be the monarchy. What other ideal than this of an autocratic state-socialism could take form in the starved imagination of a people that has cast religion to the scrap-heap and become merely scientific? And how much social justice is being done in Germany to-day? Her action, long-planned and executed with Mephistophelian callousness, has arrested the progress of social amelioration everywhere and hurled us back into the dark ages. Behold the fruits, when

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a great people confides its liberties to a huge civil and military machine. Better a thousand times trust the instincts of an illiterate democracy than the science of a Nietschean autocracy of experts whose God is the State. For liberty and universal brotherhood is the yearning of the ages, and every man has this yearning somewhere in his heart. It remained for the ploughman poet to give the finest expression to that yearning for the time, despite all differences of colour and race and speech and lot,

> When man to man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that,

and no longer use weapons of destruction and exclusion.

Let us now apply our principles to England's entrance upon the war. I say her entrance upon the war, for England did not make war. The war was already raging when she entered into the fray. Should she have entered it? What were her reasons? They also, as in Germany's case, were two. First, to aid the nations of Europe to retain their independence and the integrity of their territory; and second, to defend her own independence and her own possessions, which were unquestionably menaced.

Warmly supported by the other great powers of Europe, namely, France, Russia, and Italy, Britain sought to prevent the war by suggesting and urging that the matter in dispute (namely, the Serbian incident) be submitted to some kind of arbitration. As her efforts were vain, England declares, and justly, that her war is a war against war, against the use of military force to decide international disputes, which an impartial tribunal could more calmly and fairly and economically settle than opposing armies. In this position Great Britain and her allies are clearly on the side of progress; they represent the better future; whereas Germany, in deciding to appeal to military force instead of the forces of reason and international comity, has proved herself a reactionary power and the enemy of the progress of mankind toward the reign of peace and goodwill, which is the deepest aspiration of humanity. The cruel and treacherous violation of the neutrality of Belgium was but the logical result of this portentous decision. What has the sword to do with reason and law, with justice and mercy, with good faith and goodwill?

German apologists object that the Serbian question was but a small incident in a much larger question of her freedom to expand in legitimate ways, a freedom that was being denied or hampered in divers directions. In perfect candour—and it is idle to discuss this or any other matter without the sincerest effort to see both sides with all clearness and impartiality—it must be admitted that Germany had some cause for her complaint. It would require one better versed than I in European diplomacy to decide how great this cause was. England's hands are by no means entirely clean. The conscience of the world revolted against her treatment of Persia a few years ago. If it is wrong for Austria to crush Serbia, and for Germany to crush Belgium, is it right for the combined might of Russia and England to quench the rising spirit of Persia? There are not a few Britons, both in Great Britain and, perhaps, still more in her colonies, whose utterances betray a spirit that is hard to distinguish from that of the Pan-German propagandist. Once the world comes to believe that Britons, in orating about "the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race" have any other kind of supremacy in view than a supremacy in service, the star of the British Empire will set. It is only because the world has come to recognize that England desires peaceful and equitable relations with all nations, that she aims primarily to establish liberty and democracy, justice and equality, in all her dominions, that she seeks primarily their self-development to

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complete self-government, as in Canada and Australia and South Africa, and that, so far as her influence extends, freedom of trade is granted to all nations alike, it is, I repeat, only because the world recognizes this to be, in spite of occasional and regrettable lapses, the real policy of England, that it tolerates the existence of the world-wide British Empire. And it is because the world recognizes no such aims in German imperialism that it has been loth to see Germany extend her sway.

Germany has not failed to recognize this attitude of other nations towards her, and to resent it. Throughout the negotiations pending the war, as well as in her general attitude of late years, Germany has acted like a proud, sensitive, spoiled child, who finally "won't play". Conscious of her extraordinary growth—a growth made possible, as Professor Giddings points out, by the free trade policy of Britain—and envying the other powers their colonial possessions or greater room for material expansion, this ambitious giant imagined them jealously seeking to crush her, according to the well-known psychological principle that we tend to project our own mental states into the minds of others. Aware of this German grouch—resembling the delusions of persecution of the mind that broods upon itself—and not oblivious of the fact that there was the justification for it that I have endeavoured to set forth above, Sir Edward Grey, on the 30th of July, made the following frank proposal:

"And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, or ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals; but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite rapprochement between the powers than has been possible hitherto."

Would it not have been better to test the sincerity of this offer than to rush into a mad war, which is always the last resort, indeed, the condemnation of the statesman? Would not Germany have been better advised to throw her influence on the side of world organization for peace and arbitration and the perfecting of international law, instead of rejecting the offer and having incontinent recourse to the barbarous and brutal arbitrament of the sword?

And as touching the sincerity of England, evidence had already been given of that. If England had cherished any aggressive designs upon Europe, or had even anticipated aggressive designs from that quarter, would she have sold Heligoland to the Germans to be made one of the greatest strongholds in the world? Moreover, England had twice made proposals to Germany looking to disarmament, proposals that were met not only by rejection, but by still more extensive preparations, both military and naval, for war.

Must *Carthago delenda est* forever be the cry when a neighbour is prosperous and powerful? If Rome had sought to trade with Carthage instead of to destroy her, had sought to engage in a free and generous exchange of goods and ideas with Carthage and all other peoples as determinedly as she did engage in a selfish and hateful rivalry, the Roman Republic might have lived to this day. By hating and robbing others she sapped her own vitality; by destroying them

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she destroyed herself. For she thereby entered upon a career of warlike aggression that ended in arousing the world against her and brought about her ruin.

If "they who take the sword shall perish with the sword", is it not a law of God that they should so perish; and did not Christ mean that empires built up, like Assyria and Rome, by the sword, should perish by the sword? He was not stating that it was wrong that they should so perish. On the contrary, it was a divine and inexorable law that human institutions founded upon military force, and not upon the free wills of the governed, cannot endure. They are sure to arouse a spirit of resistence in liberty-loving hearts that finally proves their undoing, and they perish, as they were born, with the sword.

Having, then, done what she could to prevent recourse to the sword by Germany in behalf of aims that could not be thus accomplished without a violation of the liberties of Europe and of England herself, can anyone condemn England for drawing the sword in defence of those liberties, there being no alternative left?

I can think of no answer to this argument except that of the man who thinks that matter is evil and that we are not to use any but "spiritual weapons" even to oppose those who, rejecting all appeals to reason and humanity, are engaged in destroying all that men hold dear, including their very liberties, with material weapons of the highest potency that modern science can devise. Our good friends who hold this view mean, of course, by spiritual weapons God. God will help, they say. And so we are to pray and leave it to Him.

But when we ask them how God is going to help, they have no answer. God has no way of helping men except through men. To expect Him to use mechanical means—earthquake, flood, fire, plague—to compel the will of man to serve him is to charge him with utter inconsistency. For the highest expression of the will of God is the free will of man. It is through human wills that God works His will. Those wills, therefore, that nobly go forth to battle against the powers of evil, reverently sacrificing this life itself, dear as it is to all of us, in behalf of the holy cause of human liberty and of peace and good-will between nations, such wills surely are obeying God, for they are losing the lower life to save the higher.

But, our good friends say, you have no right to take the lives of others, for life is sacred. If a man sought to murder my child, should I make no effort to save it, even to destroying the would-be murderer's life, if necessary? Which life is the more sacred, my innocent child's or that of the madman who sought to kill him? I should not desire to kill the man; my sole motive would be the preservation of the life of my innocent child. And as between nations, whose lives are the more sacred, those of a people dedicated to liberty or those of a people banded together to destroy that liberty? No sane and consistent Englishman desires to kill Germany. Neither does he desire to kill Germans. His sole desire is to save the liberties of Europe and of England, and to that end he seeks to take only as many German lives as are necessary to its accomplishment. By disavowing the purposes with which she entered upon this unjust war, Germany can have peace at any moment. What more can any man ask who will take a sane and broad view of the whole situation? The man who thinks life is too sacred for him to fight for his liberties must thank others that he is free. There is something more sacred than life, namely, the holy cause of justice and liberty.

The Psalmist, like Isaiah, counselled a sublime patience and faith, but neither of them counselled non-resistance, an idle folding of the hands in prayer while God worked a miracle. On the contrary, the Psalmist said:

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"*Be strong,* and let thy heart take courage, yea, wait thou for Jehovah". And Isaiah never advised levelling the walls of Jerusalem before the Assyrian host. When the contemptuous leader of the Assyrians taunted the Hebrews with their inefficiency, we can well believe him from Isaiah's account of the internal corruption of Judah. And both Isaiah and Jeremiah recognized that such corruption and incompetency must bring disaster at last, for they saw evidences of a lack of true faith, even though there might be "peace and truth in Hezekiah's days".

Our reliance is not upon horses and chariots, but upon God. Both sides use horses and chariots, but it is God that giveth the victory. David did not confront the oppressors of his country with mere prayers, but with faith in God that nerved his arm to the sling in whose use he had wisely become skilled. And so God is not on the side of the biggest battalions, but the cause of God in the long run attracts the strongest battalions to its aid; righteousness and liberty and brotherhood inevitably gather around them the strongest forces of the universe, which are all God's forces, forged and harnessed by the brain and brawn that he has created to serve him. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

What England is doing for Belgium and France to-day she did for Germany a hundred years ago, and would do again, if ever the need should arise. For England is not fighting primarily for Belgium or for England, but for liberty and the brotherhood of nations, for the independence of all nations, and for the use of peaceful methods of settling international differences.

We are happily living in an age when war is more abhorrent to our sentiments than it has ever been. Our methods of dealing with crime and immaturity are becoming ever milder and saner. We are beginning to see that to hammer a child to make him grow is as foolish as it would be to hammer a plant with the same end in view. Rather we are learning to temper our firmness with gentleness, to respect the child's liberty, and to surround him with aids and encouragements to growth, as we do the plant, realizing that all growth is from within.

In dealing with criminals, likewise, the old punitive methods are already discredited. Though they still linger in our practice, they are gradually giving place to methods of reform and, better still, of prevention. More and more we are coming to the view that the establishment of the fact of drunkenness or theft or other crime or delinquency should be but the preliminary to thorough investigation and remedial work; that our police should be organized primarily to help, not to spy; to search out and remove causes of crime, not to punish the criminal.

In such an organization of society woman also will at last find her rightful place, and our democracies will be real governments of the people (*all* the people), by the people, for the people. In the good time that is approaching, the atmosphere of home and church and school will no longer be vitiated by the militaristic organization of society that still lingers even in the most democratic states, but these fundamental institutions will be pervaded with a genial atmosphere of gentleness and servicetableness amidst which all instincts shall ripen to perfect deeds. Then every man and every nation will be actuated no longer by selfish and nationalistic and racial purposes, but only by universal ends.

When once a man has got on the plane of the universal, he is no longer capable of merely personal ambition, he no longer feels any fear or anger or envy; for it is his whole ambition to serve God, which means to serve man, *all* men. He ever seeks with all his heart, humbly and earnestly, to do the right himself, with faith in

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represented in the efforts of Sir Edward Grey to avert war—have turned the scale in favour of peace? Knowing, as we now do, Germany's world-embracing ambitions, her stupendous preparations and the sublime confidence with which she faced a hostile world, who would not hesitate to affirm it?

Until such a condition of mind as I have described has become general, a league to enforce peace might even become a league to enforce unrighteousness and inequality. There practically existed within the United Sates of America a league to enforce peace by the tacit acceptance of slavery, because it was felt that attacks upon that iniquity might provoke some of the States and lead to war. But that league, that *entente,* was immoral, and only made the catastrophe the more terrible when it came, as it was bound to come when the cup of injustice and misery was full. God "will not keep his anger forever".

The existence of a league to enforce peace within a nation depends upon the homogeneity of that nation in race or language or religion or history or political institutions and ideals. And such homogeneity does not prevent the occurrence of war—of economic or religious or political uprisings and revolutions—when inequalities and injustices appear or become intolerable through the progress of culture.

And in like manner a league of the proud Aryan or white nations (supposing they could be induced to such self-abnegation in respect to one another) to enforce permanent peace upon the world, and in particular upon the despised and rejected Chinese and Japanese and Hindoos, who are so rapidly realizing the injustice with which they are treated by the liberty-loving Americans, Canadians, and Australians; or a league of Aryan nations and Japan to enforce peace forever upon China, the despoiled of many nations; or a league to enforce peace upon the Africans, denied the rights of free men even in their own continent, or upon the much-afflicted Jews, denied the rights of education in Russia—such a league to enforce "peace" to the extent that it succeeded would be a league to enforce injustice and prevent progress.

We should be on our guard against leagues to enforce anything. The Germans and Austrians are united at present in a league to enforce efficiency upon other peoples. Do we like it? Democracy is a good thing, but would France, Britain, and the United States be warranted in forming a league to enforce democracy upon other countries? All good things come by growth from within and not by imposition from without. Hence it is questionable whether a league of nations to enforce even peace would be wise. Indeed, in the stage of evolution in which we are the shock and stress of war may be the very things needed to arouse a nation to a sense of its own deficiencies. That seems to have been the case with Israel of old, and it seems to be the case with Britain and Russia to-day. And if the United States does not take serious heed to the lessons war is teaching those nations, that self-complacent country will not be the gainer from its immunity from the unquestioned horrors and losses of this war. Let Canadians, then, in all humility, with the same determination with which they defend their liberties against the envious Germans, resolve that partisanship and favouritism, greed and graft, improvidence and waste, shall vanish forever from this fair land with the menace of Pan-Germanism.

As to permanent peace, that is only possible when founded upon international liberty, fraternity, and equality, upon the sentiment of human solidarity, of universal sympathy and magnanimity. Until, therefore, reason and love have come to rule the actions of nations, as well as individuals, there can be no permanent peace, and every self-respecting nation will

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have to be prepared to meet force with force. We shall do well to heed the injunction of Paul: "Let no man despise thee".

But every self-respecting nation will not only be prepared to meet aggression, but will strive to transform its own aggressiveness into an enthusiasm for humanity. And how shall such a transformation be brought about? By education, by the efforts of the preacher and the teacher, the writer and the orator, the missionary and the social worker. Neither are we by any means to despise the efforts of statesmen to establish arbitration tribunals and to enter into treaties of arbitration, for every act of international forbearance and comity tends to establish the feeling of international oneness. But the disposition to refer disputes to impartial tribunals and accept their decisions must be developed, and the school could be the most efficient agency to that end.

If, instead of teaching history from the national point of view, we taught it from a human, a universal, a divine point of view, our young people, instead of growing up ardent partisans in religion and politics, would gradually grow into the mind international, cosmopolitan, human, that is to say divine, for God is no respecter of persons, but has made all nations of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth in peace and mutual good-will. Science and religion alike declare the oneness of the human race and the necessity of every race and every individual to the perfection of the whole.

O that all nations would vie with one another in generous, single-hearted devotion to the common weal, to the health and growth of humanity, till it reaches its highest destiny of harmony with the divine!

LA NUIT BLANCHE

By CARROLL AIKINS

WEARILY the latest sunset
Creeping westward sinks to rest,
Droops in body, dies in colour,
On the evening's gloomy breast.

Silent is the marsh and moorland,
Hushed the tempest, still the sea,
Only fire-flies haunt the darkness,
With their eyes that laugh at me.

Though the spring is at the budding,
Green of aspens in the glades,
Blush of rock-rose on the hillside,
Artistry of happy shades;

And the earth is bright with blossom,
At the waking of the year,
Still my spirit feels the autumn,
Hears her dead leaves rustle clear;

Sees each fragile old ambition,
Withered bloom of outworn creeds,
Brittle petals, dry and yellow,
Wheel and circle on the breeze.

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FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

X.—SORCERY AND SACRILEGE IN OLD MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

TO the modern reader, naturally, the striking feature about Montreal during the early French days is the religious character of the settlement. The site was originally chosen for its strategic value as a mission station; here the sword defended the cross, and the early pages of its history are replete with deeds of daring and sacrifice. The fur-trader, however, as well as the soldier and priest, stationed himself there, and commerce was to develop till the mission-station became the metropolis of a wide and prosperous country. But until a change of sovereign brought a change of faith, and the functions of the clerical orders were at least temporarily curtailed, Montreal largely retained its original character. Comparatively few houses were erected beyond the limits of the fortifications. Of the buildings within the walls, those of importance were all religious; the parish church of Notre Dame, then standing right in the middle of one of the two important thoroughfares, was the most prominent structure in the city, and fully a third of the area within the walls was given over to the gardens of the various orders.

Thus from the nature of the colony, as well as from the form of its government, we should expect the civil arm readily to take cognizance of offenses of an ecclesiastical nature, nor do we in Canada, any more than in New England, have to search long to find a case where the person who is disrespectful to the emblems of religion, or who appears to invoke the aid of the Devil, has his sins quickly visited upon him by the power of the law.

One ill-fated morning—to be accurate, it was Thursday, the 28th of June, 1742—when Charles Robidoux, a young cobbler of the Faubourg St. Joseph, opened the money-box upon the top of his cupboard, he discovered that three hundred *livres*, which should have been in it, had disappeared. Of course, the friends and neighbours soon heard of the disaster and were quite ready with condolences and advice. It was suggested that De Beaufort be consulted, the daredevil young soldier who, when Madame de Montigny had lost a valuable ring a few years before, had established a reputation as a magician by finding it for her, by means of certain card tricks and such-like manœuvres. De Beaufort expressed himself as willing to exhibit his skill for a consideration of twenty *livres*. A deposit of six *livres* was exacted, which sum Robidoux succeeded in borrowing from a friend, and the ceremony of locating the thief was fixed for eight o'clock that evening at the victim's house.

Some eight or ten people gathered to see the fun. The performer first spread a white napkin upon a table, then placed two lighted candles upon it, with a mirror between them. In front of it were a small vial of oil and

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three packages containing black, white, and yellow powders respectively. The face of the thief was in due time to be shown upon the mirror. De Beaufort seated himself at the table and began to read, in Latin, the spectators thought, from a small book. At the end of each verse he sprinkled a pinch of powder from each of the packages upon the back of the mirror, also a few drops of the oil. Next he called for a crucifix, which somebody brought, and went through the same ceremony. Dipping his fingers in the oil, he touched those present with it, also the extremities of the crucifix. He then burned three pieces of paper, scattering the ashes over the back of the mirror, extinguishing the candles, and went on muttering his prayers, from time to time holding the mirror up and regarding it intently. After a while he relighted the candles, passed the crucifix through the flame, and attempted to draw three lines upon the chimney-piece with it, but finding that this would not do, he used a piece of charcoal instead. De Beaufort now invited the spectators to indicate any one of the marks they chose, and he would tell which one they touched without seeing them. The whole ceremony occupied about an hour.

It is not recorded whether the conjurer succeeded in discovering the thief he had set out to find. We should infer that he did not, however, from the fact that Robidoux laid an information against him next morning without delay, moved, it is true, as much by horror at the use to which De Beaufort had put the crucifix as by the thought of the six *livres* he had pocketed.

The soldier was at once arrested and his examination proceeded with, the bare official record, of course, giving us none of the grim details as to how it was conducted. Name—Francois Charles Flavart de Beaufort, dit l'Advocat; age—twenty-seven or thereabout; company—de la Frenière; residence—billeted on La Règle, the hairdresser; religion—Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. He denied being a sorceror, or having demanded money of Robidoux; in fact, he had refused a note for twenty *livres* which was offered him. The six *livres* were merely to buy materials with and to pay a substitute to stand his guard for him. The materials he had used were nothing more harmful than powdered resin, gunpowder, and oil of aspic. The indicating of the charcoal marks was done by private arrangement with La Noné (another cobbler, with whom he sometimes stayed) who was to raise his arm, let it hang, or place his hands in his pockets, according to the mark touched. He admitted using the crucifix, but stated that his intentions were in no way sacriligious; he meant only to impress the spectators and terrorize the guilty party. He did not burn the crucifix, but merely passed it through the flame to dry the oil upon it, and pleaded that the whole proceeding was as harmless as any card trick.

The witnesses were very careful in giving evidence not to implicate themselves. Widow de Celles, for example, had merely gone to Robidoux's house out of curiosity to see the tricks, and at the request of her daughter. Robidoux's relatives had all been ill or absent, and knew nothing about the case. Bariteau, another cobbler, had thought the accused meant to pray when he called for the crucifix; he was careful to state that he had got up to leave when he saw the use it was being put to, and had refused De Beaufort's request to dip his fingers in the oil he had in his hand. An important question was, Who had become an accessory to the crime by fetching the crucifix from La Nonè's house when it had been called for? De Beaufort affirmed that it was La Nonè himself. This the latter denied, saying that the only connection he had with the matter was to assist the other in pointing out the charcoal marks. Meanwhile Robidoux, fearing

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that his zeal in procuring the arrest of the principal actor might not quite atone for the part he himself had taken in instigating the proceedings, had betaken himself quietly and quickly out of the country. When the authorities arrived at his house, they found that all the movables, too, had followed their owner; a pile of firewood left in the yard was all that rewarded their visit. Madame Robidoux boldly admitted that it was she who after the ceremony was over had carried the cross back to the owner's. La Nonè now swore it was she who had fetched it, and he who had brought it back. To add to the confusion, De Beaufort, confronting him, swore just as positively that it was this man who had not only brought it but carried it off.

The upshot of the matter was that De Beaufort was found guilty upon all three counts—sorcery, magic, and sacrilege—and was condemned to the performance of the *amende honorable,* to a sound application of the rod of correction, and finally to five years in the galleys. The ceremony *"Faire l'Amende Honorable"* was of two kinds. The less severe punishment appears to have been merely an acknowledgement of fault and apology to the aggrieved party in open court. But the other, to which De Beaufort was condemned, was intended as a marked humiliation to the victim and warning to the public, and as a rule immediately preceded the execution of a capital sentence. The condemned man knelt before the palace or principal church, bare-headed, clad in a shirt, and holding a lighted taper in his hand, sometimes also, as in this case, with a halter about his neck, and made a public confession of his crime. This expiation De Beaufort performed one market day at the principal entrance to Notre Dame church. He had a lighted taper weighing two pounds in his hands, and the label, *Profanateur des Choses Saintes* written upon him before and behind. By appealing to the Superior Council in Quebec he had secured the reduction of the galley sentence from five to three years, which was bad enough. La Noné, the accomplice, also performed the *Amende,* and was in addition fined three *livres.* Robidoux, though solemnly summoned to appear by beat of drum in the public square, was still absent, and was condemned to a similar fine upon his return. His wife was let go on the score of youth.

Thus sternly was respect for things sacred enforced in the early days of the colony. The outraged crucifix, Faucher de St. Maurice tells us, is still kept in the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec, and its story is one of those most typical of early French Canada.

The next article in this series is by the same author as this one and is entitled "The Story of the Red Cross, in Guy Street, Montreal".

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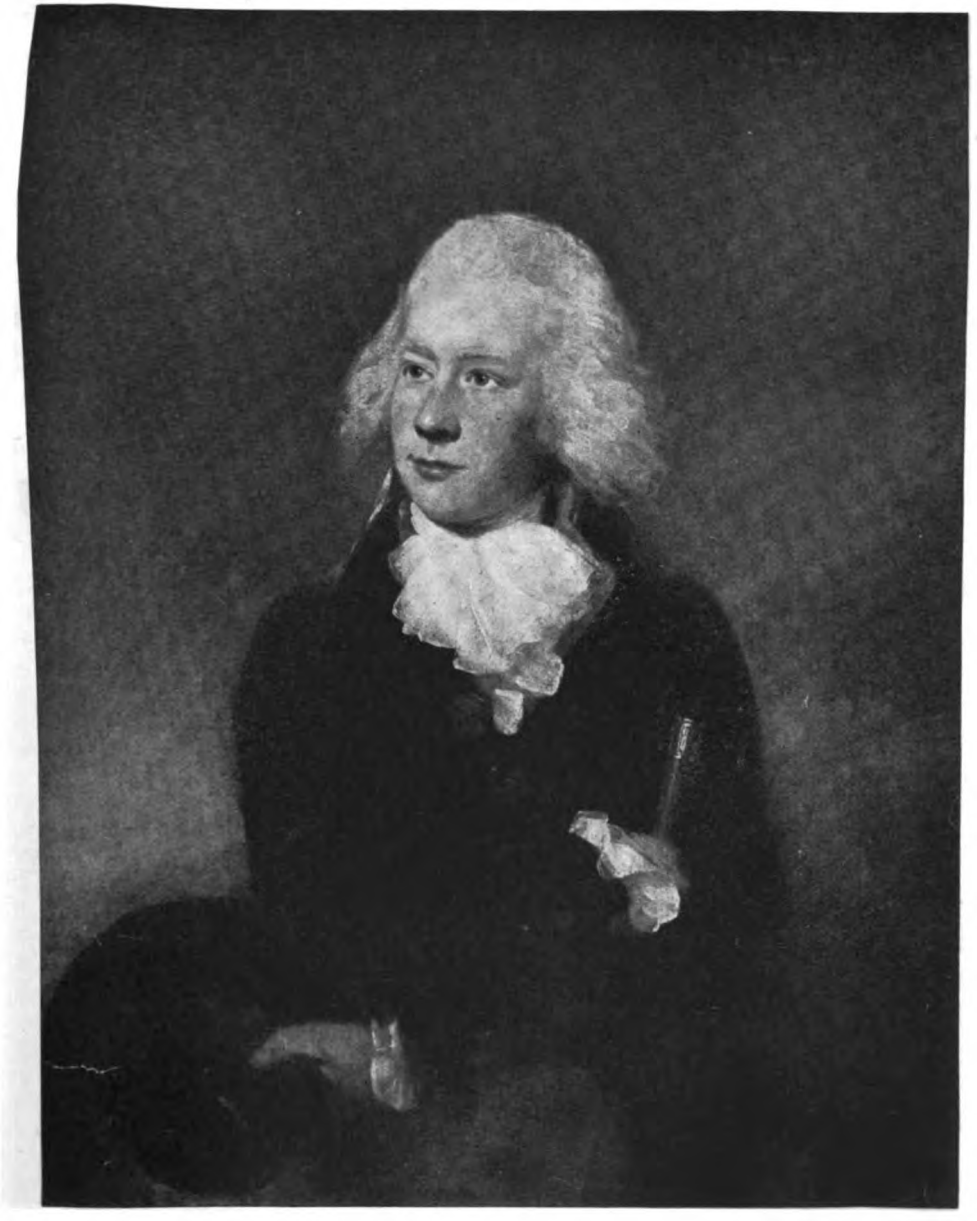

THE SILVER-HEADED CANE

From the Painting by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in the National Art Gallery of Canada

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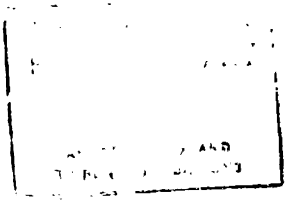

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TEA IN THE ROCKIES

BY MAIN JOHNSON

WHO would willingly associate the bustle and babble of a Yonge Street tea-room with the solitude and serenity of the Lakes in the Clouds? A few years ago one would have said that such a catastrophe was not only incongruous but also impossible. To-day it is both grotesque and actual.

Tea-rooms are all very well. They have become an integral part of the social life of such places as Toronto and Montreal, of Vancouver and Winnipeg, even as they have become a part of the life of New York City. "Afternoon tea," which used to be considered a distinctively English custom, is now fully acclimatized in the Eastern States and in Canada. It is an occasion of small talk, stimulating sometimes as well as pleasing. It is often during such small talk, for instance, that new movements in art and literature are discussed, as well as the latest plays, the newest dresses and the most recent scandals.

But are any of these reasons a sufficient justification for the establishment of a tea-room at the base of the Beehive, on the shore of Lake Agnes, the topmost of the three Lakes in the Clouds, near Laggan in the Canadian Rockies? That is the question.

This particular region is one of the most noted in all the glories of our widely-famed mountains. It is the opinion of many international travellers that Lake Louise, the first of the three lakes, is the most beautiful individual spot in the world. It shares with its sister lakes, Mirror and Agnes, a unique fame. Lake Louise is quiet, infinitely quieter, for example, than Banff. At the latter resort the chief charm of scenery is the swirling river, which, with its background of three pyramid-shaped mountains, forms the lively panorama from the Banff Springs Hotel. Lake Louise, on the other hand, is—a lake, and an almost ethereally placid one at that. At Lake Louise, however, you do not look for complete solitude. On its shores is the popular Chalet, and you expect to see other people and signs of everyday life. Mirror Lake is a quieter spot, but in the olden days real seclusion was often to be found at Lake Agnes.

When I climbed to this lake a few years ago, I was absolutely alone, and never had I experienced before, and never have I experienced since, such a feeling of isolation from the material world and intimate contact with something very close to the Heart of Things. In the two hours I spent there I did not meet another person. I saw a porcupine slouching along; I heard the lonely, shrill cry of a marmot; I picked an occasional mountain wild flower growing apparently from the mere crevices of rock; but such sights and sounds increased, rather than detracted from, the silence.

This time, no sooner had I made the final climb, up past the falls to the level of Lake Agnes, than I saw a number of people gathered about a wooden shack and heard sounds of altercation coming from within. I

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recognized the shanty as one evidently converted into its present use from a small shelter which had formerly served as a refuge from the winds when they became too cold or from the clouds when they came too near with their dampness. Then it only added a touch of solitude; now it evidently harboured a dispute.

When I came nearer and finally went inside, I found a "scene" being enacted. The shack was a tea-room, with two attendants serving tea and other light refreshments to quite a crowd of people. At this moment, however, business was being interrupted by a violent passage between the ultra-English lady who conducted the tea-room and—no less than a real live German. On his coat was a button with the word "St. Louis", and if the man had only been discreet, no notice might have been taken of him. True, his accent was distinctly German, but one soon becomes accustomed to that in the Rockies, with its crowds of American tourists, among whom is an amazing proportion of German-Americans. In the visitors' book of this tea-room, for example, on the morning we were there, appeared ten German names, including the Wohleters, of Fairmont, Minnesota; the Schaubs, of Dallas, Texas; the Bachworts, of Montgomery, Alabama, and the Zaschs, of New York.

This man, as he announced with apparent pride, had been born in Germany, had lived there most of his life, and still considered himself a German. He did not mention a word about the war, but the mere statement of his nationality was enough, or rather, too much, for the ultra-English lady, dressed as she was in a typical English sports costume, and talking as she did with a most pronounced accent. She flared up as if she had been struck in the face, and absolutely refused to serve tea or anything else to the German.

"Not a bite, and not a cent," she sneered, as she turned her back on the visitor. "I have nine cousins and relatives at the front, and do you think I would have any dealings with Germans?"

I don't like Germans either, since the war, and sympathized entirely with the English girl's feelings. And yet, for some reason or other, I couldn't bring myself to detest this particular German very heartily. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with the kindliest of faces. He seemed to belong to that earlier race of Germans, the Germans of Schubert and Schumann, of Mozart and Goethe, the Germans of poetry, of music, and of idealism—the Germans, in short, with whom we have no quarrel.

The man, while all eyes were turned to him after his encounter with the tea lady, was quite unruffled, and chatted amiably. He said he was a poet. He had good enough sense not to recite any German verses, but he did give signs of a poetic, imaginative nature by caressing the bunch of wild flowers which he carried in one hand, and apostrophizing them in broken English. In his other hand he carried an enormous stick.

When he saw that he was not going to get anything to eat or drink, he made ready to depart. Before he left he turned to the English girl, and, without the least trace of ill-humour or satire, said to her, "Thank you for your courtesy".

Again the British blood in the girl boiled up.

"I wasn't courteous to you," she exclaimed in a very loud voice for such a tiny tea-room. "I was rude to you, and I intended to be rude".

With his gigantic stick in one hand and his small bunch of flowers in the other, the German poet went away.

At his departure we had time to examine this tea-room, which had helped, on that day at any rate, to change Lake Agnes from a vast open-air cathedral, the home of religious peace, into a squabble ground. It must be admitted that the tea-room, if there had to be one there at all,

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was an artistic one. It was like a Yonge Street or a Sherbrooke Street tea-room in so far as it was loquacious, but at least the talking was done not from traditional chairs, but from the logs of mountain trees, cut into irregular lengths, and scattered, ends up, around the room. The fire-place was not as large nor as historic as that in the *Palliser Hotel* in Calgary, which commemorates the expedition of Palliser and Hector, but it was at least more original, built as it was with roughness, almost with primitive crudeness, from the stones which encumber the shores of Lake Agnes. By the way, after you have walked a quarter of the total distance around this lake, you would swear there were enough boulders to build an elaborate and efficient fire-place for every house in the world. And there are.

The food in the tea-room conformed strictly to type. There was the choice of English breakfast or China tea, with a slice of lemon. There were muffins and toast, strawberry jam, and marmalade, the latter served (at least mine was) in what was originally an ash tray. There are always ash trays in well-conducted tea-rooms, but this use of one was another touch of originality which, as I have intimated, was confined to the furnishings, not the food.

My companion and I, who felt we were the only Canadians in the place (there was a deluge of Americans in the Rockies), took a long time to drink our English breakfast tea, in the hope that the crowd would thin out and give us an opportunity of speaking to the ultra-English lady. We rather suspected she would not be averse, just for variety's sake, to a chat with someone who was not an American. And we were right. She seemed to welcome a little conversation with members of the same Empire as her own, and she began to unburden her confidences.

"The Americans?" she mused ruminatingly, as if we had asked her about them, which we had not done. "Some of them are very nice, but others!—" and she shrugged her shoulders as an English woman does shrug her shoulders, not like a French woman, for example.

"Let me tell you about a couple who were here earlier this morning," she went on. "As you know, the climb from Mirror to Agnes is rather strenuous, more so than the first stage of the ascent from Louis to Mirror. [The altitude of Lake Agnes is nearly 8,000 feet, and it is in the midst of some of the high peaks of the Rockies]. When this man and his wife reached the end of the climb I saw them make for this place immediately, without even a glance at the view. As he entered the door he was mopping his brow, and his first words to me were, "Some hill, believe muh!"

The vigour with which this English girl imitated the word "muh", and the scorn she threw into it at the same time, were amusing. We also marvelled at the cynicism of the lady's remarks about the lack of appreciation of the scenery. In her official position as head of the tea-room we could not exactly hold her guiltless on the same charge.

"And do you know what the woman said?" continued our hostess, with gathering contempt. "She glanced out of the window, looked casually at the Beehive, and with a piece of toast poised ungracefully in her hand, she said sweetly, "Such a cute mountain!"

What annoyed our friend most, however, was the conduct of another American lady, who, the day before, while waiting for her tea, had not only begun to take down her hair, but had proceeded to lay her hairpins on the tea-lady's private shelf.

"On my private shelf!" repeated our hostess indignantly, almost with a note of horror in her voice.

We did not like to appear inquisitive, but really we did not understand what the peculiarly private nature of this intimate shelf might be. Since

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we were men, we departed without seeing.

The *Beehive* tea-room, "The highest tea-room in Canada", does not represent the only encroachment on the mountain fastnesses. I have a gloomy foreboding that the attack will develop into a regular invasion, for the influence of these institutions is insidious in its undermining of one's sense of comparative values. There are some material advantages in being able to get a hot cup of tea after what is sometimes a cold and always a rather fatiguing climb to Lake Agnes. But, for the mere sake of a physical gratification, at a time when, if ever, a person should be all eyes and spirit, one throws away the opportunity of a lifetime. The remembrance of my solitary experience at Lake Agnes several years previously had lasted with me always; it had taken its place as one of the positive influences in my life. To-day, that memory, although not blotted out, is criss-crossed with thoughts of Germans, of buns, and of hair-pins.

Already there is another tea-room at Moraine Lake, in the Valley of the Ten Peaks, one of the fascinating beauty spots. You reach Moraine Lake from the Lake Louise Chalet by driving either in a tally-ho or in a democrat. The scenery along the route provides a kaleidoscopic and almost passionate delight, which grows and grows on you still more as you keep dropping down the pass into the Valley of the Ten Peaks, with the majesty of Mount Temple on the right, and the first five or six of the Ten Peaks themselves coming into sight one by one. In the old days, when the tally-ho drove up with a flourish and stopped on the shores of Moraine Lake, everyone used to scramble out and go off in groups by themselves to secluded points of vantage in order to be free from interruption while they marvelled at the blueness and the clarity of the water, with its placid and startlingly distinct mirrorings of the slopes and the surrounding peaks. The colourings in the water are as brilliant and as various as the colourings in the air.

Alas, however, with the lure, the hyper-civilized lure, of the tea-room, some of the tourists now are sure to make a dash for a cup of tea without ever giving a thought to the moraine or the lake. They seem to think that the tourist game is to swallow as many cups of tea and consume as many buns as you can, the most successful to win free transportation for the rest of the trip.

Even as the log seats and the Lake Agnes stone fireplace make one just the least bit lenient towards the *Beehive* tea-room, so also there is a certain excuse at Moraine Lake. For the lady who conducts this establishment is the possessor of a litter of St. Bernard pups. Not only are these little dogs pleasing in themselves, with their softness and their unexpected delicateness, but they also harmonize with the spirit of the mountains, and by inducing thoughts of the St. Bernard Pass and the Alps, counteract a little, even when your eyes are in your tea-cup instead of on the mountains, the degenerating influence of the exotic drink.

This dispensation, however, is only partial; it does not absolve one entirely. There could be no possible forgiveness, do you think, for one girl, whose sad case I saw myself?

I do not wish to put myself forward as a Paragon of Virtue, nor would I claim Inhuman Righteousness for my companion either, but at least, when we arrived at Moraine Lake, we did not go *first* to the tea-room. My friend shares my sorrow at this deterioration of the mountain resorts. We wandered up the shore to be alone and to watch the shadow effects, but even as we wandered we noticed this girl whom I have mentioned going direct to the drinking establishment.

We did not think of her again until we returned and entered the tea-room to see what was going on. The girl

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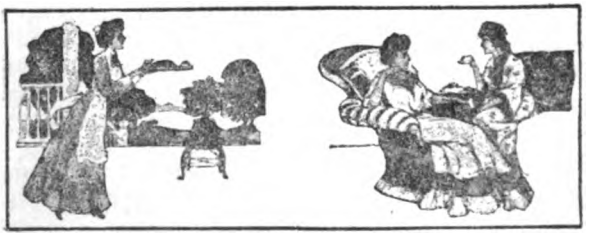
was sitting beside a table, holding one of the pups in her arms, and talking to another woman. The reason we knew she hadn't been out of the building was because, a few minutes later, she rose with an affected langour, and said nonchalantly, while she adjusted the low-cut collar of her vivid blouse, "Well, I suppose that tally-ho will be starting soon. I'd better go and see the lake".

A moment later the guide put his head in the door and called out, "All aboard". All the girl saw of the lake was as much as she could find time to look at while she was clambering over the high wheel into the tally-ho and taking sedulous pains to avoid getting any mud on her short flaring skirt.

But we are not finished with the girl yet. To go back to her when she was in the tea-room, even before the unwonted spasm of conscience led her to think perhaps she had better take a peep at the lake. In front of her on the table lay the remnants of quite a repast, the same old tea and toast and buns and marmalade. Now she was merely toying with a cooky. (Within an hour she would be back at the hotel for dinner). Her companion was a woman older than herself. I do not know exactly what they were talking about, but references to King George and Queen Mary filtered through occasionally. It is strange what a fascination royalty has for Americans when they are travelling in Canada; it seems a staple subject of conversation and speculation for them.

The pessimistic and dismaying feature was not the inevitable inanity of their talk, but rather the fact that anyones, from anywhere, should bother their heads about anything, when, just beyond the door, they could look at Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

Whenever I am in the toils of one of my rare moods of misogyny I always think of this girl, who, in such a place and at such a time, could sit listening to the vacuous chatter of an elderly companion, with an empty tea-cup and the crumbs of buns spread out before her.



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THE REAL STRATHCONA

V.—A NOTABLE LEGISLATOR

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

WHILE the Hudson's Bay Company officers were almost all men of influence and standing, they, after leaving the service, were generally little fitted for taking a part in public life. On the other hand, few men were "better read" or more intelligent than they. In their lonely forts they received letters, magazines, and books, thus keeping themselves in touch with the busy world. Numbers of them, after retiring, wrote books. Some of such were Sir Alexander Mackenzie, John McLean, and Dr. Rae. Sheriff Alexander Ross, of Red River, used to get the whole *London Times* once a year, and read each week regularly the news of the week—a year old. He also wrote several readable books. Chief Factor Hargrave, of York Factory, kept up a somewhat learned correspondence with a score of chief officers of the company, in which they discussed intelligently the latest British works of public note.

In like manner Chief Factor Donald A. Smith, after his thirty years of lonely company life, was most intelligently fitted for dealing with public affairs when he emerged from the twilight of Labrador. In his case there was also added great competence and ability. True, he was not an orator, nor indeed did he ever become a ready speaker, unless roused by the occasion or by personal attack. But for keen insight into a financial or political question, for calmness of judgment and fairness of view he was surpassed by very few men. He was dignified, polite, and logical in his utterances, though most tenacious and decided in his views and opinions. He was never loud or clamorous, but was very determined. With his sterner qualities, however, Lord Strathcona had a fine humour and could appreciate a joke most thoroughly. The clever, joyous, or pathetic always appealed to him. That these qualities were generally recognized by his friends was brought out last May at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at Ottawa. The writer there read a paper before the English Section on "Our Late Vice-President". For several years Lord Strathcona had filled this office of the Royal Society. The paper brought out a number of encomiums and estimates of his lordship from the members. Judge Longley, of Halifax, gave instances of Lord Strathcona's kindness and ability; Dr. James Harper, of Quebec, of his shrewdness and literary acumen, and Dr. J. H. Coyne, F.R.S.C., of St. Thomas, gave a happy summation of Lord Strathcona's keenness and humour. Dr. Coyne had the good fortune to meet Donald A. Smith in Western Canada in 1882, and to travel with him from Pembina to Detroit in a three days' journey. Coyne said: "In the many hours of friendly talk I formed in his close companionship some idea of Donald A. Smith's character. The

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thing that seemed to stand out most of all was his simplicity and his genuineness. He had, I remember, a very high opinion of the late Honourable Alexander Mackenzie. There was no talk of politics, but he spoke with real emotion of Mackenzie's personality. 'He is a noble man,' he said. In his criticism Donald A. was gentle, always seeking out the good points in the characters under discussion". This estimate quite agrees with the writer's acquaintance with his Lordship.

An illustration of Lord Strathcona's sense of humour and good fellowship was given by Dr. Coyne, in a review of a gathering at which I was also present in Winnipeg in 1909. The Canadian Club at this time, during a meeting of the British Association in Winnipeg in that year, gave a banquet at which Lord Strathcona and J. J. Hill were both present. Coyne said: "Lord Strathcona was there in his ripeness of years. He spoke for half an hour without a note. He made an excellent speech which was loudly applauded as he gave one telling point after another. The thread of the speaker's thought was never once broken, and he never had to hesitate for a word. It was a remarkable performance for a man of his age [He was in his ninetieth year], but he was doing remarkable things every day. At the banquet Lord Strathcona, referring to early railway dealings of himself and Mr. J. J. Hill, created a great laugh by a reference to his first railway dealings with Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill sat on the chairman's left, but Strathcona on his right. As nearly as I can remember, the reference was in substance as follows: 'Sceing my friend, Mr. Hill, sitting next to you, Mr. Chairman, I am reminded of my first business connection with him. It was nearly forty years ago, and he met me at St. Paul. We took over a railway, and to enable us to finance the undertaking we decided to organize a new company. Mr. Hill will remember the time and trouble we took to decide upon its capitalization. He was always a man of large ideas, and I remember that his ideas with regard to the amount of the proposed capital stock were so large as to cause me—a man of moderation—considerable perturbation. At last I ventured to remark, "Aren't you afraid that the capitalization will startle the public? Isn't there some danger that we will be charged with watering the stock?" And I remember still—perhaps he will remember it, too—the reply he made. It was this, "Well, we have let the whole lake in already!"' The audience, of course, were convulsed with laughter, and there was a panic before the speaker was able to proceed with the more serious part of his speech".

Remembering very well the scene in Winnipeg, as described by Dr. Coyne, the writer now returns again to the public and legislative experiences of Donald A. Smith. Donald A. having returned to Manitoba with Colonel Wolseley in 1870 to take up his abode and to fill the post of local head of the Hudson's Bay Company, it was not at all remarkable that Commissioner Smith should be chosen to office in the new Legislature of Manitoba. He was elected to represent Winnipeg as local member, and shortly afterward when the Dominion election for Selkirk constituency, which included Winnipeg, took place it seemed quite natural that he should be returned for the Dominion House. It is to be remembered that at this time there was no restriction in the same member serving in both the Provincial and Dominion Houses. But Donald A. Smith soon found that neither of the positions was a bed of roses. To rise out of the seething cauldron of rebellion in Winnipeg into an orderly and peaceful society could not be done by simply waving the wand of the Goddess of Peace. Burning questions were in the air. Personal antagonisms, wrongs calling for revenge, recollections of wrongful imprisonments and of the shameful

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tyranny of Riel, settled suspicions and most harrowing misconceptions of deeds and motives in one another, all were too serious to down speedily. The stalwart figure of Dr. Schultz was prominent. He was a man of powerful physique, strong personality, and he possessed a great brain in which marvellous contradictions had play. A. G. B. Bannatyne, a Scottish merchant, with cordial manner, personal attractiveness, and all the canniness of his race, was on the opposite side. James H. Ashdown, a true, straightforward man, carried in his soul the burning recollection that Riel had unjustly imprisoned him in Fort Garry, Charles Mair, a true Canadian poet and former correspondent of *The Toronto Globe,* was a warm follower of Dr. Schultz. John Sutherland, afterward Senator, was a cautious Scot, watching the signs of the times, and another John Sutherland. first member for Kildonan in the local House, was an ardent politician and Canadian sympathizer. Coming in the aftermath of the rebellion Stewart Mulvey, a sound and faithful follower of King William, was an honest editor. All these represented shades of opinion which could only be combined into even a working union by time, the great healer.

To the extreme Canadian, Donald A. Smith, as representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, was not acceptable, but to the English-speaking old settler he was naturally satisfactory. Some Canadians were attracted by Donald A.'s suavity and position and by the fact that he had outwitted and superseded Riel, while others who followed Dr. Schultz clamoured for revenge upon Riel and his crew. The French people largely favoured "Donald A." because the Hudson's Bay Company had always been their financier and friend. Probably there never was so complicated, dangerous and serious a situation as that which Donald A. Smith had to face. Outside influences also added to these social complications. Donald A. Smith had sought to be a peacemaker, but now the Ontario Legislature, led by the Honourable Edward Blake, offered a reward of $5,000 for the apprehension and conviction of Riel and his associates, while the Province of Quebec, led by Sir George Etienne Cartier, desired Louis Riel to be sent as a member for the Province in the Dominion Parliament. Many a sleepless night did Donald A. pass as he contemplated a state of things not unlike that of Mexico or Haiti of today. If Alexander Selkirk desired "to dwell in the midst of alarms", rather than in deadly solitude, no doubt Donald A. Smith on the other hand longed for some haven of rest far from the sea of perplexities in the maelstrom of Winnipeg from 1870 to 1873. His political troubles were not the only ones that menaced Mr. Smith. True he was relieved from representing Winnipeg in the local Legislature by the parliamentary restriction coming into force, but on the other hand the chaotic affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company, caused by the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada, forced themselves upon him.

This new situation demanded all the ingenuity and caution that he could command. The transfer of Rupert's Land had led to the payment by Canada of a million and a half of dollars to the Hudson's Bay Company. The officers of the several grades of employees in the Hudson's Bay Company, formerly known as "wintering partners," claimed their share of this money. The "Old Gentlemen" of Lime Street, London, refused to recognize this claim. Donald A. Smith crossed to London and showed his superlative power of negotiation — after a severe struggle — in securing half a million of dollars for the officers of the company in Canada as compensation for their share in these assets of the company. It was the keen, cautious, suggestive mind of Donald A. Smith that served him alike in his political, financial,

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and complicated social problems. In public life he never considered himself a "party man". Though usually classified as of a Conservative turn of mind, he always announced himself as an "Independent". The ardent party man usually suspects and denounces this class of mind. Donald A. Smith always considered himself to be the representative of the commercial and social interests of his constituency. For the twenty years in which he was a representative in the Dominion Parliament, careless of the innuendo made that he was "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways", he always claimed the right to vote according to his own judgment, and to consider "measures, not men".

It is to be remembered that after ceasing to be a parliamentary representative, for a decade and a half, he worked with equal faithfulness and comfort with governments of both shades of politics, both in Canada and the Mother Country. There are three or four outstanding, startling episodes in Donald A. Smith's parliamentary life, during the first period, which covered the decade from 1871 to 1881, including as it did four elections, which force themselves upon us. The first of these was a struggle in 1871 with the Honourable William McDougall and others in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Donald A., out of courtesy, had introduced to the House Delorme, the lately-elected member for Provencher—the French constituency in Manitoba. Pierre Delorme, who was known to the writer for more than forty years, lived on the banks of Red River a few miles above St. Norbert, the scene of Riel's first outbreak. He was a most respectable métis farmer, who, like the men of the Dauphinais settlement, did not join Riel. Archbishop Taché, wishing to make for peace, had considered him a more acceptable representative for Ottawa than any follower of Riel could be, and so Delorme was elected for Provencher. Feeling was running high in Ontario against Riel, and the Honourable William McDougall, the rejected Governor for the Northwest, took up the case against Delorme and sought to show that he, though sponsored by Donald A. Smith, as being in a so-called picture, a member of Riel's council, Donald A. still held to Delorme, who maintained that the group shown was simply a group of French métis and not the council. Donald A., thus despising temporary popularity, stood out for the truth.

Another incident which showed the persistency, power, and partliamentary influence of the member for Selkirk took place in the courageous stand, when alone he was the means of forcing the resignation of the Macdonald Ministry. This was in what was known as the "Pacific Scandal". The debate was proceeding on the charge that the Government of which he was a supporter had received moneys for an election in consideration of having given a promise to a syndicate of a charter for a transcontinental railway. A very few votes, one way or the other, might seal the fate of the ministry. Donald A. had been closely pressed and besought by his leaders for support. He had kept his own counsel. The day coming was to be eventful. It was November 5th, 1873. At one o'clock in the morning Donald Smith arose in his place. A dead silence ensued. His last words declared that he could not support a discredited party. His words defeated the Government. Another episode. Several years of the Mackenzie Government had passed away in 1876. Donald A. had been a most active and useful member of the House. Dr. Schultz, his quondam opponent, had been most active in his criticism of Donald A.'s relation to the métis of Red River. The member for Selkirk was charged by the member for Lisgar with having met in council with Riel. Although an old charge, it created much excitement. After a few days Mr. Smith tabled legal affidavits from prominent men

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in Red River settlement that the charge was untrue. Recriminations followed. Dr. Schultz compared Donald A. to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner", as coming with his story of complaint, and Donald A. made the retort courteous that his opponent was a veritable Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff.

Again the last days of the reign of the Mackenzie Government were passing away in 1878, when perhaps the most explosive and harrowing scene that ever took place in the Canadian Parliament was witnessed. The animosity of the leaders of the former Macdonald Government against Donald A. Smith had steadily increased. It was on May 10th, when just before the arrival of the Governor-General to prorogue Parliament, Donald A. Smith, lifting an Ottawa newspaper in his hand, raised in the House a question of privilege. The newspaper contained the statement made by Sir John A. Macdonald that the Senate had thrown out the bill to build the Pembina Railway, because it was simply to reward a member of the House for his servile support—one who had admitted that he was interested in this monopoly. This, of course, referred to Donald A. Smith, who most strenuously denied it. Immediately such a storm raged as the Dominion Parliament never before or since has seen. It may be faithfully described in the words in Lowell's "Biglow Papers":

> He didn't put no weakenin' in, but
> He gin it to 'em hot,
> 'Z if he an' Satan 'd bin two bulls
> In one two-acre lot.

The three participants were Donald Smith, Sir John Macdonald, and Dr. Tupper. Pages of the Hansard of the time record the wordy warfare.

In 1880 Donald A. Smith was unseated and for several years was out of Parliament, though in the ten years during which he had served his country he is credited with having achieved the following:

1. Opening up of Manitoba to railway communication with the outside world.
2. Promotion of immigration to Western Canada.
3. Service to the country in protesting strongly against the lands of the Northwest falling into the hands of monopolists, or in the taking up of townships by speculators.
4. Efforts to save the buffalo from extinction.
5. Saving the Indians from the dangers of the liquor traffic.
6. Pressing the organization of the Northwest Territories under a governor and council.

For six years after his retirement from Parliament in 1880 he was busily engaged, as we shall see, in building the Canadian Pacific Railway. For his great services to Canada he was knighted in 1887. On the suggestion of Sir John Macdonald he again entered politics and became member for perhaps the most prominent legislative seat in Canada—that of Montreal West. Following this he spent ten useful years in Canadian public life. That Dr. Tupper and he had made up differences was seen in the appointment of Sir Donald Smith by Dr. Tupper, when Premier, to the Canadian Commissionership in London, a position which he filled for sixteen years with great distinction till his death early in 1913.

On Sir Donald Smith's elevation to the peerage in 1897 as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal he became a useful member of the House of Lords. It is said on his being introduced to the Chancellor in the House of Peers, with his Scottish pride, he objected to kneeling to the Chancellor on the ground that he knelt to no one but his God. His plea was granted.

The next article in this series is entitled "The Golden Spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway". It will appear in the December number.

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THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE: POET AND PATRIOT

BY JOHN MARKEY

IT is a good many years now since *The London Athenaeum,* speaking of the poetry produced by Canadians, said: "They have at least one true poet within their borders—that is, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In his younger days the principle of rebellion inspired him with stately verse; let us hope that the conservative principles of his more mature years will yield many a noble song in his new country." McGee was still among the living and able to speak for himself. No doubt he would have resented the statement that it was the spirit of rebellion which inspired his early verse. For "rebellion" he would have substituted "patriotism," or perhaps "nationalism." He did rebel, it is true; but it was his own contention, even when conservative principles had come with the maturity of years, that it was not against constituted government he rebelled, but against persistent misgovernment. But without presuming to argue the point let us ask ourselves if the hope then expressed has been realized? Even if *The Athenaeum* did believe that the principle of rebellion had inspired him, it recognized him as a true poet. What position does he hold to-day as a poet? How, if at all, does he rank in Canadian literature? How many Canadians are familiar with his poetry? He wrote for the people; has he any honour, as a poet, among the people? And if he is forgotten as a poet is the explanation to be sought in the indifference or in the quality of his work?

Instead of devising a definite answer to such questions it may be more interesting and profitable to look at the work he did. And to understand his work at all it is necessary to know something about the man himself, his aims, and his motives. This knowledge in itself would be interesting, even if it led to nothing else, for his career was a rather remarkable one. He was born in Carlingford, in the county of Louth, Ireland, on April 13th, 1825. He received such education as an Irish day school at that time could afford. Anything higher was beyond his reach. This must be kept in mind. He was indebted to the school for little more than the whetting of his appetite. Fortunately he had the appetite, and the determination to satisfy it. He was of the student type. The world was his university, and a student he remained while he lived. But if he lacked the higher advantages of school education, there were compensating privileges. His mother was evidently a woman of genuine if limited culture. She seems to have experienced in herself a passion for the history, the music, and the poetry of her country, and to have communicated it to and fostered it in her son. We can readily imagine that an important part of the young lad's education was

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the work of the mother, and that the songs she sang, the books she read, and the legends she told had much to do with determining the qualities of the man, both as poet and as patriot. He seems to have been born an orator. He came to America when he was only seventeen years of age. He Landed in Boston in June, and only a few weeks afterwards he addressed a meeting on the fourth of July, and, according to the traditions that survive, fairly astonished the multitude with his eloquence. It may be that this genius for oratory which characterized so many young Irishmen of McGee's early days—and since—does not require any laboured explanation. Educational facilities were few for Irishmen of even the middle class; printed books were much more of a luxury than they are to-day, and daily newspapers much less commonplace. There was no text-book on Irish history in the school; there was no attempt made to teach Irish history. What there was in the shape of national literature was not within the easy reach of the average reader. Lacking text-books on history, young Irishmen fell back on the old legends and ballads and chronicles, and in the absence of other national literature they satisfied their hunger by devouring bodily the speeches of Grattan and Flood and Curran and Sheil and O'Connell. This was fine exercise for the memory, at any rate, and afforded great stimulation for the imagination. And, of course, it was the kind of training to bring out and develop what capacity there was for both poetry and oratory in a man. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, writing of conditions in. those days, says that "speech-making was a universal recreation. It was no uncommon thing to hear half a dozen harangues uttered of an evening over a dinner-table."

The young McGee seems to have found in the United States an immediate and increasing demand for both his poetry and his oratory. O'Connell had started the repeal movement in Ireland. It naturally attracted the interest of Irishmen in America. McGee threw himself into the work with so much enthusiasm that his fame went back across the the ocean, and attracted the attention of the Immortal Dan himself. Before long McGee was offered and accepted a position on *The Dublin Freeman's Journal.* The engagement afforded him some scope for the work he loved; but the decisive incident of this period of his life was his joining the staff of *The Nation* newspaper on the invitation of Charles Gavan Duffy, its founder. *The Nation* was established to stimulate, direct, and voice the national aspirations of the Irish people. The story of *The Nation* covers one of the most interesting and fruitful periods of Irish history, a period that witnessed the rise and fall of the repeal movement, the abortive rebellion of 1848, and the Irish Famine. So far as immediate results were concerned, it was a period of dismal failure, yet much of what has since been accomplished for the peace and welfare of Ireland may be traced directly back to the preparatory work then done and the seed then sown. And *The Nation* newspaper was the means by which this work was done and this seed sown. What strikes the student of to-day as remarkable is the part that poetry played in creating or awakening and vitalizing the national spirit. "The body of national poetry produced at this period," says T. W. Rolleston, "first as fugitive verse in the columns of the newspaper, afterwards collected and reprinted in countless editions, entered profoundly into the heart and mind of Irishmen of that and subsequent generations. Other writers have produced poetic work of loftier order; but of this it may be said, and of this alone, that no one who is unacquainted with it can understand the contemporary history of Ireland." And Mr. Rolleston adds that the keynote of all the poetry

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which gave wings to the purposes of *The Nation,* and which has served more than anything else to keep the fame of the Young Irelanders fresh to-day, was the doctrine of Irish nationality.

But what has all this to do with Thomas D'Arcy McGee? Everything. It is a necessary introduction to a study and appreciation of his work. If we are to read his poetry at all we must read it in the spirit in which it was written. We must remember that for the most part it was poetry written for a purpose, and a political purpose at that. If we are to feel any of the spell of it we must endeavour to create within ourselves something of the emotional stimulus under which it was produced.

We have Duffy's description of his first introduction to McGee. "The young man was not prepossessing. He had a face of almost African type, his dress was slovenly even for the careless class to which he belonged, he looked unformed and had a manner which struck me at first sight as too deferential for self-respect. But he had not spoken three sentences in a singulary sweet and flexible voice till it was plain that he was a man of fertile brains, a man in whom one might dimly discover rudiments of the orator, poet, and statesman hidden under the ungainly disguise." Duffy introduced him to Thomas Davis, the man who, according to Duffy, was destined to influence and control the whole of McGee's after life. It is interesting and useful to recall that Davis produced no poetry till he joined *The Nation*—his whole career as a poet was limited to three years—and that the best of his poetry was written for a specific political purpose, namely, the promotion of nationalism. McGee was an apt pupil. Duffy ranked him as the equal of Davis in everything except those things in which Davis was held to be supreme. Indeed, *The Dublin Nation* declared that not even Davis had so thoroughly infused the spirit of Irish history into his mind and heart as McGee. That was written in 1857, eleven years before McGee's death, and it is worthy of note that even then *The Nation* complained that the fame of McGee as a poet was already suffering from neglect. Perhaps it was inevitable that a good deal of this political poetry, spirited, sincere, and even melodious as it may have been, should suffer decline with the waning of the enthusiasm which produced it. It is probably no extravagance to say with Rolleston that to understand the spirit of the Young Ireland movement it is necessary to know the poetry of *The Nation;* but the attraction of much of the poetry is for the student of history, perhaps, rather than for the student of literature. At any rate it seems scarcely possible to separate McGee the poet from McGee the Irish patriot. It was his love for Ireland that inspired his muse in the first place, and that kept it to its best endeavours. His work has always the eloquence of great sincerity and the directness of intense feeling; but the reader must not expect to find at all times the perfection of finish that one looks for from the artist who does his work and loves it for its own sake. If you overlook the fact that what is best in McGee's poetry came directly from the heart and was the outpouring of a noble enthusiasm you will probably miss what is most effective in its message. His great ambition was to sing of Ireland for Ireland.

> I'd rather turn out simple verse
> True to the Gaelic ear,
> Than classic odes I might rehearse
> With Senate's list'ning near.

It may be doubted that students of Gaelic poetry to-day would look upon much of his verse as true to the Gaelic ear; but that it is genuinely Irish in spirit and purpose will be readily conceded, and that is probably all he meant. His first efforts at song were inspired by Ireland. His notion of fame was to be remembered in Ireland.

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Am I remembered in Erin?
I charge you speak me true—
Has my name a sound, a meaning,
In the scenes my boyhood knew?

Does the heart of the mother ever
Recall her exile's name?
For to be forgot in Erin
And on earth is all the same.

Not great poetry, but well calculated to stir the emotions of anyone who can enter into the spirit of it.

So, too, his "Parting From Ireland":

O dread Lord of heaven and earth! hard and sad it is to go
From a land I loved and cherished into outward gloom and woe;
Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to manly years I came,
Homeward as a light you led me—light that now is turned to flame.

Not great poetry, either; yet there is something in it greater than poetry—the tragedy of a life. He had gone back to Ireland to place his abilities at the service of his country. He became one of the leaders of the revolutionary party, of those who had become impatient with the slow and apparently fruitless methods of O'Connell, had been sent to prison for the violence of one of his speeches and was finally compelled to fly to America with a price upon his head, leaving his young wife behind. But wherever the man went the heart of the poet was still in Ireland.

O Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off land a sign,
Let it be some token still of the Green Old Land once mine;
A shell from the shore of Ireland would be dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhineland or the art of Italie.

Again and again he returns to the theme:

O blame me not if I love to dwell
On Erin's early glory;
O blame me not if too oft I tell
The same inspiring story.

The New World offered its novelties and attractions in vain:

Where'er I turned some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
Some wild bird's whistle called me back.

He had left his wife behind when he fled into exile, a marked man with a price on him; therefore he had two loves to sing about, and these were the only loves, it seems, that ever inspired his song:

I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young and fond and fair and bland;
One fair and old and sadly grand—
My wedded wife and my native land.

He wrote a history of Ireland in prose; it might almost be said that he wrote a history of Ireland in verse. A mere list of the titles of his Irish poems would fill a goodly page. It was part of the work of *The Nation* writers to show the people of Ireland that their country had a history; that it had a civilization of its own extending back into the mists of the ages, and that it had all the elements of national life that a glorious tradition filled with noble names and splendid deeds could afford. It was in this work that McGee excelled all others. He seems to have ransacked the whole field of history and legend for material. And many of his poems are of distinct literary merit. At times he seems to have caught the spirit and the rhythm of the old Scottish ballads:

She wanders wildly through the night,
Unhappy Lady Gormley,
And hides her head at morning light,
Unhappy Lady Gormley,
No home has she, no kindly kin,
But darkness reigneth all within,
For sorrow is the child of sin
With hapless Lady Gormley.

As an exile in America McGee devoted himself whole-heartedly to the service of his fellow-countrymen. It is worth noting that he was one of the pioneers of the "back-to-the-land" movement. He saw his countrymen flocking to New York and other large centres of population, and he found them living there under conditions that were far from favourable for

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their moral or physical welfare. Meanwhile the broad fields of the West were calling out for men and offering them at least the certainty of healthy life in a wholesome atmosphere. With pen and tongue, by speech and poem and essay, McGee devoted himself to the task of diverting the Celts from the slums and hives of the cities to the open spaces of the country. It was at a convention held at Buffalo for the purpose of promoting this movement that something happened which changed the whole of his after life. From certain Canadian delegates to the convention McGee received a very cordial invitation to throw in his lot with the people of Canada. He had already lectured in several Canadian cities, and had attracted attention by the power of his eloquence. He had gone to the United States as to a land of freedom; but he had had his troubles and difficulties and had undergone a process of disillusionment, and when the invitation came to him to take up his residence in Montreal, it was apparently not wholly unwelcome. It was one of the little ironies of his fate that, having rebelled against British authority in Ireland, he should find in the end the freedom for which his soul had craved under the British flag in Canada, and should end his life as one of the staunchest of the admirers and upholders of British authority. And yet from his own point of view he was quite consistent. Of his Canadian poems the most familiar no doubt are the ballads on "Jacques Cartier." "The Launch of the Griffin" is worthy of preservation, if only for its historic association. So, too, are some of his pioneer ballads. Here is a song of hope and courage for the men who are going into the unbroken forests to make homes for themselves and families and to become the founders of communities:

Arm and rise! no more repining,
See, the glorious sun is shining—
What a world that sun beholds!
White ships glancing o'er the ocean,
All earth's tides, too, in swift motion,
Pouring onward to their goals.

One tear to the recollections
Of our happy young affections,
One prayer for the ancestral dead;
Then right on; the sun is shining,
No more doubting or repining,
Firm's the path on which we tread.

In the forest stands the castle—
Silent, gloomy; bell nor wassail
Echoes through its sable halls;
Night and chaos guard its portals;
They shall bow even to us mortals—
Strike and down their standard falls.

Crowns—aye golden, jewel'd, glorious,
Hang in reach before and o'er us,
Sovereign manhood's lawful prize.
He who bears a founder's spirit
To the forest, shall inherit
All its rights and loyalties.

The following stanza, from a poem written on the War of 1812, shows at least a cordial appreciation of the Canadian spirit:

Wealth and pride may rear their crests
Beyond the line! beyond the line!
They bring no terror to our breasts,
Along the line, along the line.

We have never bought or sold,
Afric's sons for Mexic's gold,
Conscience arms the free and bold,
Along the line, along the line.

Even in this young country such a lover of legendary lore could find material for a ballad legend, and perhaps it is worth remembering that long before Kipling spoke of "Our Lady of the Snows" McGee had told in simple verse, as befitted such a subject, the story of "Our Ladye of the Snow," a story associated with the original church of Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal.

All his life McGee was a religious man. He was a devout Catholic, and many of his poems are inspired by deep religious feeling. He had had his controversy with the authorities of his church because of their attitude to the Young Ireland movement, but that did not interfere with either his faith or his devotion. There is plenty of evidence, too, that in his later years, in the free and wholesome

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atmosphere of Canada, he outgrew his revolutionary tendencies. At any rate his later poems were mostly of a religious character, and his papers, found after his death, indicate that he had planned a whole series of poems, all on religious topics.

McGee's poems were collected and edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier, of New York, in 1869. If a later edition of his complete poems has been published I have not seen it and am not aware of it. Mrs. Sadlier's book must be getting very rare. Will there ever be another? Many of his poems are to be found in different collections and anthologies, but some of the best I have not seen outside of Mrs. Sadlier's book. It seems too bad that they should be utterly lost. He will not rank among the great singers; but surely he has an honourable place among the minor ones. He wrote too much, perhaps, to write well all the time, even if he had the genius; but he wrote honestly and bravely.

AUTUMN IN CANADA

By JAMES B. DOLLARD

THE loon is calling over lakes of gold
That belt the hazy north. The maples glow
Yellow and red; the drowsy torrents flow
Along where coloured vistas aye unfold;
The wild deer stalks upon the matted mould
With stealthy tread. Pensive the evenings grow
And all the woodland creatures seem to know
Their year of sport and pleasure hath grown old!

Thus shall the earth grow gray, and so shall man
Ripen unto the end. Ah, well for him
If the rich day that he so glad began
Sees such a mellow sun on life's last rim!
So shall he, weary, claim a welcome sure
In the Great Father's lodge, and rest secure!

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MOUNT ST. MICHEL

From the Etching by Clarence A. Gagnon, a noteworthy Canadian etcher

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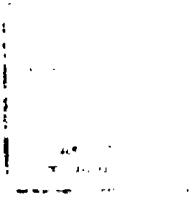

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CANADA'S PREMIER TOURIST PIONEER

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

HERE is a little experiment that will prove interesting. Stop the next settler you meet—be he settler in town or country—and ask, "What made you first think of coming to Canada?" Ten to one the answer will be something like this: "Well, I read about it in a railway booklet. I really knew nothing about the country until that booklet was placed in my hands. It was a revelation to me. Canada became at once a part of my dreams—and here I am."

We in Canada do not realize what a mighty force these railway booklets have been. We who know Canada so well; who can reel off its history by the yard and its beauties by the mile; who can talk of its marvellous resources by the hour, and to whom its golden opportunities are the commonplaces of everyday life—we do not realize that outside of Canada the many millions of the English-speaking world, to say nothing of those who are not English-speaking, know little of Canada and care less. How true this is of the United States those who have travelled in that country know well. How true it has been of Great Britain only those who have lived in that country can appreciate.

Against this vast wall of indifference to the south and east many forces have been striking mighty blows during the last decade, but none, probably, have struck with greater power, more persistence, or such splendid results as our great railway organizations by means of the printed word. And the work is still going on. In every city of the United States and Great Britain may be found, in one of the leading thoroughfares, Canadian railway offices that are knowledge depots of the great Dominion. From these depots are distributed innumerable brochures that seem literally to breathe forth the invigorating air of Canada. The world is being reminded constantly through a never-ending succession of these brochures of "God's Own Country", which offers to the landless, land; to the ambitious, golden opportunities for successful careers; to those seeking health and rest, the healing spaces and the clean, pure, champagne-like air of the north; to those seeking sport, game big and little and a wider variety and greater profusion of game fish than is to be found anywhere else in the world; to the adventurous, satisfaction for their wildest dreams; to nature lovers, thousands upon thousands of square miles of the unspoiled wild, in which is included rivers and lakes in never-ending variety, forests that seem to stretch to infinity, and an Alpine region that is equal to fifty Switzerlands rolled into one.

If you want something inspiring to read, go into one of the offices of the big railways and ask for a batch of

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this year's booklets for abroad. Your enthusiasm for your country will be redoubled by reading them, though you know Canada so well. Imagine, then, the effect of these upon those who dwell in thickly-populated lands of lesser opportunity.

Now who has been responsible for all this flood of bright, alluring literature about this bright, alluring land? You could count the men upon the fingers of one hand. And second to none among them is Harry Charlton, head of the publicity department of the Grand Trunk System.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Charlton's pen has written all that amazing flow of advertising literature by which the Grand Trunk has attracted to Canada so large a share of the settlers and the tourists who have come here during the last decade. But it is he who has been the master architect behind it all.

Prior to the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific his activities in this direction were directed to the central portion of Canada through which the old Grand Trunk runs. He has done more than any other man to make the Highlands of Ontario known far and wide, and to attract to this region that ever-swelling annual flood of wealth and beauty by which it is enriched. Since the Grand Trunk Pacific has come into being his activities have been spread over a vaster range, and he has become the apostle of the farther north.

He is no mere desk man. He lives himself the life he wants the world to know about. He knows from personal experience everything which any man can be expected to know about the districts reached by the Grand Trunk lines. His life is one continual adventure. After a spell of office work, he gets out his penetangs, packs his traps, and with a photographer and a newspaperman or so whenever he can get them—sometimes an artist as well—he starts off for the woods to experience, to explore, and to plan. He lives the life. He hunts and fishes, canoes and portages, poses the human interest for pictures of nature's beauty spots, and guides summer hotel-keepers into likely spots and fosters them when they locate there. And when he arrives home he gets produced advertising literature that glows with reality. And by a hundred different methods he sees that literature reaches the people it ought to reach.

There are pioneers and pioneers in Canada. Some are homesteading pioneers. Some are business pioneers. Mr. Charlton is Canada's premier tourist pioneer. After the right-of-way of the Grand Trunk Pacific was located through the Rocky Mountains to Prince Rupert, he was the first tourist to make the trip through that country. Hardships? Adventure? Well, it will take Harry years to work off the stock he accumulated on that trip—and meanwhile he's accumulating more. Heaven only knows what he is up to at this very moment. But it is safe to say that he is accumulating more experiences to help him in another grand assault on outside ignorance of the greatest country ever.

That first trip of his over the new north route through the Rockies was no parlour-car trip. It was made in the true adventurer style with the broncho pack-train. The party scaled mountains, slashed their way through forests, swam rivers that nothing but the blue sky had ever bridged, gazed down bottomless abysses, cursed at refractory camp-fires, fished with the passionate intensity of savages to whom success means surcease from hunger. And after months in the wilds, shut off from the rest of mankind, they came home safely—the publicity chief with a stock of invaluable knowledge and "atmosphere", a photographer with priceless negatives, an artist whose soul was aflame with the colour and majestic beauty of the northern Rockies, and writers who would know whereof they wrote.

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MR. H. R. CHARLTON

A pioneer in the practice of advertising Canada

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Such constitute one phase of the activities of H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk. Another phase is the work of representing Canadian beauties and resources at international exhibitions. At the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco at the present time one of the most attractive and sumptuous displays is that constituted by the Grand Trunk building and its contents. The site of that building, the building itself, the character and extent of its contents, are all the result of the planning of Mr. Charlton. He has travelled much in connection with this exhibition work, both on this continent and in many parts of Europe.

Another duty that invariably falls to Mr. Charlton is that of playing the official host to distinguished visitors. Of late years many distinguished men have visited Canada in an official or semi-official capacity, and most of them have as a matter of course visited the many scenic wonders and splendid agricultural and industrial regions reached by the Grand Trunk. To Mr. Charlton has fallen the honour of acting as guide and companion for their trips. Those whom he has thus piloted around include Prince Fukushima, whose tour of Canada a few years ago is well remembered by many. This representative of the royal house of Japan was so appreciative of Mr. Charlton's services that on his return to his native country he induced the Japanese Emperor to confer on Mr. Charlton the Order of the Sacred Treasure, an honour in Japan that is only conferred for notable military or civil service. Mr. Charlton will find this decoration an open sesame when he visits the Flowery Kingdom.

The present King, when he was Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, are among the royal personages Mr. Charlton has also piloted around. When that distinguished delegation of statesmen, scientists, and literary men from France visited Canada a few years ago, it was Mr. Charlton who headed the party in its sight-seeing tour of Middle Canada. They were delighted to find in Mr. Charlton not only an interesting and informative companion, but one who could talk to them in their own language with all the fluency and gay abandon of a boulevardier.

Mr. Charlton is a native-born Canadian, hailing from St. Johns, Quebec. His first experience in advertising work was gained on papers in his native town and in Montreal. Then he became advertising manager for the Canadian Pacific, and from the Canadian Pacific he went to the Grand Trunk to take over a similar position in 1898. With the Grand Trunk he has been ever since. The present advertising organization of that company is one of the greatest single advertising departments on the continent, and the whole organization is the creation of Mr. Charlton.

Of Mr. Charlton's qualities of heart and mind a word may be permitted. He is held in almost affectionate regard by that brotherhood of Grand Trunk men whose life efforts have combined to lift the old Grand Trunk from stagnation into one of the greatest and most progressive transportation companies in the world. And among all ranks and classes, throughout Canada and in the United States, his friends are legion. Cheery and genial, a "good fellow" in every sense of the word, "Harry" Charlton, as he is familiarly known, is synonymous throughout the length and breadth of Canada with the Grand Trunk, while his acquaintanceship in the United States is perhaps hardly equalled in extent by any other man in the Dominion.

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CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ALL eyes are now centered on the Balkans, that prolific breeding-ground of international strife. By the rejection of the Russian ultimatum demanding the dismissal of all German officers from the Bulgarian army the Government of King Ferdinand definitely espoused the cause of the Teutonic powers. The negotiation with Turkey of an agreement regarding the Adrianople-Dedeagatch railway; the resignation of the pro-Ally Chief of Staff; the conferring of the Iron Cross on King Ferdinand—these and other cumulative evidences revealed the Germanophile attitude of the King and his government toward the Teuton powers. The battle of the diplomats is over and Germany so far holds the trump cards. The Allies are now within striking distance of the Bulgarian troops near the Greek frontier and the first engagement has resulted in the defeat of the enemy. But the Bulgarian people are not at all disposed to fall in with the pro-German sentiments of their sovereign, who is evidently swayed by the belief that the Teuton armies are invincible. The Opposition groups, which favour an alliance with the Allies, command a working majority in the Sobranje, but the King, who is ruling the country under martial law, has hitherto refused to convene the Chamber. In mobilizing the army King Ferdinand had primarily in view the importance of overawing the opponents of the German alliance; but in this he may o'er-reach himself.

Another disappointment to the Allies has been the attitude of King Constantine of Greece, who, to prevent Greece going to the aid of Serbia, dismissed M. Venizelos, the Premier, and formed a Coalition Cabinet on the basis of a continued neutrality. A solemn treaty between Serbia and Greece renders it obligatory on the latter to go to the aid of her ally, but King Constantine, whose wife is the sister of the Kaiser, contends that Serbia, by her proferred territorial concessions to Bulgaria, abrogated her treaty rights. The Allies, on the other hand—assuming that Greece is bound by the treaty and that the port has been used since the outbreak of the war for transporting supplies to the Serbian army—landed seventy thousand men at Salonika as reinforcements for the Serbian army menaced by a huge Austro-German invasion. Even with the assistance of Greece, Serbia, attacked by the Austro-Germans on the north and by the Bulgarians on the east, would be hard pressed to maintain a defensive. The utmost importance, therefore, attaches to the attitude of Roumania, which is partly mobilized and is on the most friendly relations with the Allies.

With a force estimated at two hundred thousand men, supported by numerous batteries of artillery, the Austro-German commander, Field Marshal von Mackensen, has crossed the Danube, occupied Belgrade, and is pushing along the Morava valley to Nish, the new capital of Serbia.

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Military opinion is divided as to the importance of the German Balkan campaign for the relief of Turkey and the defence of Constantinople, but the British press is vigorously urging concentration of military effort in this theatre of war. For the present all hope of an autumn victory in the Gallipoli Peninsula has been abandoned, and the Allied troops there are making preparations for a winter campaign. The inadequate supply of water and the stifling heat and dust of an arid desert land add greatly to the difficulties of the campaign in the Gallipoli region. The Allied troops there have performed wonders in face of terrible difficulties. Dysentery has been rife among the troops and there are few opportunities for home leave as in other zones. The Australians and New Zealanders have covered themselves with glory in this campaign. In their case at any rate democracy has stood the test of war, for Australia is of all the Dominions the most advanced in its democratic tendencies.

On the western front the Allies continue to make progress, but there does not seem to be any justification for the confident expectations of a big advance on Germany so widely entertained a few weeks ago. How far the Balkan situation has modified the plans of Joffre and French is not yet disclosed. The situation is still favourable for the Allied armies and there is no ground for pessimism in the capture of Belgrade and the Austro-German advance through Serbia. The position of Germany is desperate unless she can effectively aid the Turks in the defence of the Dardanelles. The transference of large forces from the eastern front and the conduct of another great campaign over most difficult territory only adds to the worries and anxieties of the German General Staff. The dissipation of her strength over a widely extended area tends to weaken the German offensive on every front.

Already indications of this are discernible in the revival of the Russian offensive and the slowing down of the German advance along the eastern line of operations. Having carried on a most vigorous offensive over the inhospitable passes of the snow-bound Carpathians last winter, it is not at all likely that the Russian forces will be deterred from carrying on a winter campaign under conditions favourable to the success of Russian arms.

Serbia, on whom the Prussian mailed fist has violently descended, was the pretext for the present war. The assassination of the Austrian heir to the throne at Sarajevo, Bosnia, in July, 1914, was attributed to the machinations of a Serbian secret society, of which leading Serb officials were members. But it is now recalled that this regrettable crime was only a favourable pretext for which the Teutonic nations had been looking. As Dr. E. J. Dillon pointed out some time ago, none of the disclosures made since the war caused such a stir as that which ex-Premier Giolitti made in the Italian Chamber in December last, when vindicating the policy of Italy. Signor Giolitti then stated: "During the progress of the Balkan War, on August 9th, 1913, the Marquis di San Giuliano addressed to me the following telegram: 'Austria makes known to us and to Germany her intention to take action against Serbia, and she maintains that such action on her part cannot be construed as other than defensive. She hopes to bring the *casus foederis* of the Triple Alliance into play, which I deem inapplicable under the circumstances. I am endeavouring to confine my efforts with those of Germany in order to hinder such action by Austria, but it is requisite that we should state clearly that we do not look upon this eventual action as defensive. Consequently we do not admit that the *casus foederis* exists.'"

Serbia need expect little mercy at the hands of the German invaders. She is making a gallant stand against great odds and brave men everywhere

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will follow her fortunes with keen anxiety. Beaten in the Balkans, the plight of Germany will be desperate indeed. The Allies cannot afford to let the German flag fly over Constantinople. The loss of prestige which such a German victory would mean for Britain in the Near and Far East precludes the possibility of such a contingency. For Britain, victory in the Dardanelles is imperative, having in mind her vital interests in India and Egypt.

Many eyes have been turned to Holland as the road through which an Allied army will one day advance and turn the German position in Flanders. In her recent Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Dutch Chambers, the Queen of Holland made direct allusion to the three elements of the Dutch attitude towards the war. Their resolve to maintain their neutrality, and to secure respect for their neutrality, is accompanied by a lively fear that events may prove too strong and force their country into the vortex. The sympathies of the Dutch people incline strongly to the side of the Allies, but the impelling force is negative rather than positive. They fear Germany, knowing that a victory for the Teuton armies would be followed by a German occupation of the lower course of the Rhine and Dutch ports, on which Berlin has long cast greedy eyes. Holland possesses advantages over Belgium in case of a German invasion. Her vital and thickly-populated districts lie within her wonderful water defences and would, therefore, be less exposed than her neighbour was to German brutality. On the other hand, she holds the key to the heart of Prussia. Given the right of entry the Allied troops passing through Holland would turn the flank of the German position in the west and expose the heart of Germany to a crushing knockout blow.

Close observers at the front have been deeply impressed by the striking disssimilarity in temper and outlook between the British Tommy and the French soldier. The British soldier still persists in regarding war as a dangerous and exhilirating form of sport. He laughs and sings and cracks jokes as Death in most awful guise visits the trenches. His buoyant spirits and irrepressible humour are reflected weekly in the infectious pages of *Punch,* which has steadily increased in favour as a national tonic for the downhearted. The French soldier has lost his gaiety of manners and seemingly frivolous outlook on life. His country has been ravished by the brutal sword-clanking Prussian. His home has been violated. He is dominated by one idea—*revanche.* He no longer sings or laughs. He fondles his rifle and longs for the day. God help the German soldiers if they once get on the run with the French and Belgian soldiers at their heels! The British, on the other hand, have no wives and children in danger from the invader. Zeppelins and submarine raids have stimulated recruiting in Great Britain and confirmed the nation in its resolve to destroy the Prussian military machine. But there is as yet no deep and lasting hate for the German such as possesses the Frenchman and Belgian. The navy stands between the German ravishers and British homes. There is no fear tugging at the heart of the British soldier. The British navy has decided the campaign as far as Britain is concerned. And Tommy bubbles over with humour and relieves the dull monopoly of trench life.

Describing the recreations of men out from the trenches in *The Daily Telegraph,* Mr. Philip Gibbs says the British army is a playful one and that those who see the daily tragedy of war are not likely to discourage that playfulness. Here is one of his little pictures:

> While I stood watching the card-players some shrapnel shells were bursting over a neighbouring wood, but did not spoil the laughter over the game in the

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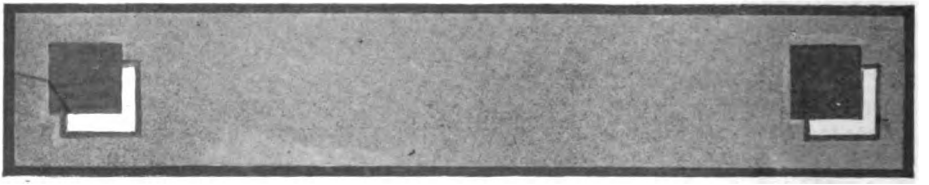
barn, nor the meditations of the literary corporal on a biscuit-box, who was editing the next week's number of *The Lead-Slinger*, and composing his editorial notes.

"A future subscriber," he was writing, "hopes it will be a Hooge success." He explained that the title of the paper had nothing to do with plumbing, "although many of the staff had water on the brain, and are light-headed, and full of gas." There might be shells overhead, but the comic poet of the West Riding Field Ambulance was in a playful mood, and not to be put off his parody on "There is a tavern in the town". His first lines were a good beginning:

"There is a cavern in the ground,
In the ground,
Where in the winter I am drowned,
I am drowned."

There are many of these literary publications in the trenches and behind the lines. One day, perhaps, many of them will find their way into the British Museum as historical relics of the great world-war. If so, posterity will acknowledge the sense of humour of those men who fought in 1915. It is a humour which jests at death, and finds the spirit of mirth in the discomforts and dangers of the trenches and the dug-outs.

The bloody mantle of Abdul the Damned has fallen on the Young Turks. Nothing in the long and cruel record of the crafty Sultan, who was driven from the throne by Enver Pasha, surpasses in fiendish atrocity the reported extermination of Armenian boys and young men and the unspeakable outrages on Armenian girls and women by Turkish troops. It is a deliberate attempt to wipe out a race. The Turk has outstayed his welcome in Europe. The Ottoman Government has signed its death warrant by its latest anti-Christian crusade. A few short years ago the British people did not disguise their satisfaction at the rise of the Young Turks. They entertained the liveliest hopes for the future of Turkey following the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Even so recently as the Turco-Italian campaign in Tripoli the sympathy of the British people in the main inclined to the side of the Turks. This adventure of Italy on the continent of Africa was viewed with disfavour in the United Kingdom, and her final victory, after a costly and protracted campaign, evoked no enthusiasm in the British Isles. All that is now changed. Enver Pasha has proved to be the evil genius of his country. Under his influence the Young Turk movement has degenerated into an orgie of graft and murder. National principles have been betrayed and Turkish independence barteded for German gold.



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The Library Table

LAND OF THE SCARLET LEAF

By Mrs. A. E. Taylor. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

MORE than a year ago the publishers of this book announced that they would give four prizes totalling five thousand pounds for four novels that might be termed distinctively Canadian, Australian, South African, and Indian. "Land of the Scarlet Leaf," as one might infer by the title, won the prize in the Canadian competition. It is the story of Delia Chichester, a young Englishwoman who comes to Montreal in the capacity of companion to Lady Dunlop, a dowager of sufficient means to enable her to gratify an ambition to establish in Canada a home adorned with an English butler, an English footman, and an English cook. Lady Dunlop is a pleasant, wholesome, middle-aged woman, with an eye for beauty in her associates and her surroundings. The good looks, therefore, of Delia fit in well with her ideas, and, having no jealous impedimenta, she loses no opportunity of displaying Delia to the best advantage. Delia has the misfortune of possessing ordinary qualities with extraordinary desires. She craves wealth and all that wealth can provide, but she is commonplace enough to fall in love with a poor but handsome man. At the same time another man, wealthy if not strikingly handsome, falls in love with her. She passes many sleepless nights trying to decide which offer she ought to accept, for they both offer themselves. Avarice wins, and she takes the rich suitor. Their home is in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, but for social reasons they agree to pass a part of each winter in Montreal. All goes well enough until their baby boy dies. Then the mother, grief stricken, seeks distraction in bridge and in nearness to her former lover, who is now a tutor at McGill. She associates with so-called smart people, and at length becomes so financially involved, as a result of imprudent card-playing, that she appeals to her former lover rather than to her husband. She commits one foolish act after another, and ends by forging her husband's name. Before she is wholly discovered in this crime, however, the husband is accidentally killed, and her lover is suspected of having murdered him. The suspicion, happily, is removed, and Delia publicly confesses the forgery. Then the young widow and Lady Dunlop go to England, where they abide for the next two years; and there in the end the lover, finding Delia, persuades her to return with him—not to Montreal, but to Western Canada. As a portrayal of the type of woman that tolerates a man because of his wealth this book has some points of merit. But on no ground can it be set up as a good piece of work. In the first place, the title suggests a book of travel. Then is has but little about it that is distinctively Canadian; most of the incidents might have taken place anywhere. The characters are commonplace, the incidents trivial, the dialogue artificial, and there are as well

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whole pages of inanities. It has not even the merit of being cleverly written, and it contains numerous incidents that reveal the author's slim knowledge of the immediate details.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

By E. B. Mitchell. London: John Murray.

THIS is a very different book from what we have been accustomed to reading about Western Canada. Instead of being very optimistic and full of roseate passages for the expectant immigrant from Great Britain, it pretends to show conditions here as they actually are to-day. The writer, who apparently is a Scotswoman of intense purpose, has undoubtedly seen Western Canada at its worst, and it is quite true that a great many visitors from abroad must think that conditions there are pretty crude. The rural life struck Miss Mitchell as being in a very precarious condition, the depression appearing so general. Farming life there, she thinks, is undoubtedly a very severe struggle, the ground, for one thing, being as hard as iron with frost for five months of the year. The farms, again, are all large, a quarter-mile square being the least, and the country wants filling up with a hardy British agricultural population (with capital) to dissipate the awful "loneliness." Commercial and social combination is almost impossible, the immigrant from home frequently having for his nearest neighbours Galicians, Ruthenians, and Indians, owing to indiscriminate granting of land. The farmer, manifestly the backbone of the country, is ignored in the craze of speculation in "town lots", and unless something is done to better his economical position there is a real danger, the author thinks, of a decay setting in like that in the rural areas of the East, and the country will then be left mainly to foreigners. We have every reason to believe that Miss Mitchell's picture is a bit one-sided.

THE MONEY MASTER

By Sir Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

ONE can only marvel at the industry displayed by this author, an industry which seems to be turned at one time towards many ends. Besides his political, social, and philanthropic work, Sir Gilbert recently produced a book on the war, and now we have a new novel from his pen, a novel indeed that is in line with his earlier and most virile style. He returns again to French Canada, and there in the person of Jean Jacques Barbille, landowner, proprietor of gristmills and sawmills, money-lender, and man of many affairs, he depicts a character of rare interest and charm. The book opens with Jean returning from a grand tour of France, and on shipboard he meets a young Spanish woman whom he soon marries. The match is not a happy one, and in time Jean is beset by many misfortunes. He has reason to suspect the relations of his wife and a man who has been admitted into the home. Then his wife leaves him in anger, never to return. Years later, his daughter runs away with an actor, an *outsider*, a Protestant; his business interests go wrong; his gristmill, his last mainstay, is burned, and his Spanish father-in-law, a scoundrel by nature, steals the money with which he has hoped to redeem his fortunes. In face of all this his simple faith in himself, his pardonable conceit in his own powers, his peculiar arrogance remain as a stay, and he faces the situation bravely. While there is a certain amount of conventionality in the novel as a novel, the chief character itself is distinctive, and there are many thrilling, dramatic, and even melo-dramatic moments. There is in the close a touch of quiet, one might almost say pathetic, happiness. It is a book that should help to sustain the author's reputation and to increase his popularity.

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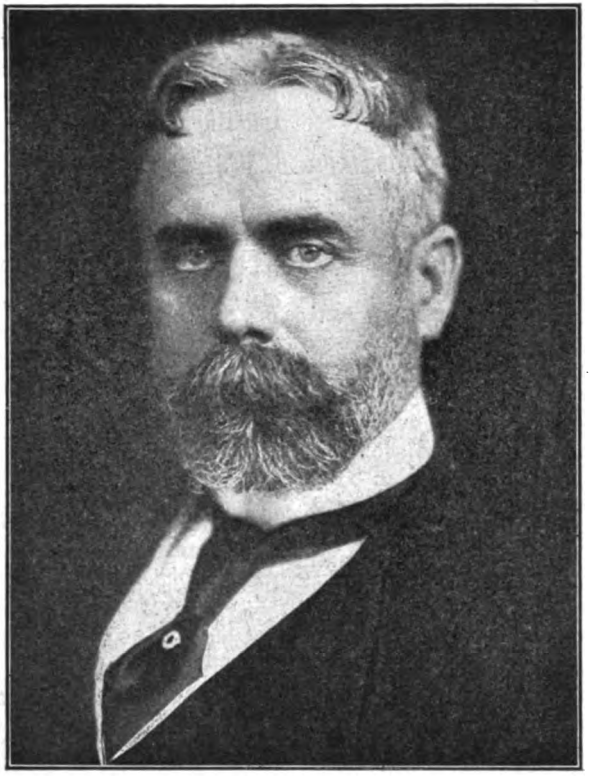

SIR GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Money Master," his latest novel

THE ENGLISH ESSAY AND ESSAYISTS

By Hugh Walker. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

TO all who can appreciate fine writing, wit, humour, and that intimate humanity in which the greatest essayists deal, this book may be commended, for it is really a series of essays on essays written by one who loves, and consequently understands, the most delightful, if least easily defined, form in which good literature has been cast by the masters of the craft. As a rule one opens books written by professors of literature with fear and trembling; for literature may not be professed unless it can also be practised, and professors —well, perhaps the least said about professors the better. Consequently we approached the work before us prepared for the worst, and dipped into it with a caution begot of hardly-earned experience. We were soon, however, reassured, and presently it dawned upon us that here was no dry-as-dust scholasticism, no rattling of dry bones. It would be impossible adequately to review a work covering so wide a field of literary endeavour, yet so closely knit that we believe every essayist of any importance from Bacon to Francis Thompson is therein submitted to acute and subtle criticism. We cannot praise Dr. Walker too highly for the chapter entitled "The Character Writers," in which the quotations are so aptly illustrative of their authors and of the general style of "characters" that their

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selection alone would stamp their selector as a master of his subject.

*

THE FREELANDS

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

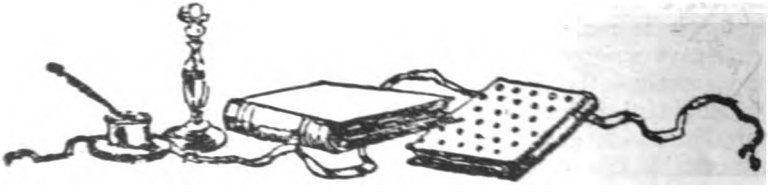
THIS is a novel by one of the cleverest and keenest of present-day English writers. One has to treat with respect all that he writes, and although we feel that many of our readers might not like this book purely as an entertainment, it is well worthy of being read by all who take an interest in the immediate tendencies in the writing of fiction. This novel deals with two young persons whom we should regard normally as cranks. The book, therefore, although the author may not think so, is a study in crankiness. And who of us likes a crank? Still, we like Mr. Galsworthy's style as a writer, and we like the way he makes his youthful cranks tell on our feelings. Born of uncomfortable, extremely intense parents, with settled views as to the wrongs of the rural population and the manifold sins and wickedness of the landlord class, Derek and his sister were, of course, handicapped in the matter of normal breeding. Still, we think that among the many gifts that fate bestowed on the eccentric pair good manners were left out. Mr. Galsworthy, who understands so much, may understand the inwardness of cranks. But he does not make us like them for all his uncanny cleverness.

*

—"The Canadian Annual Review," which is admirably edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, has been issued for 1914. Perhaps more than ordinarily the year 1914 is rich in material of unusual historical interest. The war and the part that Canada as a British Dominion immeditely took in it is fully recorded in this volume, as well as are all other events worth reviewing for ready reference. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

*

—The author of "Where's Master?" gives us another touching dog story in "Captain Loxley's Little Dog," which tells of Bruce, who was given to Captain by his son soon after the outbreak of the war. The Captain took the dog with him aboard the *Formidable*, which was sunk by a German torpedo on New Year's morning. The little dog was beside his master on the bridge when the vessel went down, and both perished.



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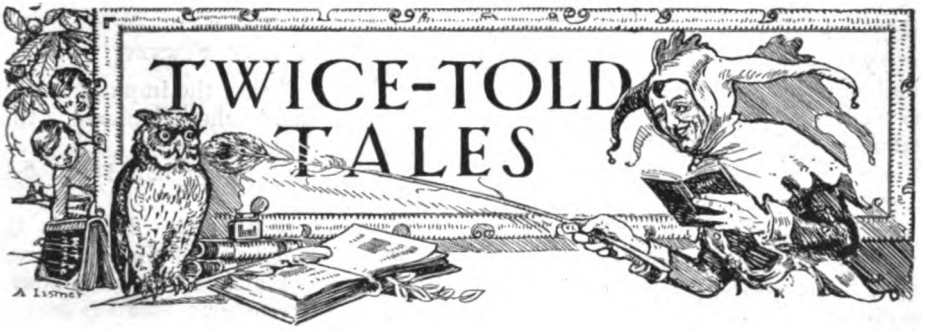

If You Must Drink

To the married man who cannot get along without his drinks we suggest the following as a means of freedom from the bondage of the habit. Start a saloon in your own house. Be the only customer. You will have no license to pay. Go to your wife and give her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one gallon. Buy your drinks from no one except your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have eight dollars to put in the bank and two dollars to start business again. Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, and marry a decent man and quit thinking about you.—*Anonymous.*

*

Only He Didn't

"Most of the world's real literature was written by poor authors in their garrets."

"Quite so! Homer, for example, wrote in the Attic."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Poor Apprentice

A certain negro lad had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens.

The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honour, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"I doesn't blame you, Jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, Jedge, he always gets caught."—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

Read it Again

Eugene Clough, of Ellsworth Falls, has a calf, born Tuesday, which has three perfectly-formed hind legs. One of the hind legs is grown where a foreleg should be.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.*

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A Shouting Widow

During the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the crowd of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of a flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up. "Shut up yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war, you would be hurrahing, too."—*The Argonaut.*

*

Unanswerable

"Can you wonder that our statesmen sometimes make mistakes? Why, only yesterday I got into a bus that was going in the wrong direction!"—*Punch.*

*

The Danger

At the Capitol one day a California Representative was discoursing on the sport of fishing for tuna off the Pacific coast.

"We go out in small motor-boats," said the Representative, "and fish with a long line baited with flying fish. Anything less than a hundred-pound tuna isn't considered good sport."

Just then a coloured messenger, who had been listening, stepped up.

"'Scuse me, suh," said he, wide-eyed, "but did I understand yo' to say dat yo' went fishin' fo' hundred-pound fish in a little motah-boat?"

"Yes," said the Congressman with a smile, "we go out frequently."

"But," urged the darkey, "ain't yo' 'feared yo' might ketch one?"—*Houston Chronicle.*

*

Prerequisite

"Are you unmarried?" inquired the census man.

"Oh, dear, no," said the little lady blushing; "I've never even been married."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Emancipated

"I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States."

"Well?"

"And I am surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*

Phone Frenzy

"I believe," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing."

"Didn't know you cared for fishing."

"I don't ordinarily. But it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."—*Washington Star.*

*

Penalties of Genius

Cubist Artist (who is being arrested for espionage by local constable): "My dear man, have you no æsthetic sense? Can't you see that this picture is an emotional impression of the inherent gladness of spring?"

Constable: "Show it. Clarence! D'ter think I don't know a bloomin' plan when I sees one?"—*Punch.*

*

Woman's Broader View

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the town election, "for whom did you vote this morning?"

"I crossed off the names of all the candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their little personal ambitions."—*New York Times.*

*

Narrow Margin

New Man on the Road: "What is the best time for me to see the head of the firm I'm working for, boy?"

Office Boy: "Between the time he gets your sales-account and the time he gets your expense-account."—*Puck.*

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A Close Relation

A story is told of an Irishwoman who tried to wean her Scotch husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home.

"Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition arose before him from behind a bush.

"I am Aul Nick," was the reply.

"Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

*

The Last Straw

"Noo, John, what hev Aw to bring ye frae the toon?" asked the Scottish guidwife of her husband, as she was leaving to catch a train.

"Ma snuff's done, an' Aw wad like you to fetch me half an ounce," said John.

"Nay, nay," replied the guidwife, "ye mustn't be extravagant. Ye ken ye've been aff work a week, so you mustn't use ony snuff. Jist tickle yer nose wi' a straw instead."

*

A Popular Doctor

A well-known lawyer was trying to make clear to a legal student the significance of the term "coloured evidence," meaning by that evidence which has been tampered with, says *The Philadelphia Times*. "The best illustration I can think of came within my observation not long ago," said the lawyer. "A physician had said to a fair patient: 'Madam, you are a little rundown. You need frequent baths, and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes — nothing stiff or formal.' When the lady got home this is how she rendered to her husband the advice given to her by the doctor: 'He says I must go to the seashore, do plenty of motoring, and get some new summer gowns.'"

Luck in all Things

"Tommy," said his mother at dinner on Christmas Day, "do stop eating. How can you possibly eat so much?"

"Don't know," said Tommy, between bites, "I guess it's just luck."

*

Helping a Lady

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally."

"Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Wombat."

"No; but I think I could be if I get up a little brisk competition."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*

The Restorative

Madge—So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work?

Marjorie—Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the papers nine times.—*London Opinion.*

*

A More Effective Remedy

The jubilee of the Salvation Army is a reminder that there are probably more good stories told in connection with it than in connection with any other existing institution.

One of the very best is the following, which the late General William Booth, founder of the Army, was never tired of telling:

One day a woman came to him from one of the slum districts, and complained of the bad conduct of her husband, who, she said, was an utterly worthless fellow.

General Booth, who was always very fond of Scriptural quotations, listened patiently to her tale of woe, and when she had finished, asked her solmenly: "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?"

"No," replied the injured wife. "but I've tried hot water!"

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FRANK H. WIGGINS

Mr. Frank Wiggins, who was recently appointed assistant manager of the Vanderbilt Hotel, in New York, is one of the best known of the younger hotelmen of the United States. He is a native of Collingwood, Ontario, but has been engaged in the hotel business in New York for some years. One of his chief assets is an extraordinary memory for names and faces. A stranger walked into the Vanderbilt the other day, and immediately Mr. Wiggins stepped up and addressed him by name. "How did you know my name is Smith?" the stranger asked. "You never saw me before, did you?" "No, but I remember your brother very well. He has stayed here, and you look like him."

Mr. Wiggins is regarded as a walking directory of the visitors to Gotham, and nothing pleases him more than to recognize the features of a fellow-Canadian. Any person from the Dominion going to the Vanderbilt, whether Mr. Wiggins knows him or not, will be remembered when he goes there the second time.

Mr. Wiggins has earned his promotion by strict attention to his business, and his kindly and courteous attention to those with whom he comes in contact. To be assistant manager of the Vanderbilt, one of the largest and finest hotels on the continent, is only gained by one thoroughly competent and of good executive ability.

This hotel is situated at 34th St. East and Park Avenue, is decorated in Adam's style, and is one of the sights of New York. An invitation is extended to inspect the various departments of the hotel, particularly the kitchens and wine cellars. Upon request, guides will be sent from the office.

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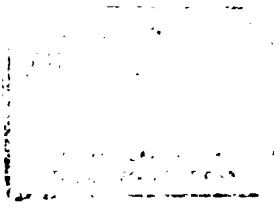

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Drawing by Cyril Worsley

"Still through the cloven skies they come,
And ever o'er the Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing."

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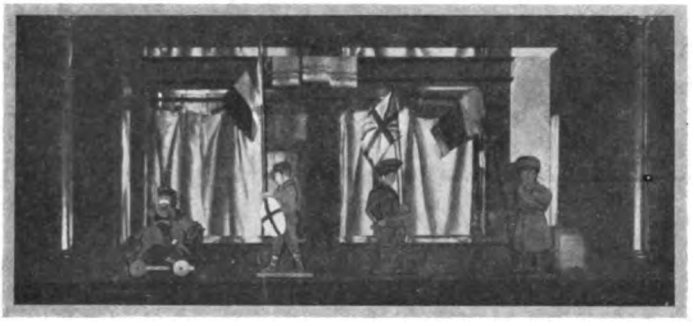
THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1915 No. 2



THOSE WAR-TIME JIG-SAW TOYS

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF HANDMADE TOYS

THE fire burns brightly in the grate and throws a ruddy glow across the room; but the mantel-shelf is in shadow, and there I can dimly discern a sentinal row of wooden toys. The children who visit me ask, Whose toys are those? And seem puzzled to learn that I will not part from them, but there they will stand until the great day of Peace; then they will vanish into the store-room chest, where children yet unborn will find them, on some rainy day, beside the shell-covered box which belonged to my grandmother and the great wax doll which was my mother's. But I hope some stern nurse or maiden aunt will shake a finger at them and say, "Be careful, children, those are very precious, they were made in the time of the Great War."

I hope, too, she will tell them how the artists designed them and cut them out with jig-saws, in the days when people had ceased to buy their pictures, since those who did not go to fight gave money to send others; and that the people who could not capture Germans tried hard to capture their trade. So the artsists said: "At least we can design some toys."

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So the caricaturist drew the Kaiser and Joffre and the Jolly Jack Tars, while the designer made the Tommy, the Highlander, and the Russian, and the illustrator did the Lady and Children. Then the unemployed painted them at a nearly-living wage, or no wage at all, according to their need, and peddled them. Some bought them because the money was for charity; some because they had to give Christmas presents anyway; but most persons bought them because they wanted them and wanted them badly—those funny jig-saw toys.

The first to be made was the Kaiser with a ferocious British bull-dog hanging on to the tail of his coat. He is an effective colour scheme in his uniform of white and black and gold. A faint resemblance to his Satanic Majesty has crept into the features, but the fierce black moustache was changed to gray in the toys more recently produced. It was felt from the first that this Kaiser so nearly falling would be the best seller, which proved to be the case, for, in wartime, hatred is stronger than love.

"Tommy" ought to be the favourite toy, and he is the best beloved of the children, but this drab little person in khaki is a figure so familiar that we hardly turn to look at him as he marches past. Yet see how

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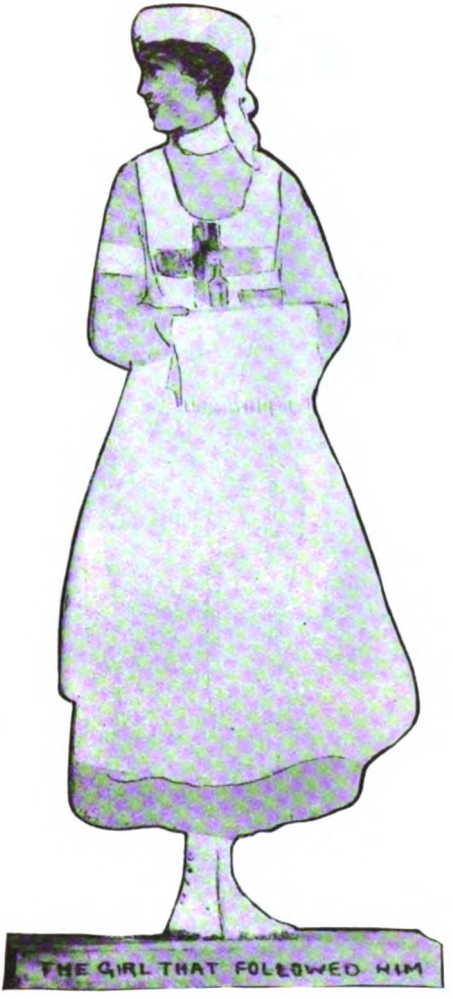

cheerfully he salutes while a bomb is exploding just behind him! Perhaps the public does not recognize the shell, for it looks distressingly like a flask, and the color of his circular nose seems to confirm this libel. He stands very firmly on his tiny slab of wood, and though my littlest nephew shoots at him by the hour, Tommy absolutely refuses to topple. Not so the Kaiser, for once he unexpectedly tumbled off the mantel-piece, which resulted in a broken arm. I did not deplore the accident very much for the catastrophe seemed ominous. I even burnt the broken arm in the grate, and gloated over the blaze like a witch in a fairy-tale.

The second best seller is the "Hoots Mon" or Highlander—a person filled with over-weening conceit, but the pride of his country in the regiment he represents has become so great that we love his arrogance. There is something about this little figure that makes every one want to laugh, but the smile may be followed by a tear if they recall the brave company of Highlanders as they marched in the first great military funeral in Canada of a gallant officer killed at "the front." There was a tear too in the

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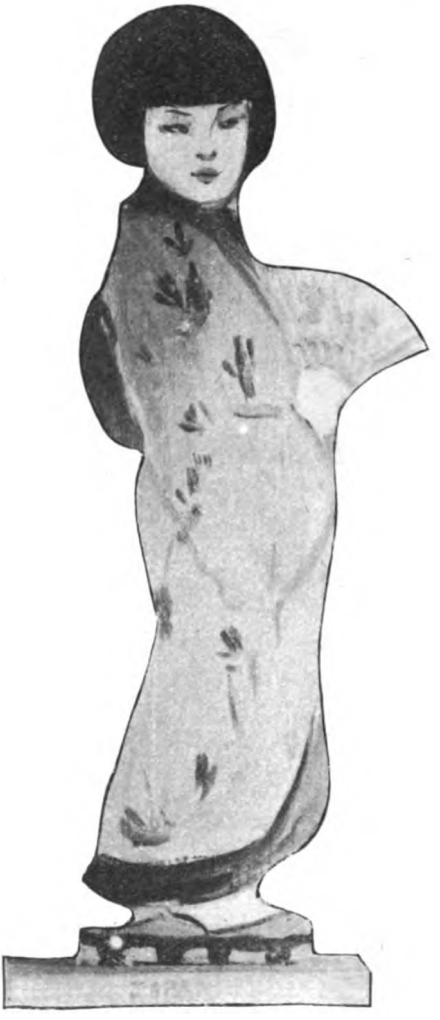

eye of the artist who painted the first of the "Jolly Jack Tars", for the paper that morning had recorded a naval disaster that made the dancing sailors look decidedly flippant, but by the time the toys were on the market the tables were turned and the little torpedo destroyers sold like hot cakes.

The "Girl he left behind him" is an ordinary young lady who seems to have stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine, but the secret of her popularity is revealed when you turn the other side and view her again as "The Girl who followed him" in the costume of a Red-Cross Nurse. The toy that I love best, however, is the caricature of rotund General Joffre in his blue and red uniform and his large white moustache, riding on a diminutive pony. The Germans have charicatured him riding a tortoise, but even on this his jolly pink face would inspire one with confidence that "slow and steady wins the race".

The Russian riding on a bear looks fleet enough and fierce enough as he waves his sword on high though his great black beard is rather suggestive of "old clo'". I think the de-

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signer has done scant justice to our Ally, but toys are made to amuse, and this one is a great favourite with the children, for his arms are moveable, and when he gets excited you ought to see them go! His black eye glistens in the flickering firelight, but just now he is still and brings up the rear of the procession along my mantel-piece.

These are the toys—the only original jig-saw toys, designed by

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three Toronto artists, painted by various commercial artists and sold at a small profit in the interests of the Patriotic League, but that was only the beginning, for others followed and now to accommodate the whole collection you must have a triple-tiered mantel-shelf.

A very jolly toy is the "Entente Cordiale",—a merry French peasant woman giving one of our Tommies a glass of wine. Another one shows two little Alsatian children hand in hand, and the set of children of the Allies are quite decorative. They are made of thicker boards than the other toys, and have holes bored in their hands so that they carry dainty silk

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flags of the nations they represent.

Some of the toys have been improved since their first conception, the Jolly Jack Tars are now mounted on a large slab of wood so that they may sail on a miniature sea, and Joffre and the Russian now move on tiny wheels. In the course of time they will all be supplanted by something better and something, we hope, less warlike, for the history of the world may be read in the children's toys. Every great war leaves soldiers in the nursery cupboard, dressed correctly to cap and button. As each age goes by its weapons pass into the hands of boys as toys and there are in our muscums miniature cross-bows, spears and toy armour; the children of the French Revolution had their guillotines, while ours will play with submarines and shells.

The oldest doll in existence, an Egypto-Roman rag doll stuffed with papyrus, dates from the third century before Christ; the first complete lead army was that of Frederick the Great, and from that time lead soldiers have been manufactured with the uniforms of every nation. There is something infinitely pathetic about the splendid toy regiment of soldiers in the Chateau de Chambord which were made for L'Aiglon, the only son of the great Emperor Napoleon. A more costly army of silver was given by King Louis XIV. of France to his son, and it is sad to know that these toy soldiers were afterwards melted down to pay real soldiers who were fighting in the King's wars.

My little company can never be melted, and I hope they may be immune from other disasters, and when the people who loved them and their children's children have passed away, there may still be found in an attic room, a dusty box filled with toys. These remain.

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ART AND THE NEWSPAPER

BY HARRY B. MOYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN Longfellow said that art is long, he referred, of course, chiefly to newspaper art. Be-whiskered and be-spectacled but not necessarily benign persons sporting flowing ties and peg-top trousers may contradict this assertion, but don't you believe them. What newspaper art may lack in inspiration it more than makes up by way of perspiration.

It is something of an art to even break into it, and afterward it usually is still more of an art to get anything worth while financially out of it. Editors regard even the finished product as a necessary evil, and it is seldom indeed that the embryo Dan Smith or "Bud" Fisher finds a word of welcome on the door mat. "Learn to swim before you get into the water" is the editorial slogan, and unless the novice can find the answer to that fairly difficult problem his chances of seeing the printed reproductions of his pen and brain adorn a piece of ham as wrapping paper are rather remote.

Newspaper art is different from other forms of art in many ways, one of them being that it does not mix well with Bologna sausage and Wurtzburger beer. There is something, though, savouring of Bohemia in the environments amid which newspaper artists work, for "art" rooms are usually the joint despair of the management and the janitor. Perhaps it is a yearning for illimitable space in which to give vent to the artistic feelings which sway him, and which the cramped columns of the newspaper deny him, that causes the artist to freely bespatter walls and ceiling with choice daubs of paint and ink. Perhaps—but why elaborate? Suffice it to say that the kitchen in the home of the man who has been keeping bachelor's hall for a fortnight or two is a haven of cleanliness compared with the average newspaper art room. And untidiness, like other similar diseases, is contagious. From the artists it soon spreads to the caretakers. Windows on all sides of it may shine, but viewed through the art room window the down-town sky-line at once loses its clean-cut feeling of sharpness, assuming instead the soft, hazy effect pleasing to the artistic eye.

If there is noise in Bohemia there is noise in Newspaperdom, too, albeit of a vastly different and more emphatic nature. Below him, as the artist bends over his much-be-tacked drawing-board, mighty presses roar and hum as they print various editions. Above him linotype machines thump away like restless spirits seeking escape from metal casings. From all sides of him comes the clack-clack of busy typewriters, and the clickety-click of telegraph instruments, punctuated by the sound of flying footsteps and a confusing babel of voices.

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Friends and office loungers (every newspaper office has its quota of this species of humanity) come in, peep over his shoulder and remark that it is a fine day or drop some other equally informing remark on his defenseless head. On the window-sill within easy sight the artist's watch ticks out its never-ending warning of F-A-S-T-E-R! F-A-S-T-E-R! And through it all he must momentarily face and conquer new problems, be reasonably accurate and pay some attention to technique! Before it appears in print the product of the newspaper artist's hand and brain must run the gauntlet of editors, engravers, stereotypers and printers. And if perchance it survives the editorial scissors, the engravers' acids and routing machine, the possibility of the stereotyper's mottled cold stereos, and the upside-down methods of the heavy-handed printer, it is slaughtered in cold blood by the first art student who sets eyes upon it in print. Very fine lines and closely knit lines are not conducive to good reproduction, but Mr. Art Student, never having had a wrestle with Reproduction nor a race with Daddy Time, knows nothing of this. There is naught that is even remotely suggestive of Abbey in the drawing, therefore it must perish immediately —and it does.

Regardless of what may happen to it at the hands of its enemies, the newspaper artist is usually as glad as he is sad when he sees his work in

"Friends and office loungers (every newspaper has its quota of this species of humanity) come in, peep over his shoulder and remark that it is a fine day or drop some other equally informing remark on his defenceless head."

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print, for be it explained that the conservation of space necessary in modern newspaper make-up not infrequently sends many a cut to the "hell-box" before it ever feels a drop of printer's ink. Mayhap the public would be duly grateful for being spared, if it knew, but it does not know, and in most cases the directors and shareholders of the paper do not know, and it is the latter phase of the situation which causes the artist sometimes to wonder how much longer he will be paid coin of the realm for making drawings for the scrap heap.

Artists at large may specialize. The lover of outdoor life may paint landscapes to his heart's content, and the portrait artist may portray so long as he can find someone willing to pay for the privilege of having his face transferred to canvas. But the newspaper artist must with few exceptions be a jack-of-all-arts. He must be designer, cartoonist, illustrator, map-maker, x-marks-the-spotter, and photo-retoucher or "spot-knocker" all in one. With the possible exception of the matter of brains, editors as a rule regard artists as being supernatural creatures who should be able off-handedly and without references of any kind to draw anything and everything that the almost fiendish ingenuity of the editorial mind can conceive. Can't and impossible are two words that will never find a place in the newspaper artist's vocabulary so long as editors have any opinion.

Even the most callous critic must admit that if there is nothing other than variety in newspaper art there is plenty of that. One minute the newspaper artist is drawing a cartoon showing Young Canada being forced to walk the plank of useless expenditures by a piratical band of government contractors for war supplies, and the next minute he is out making a hurry-call sketch of a fire scene while a stream of water from an overhanging roof trickles down his neck.

"If, in his unholy haste, the artist has unwittingly pictured three hairs on a pate which formerly sported but two, let there be no wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Photo-retouching is perhaps the most despised phase of his art, and yet it is an art of itself—after a fashion. Given his choice of a good photo and a bad one the average reporter will (so all newspaper artists swear) always select the bad one. So it is that almost always before it can be reproduced in the paper the photo must go through an extensive operation. Putting a daub of Chinese white here and a daub of process black or opaque there looks like a simple process. Equally simple in appearance is the process of replacing an eye which has been obliterated perhaps by a scalding tear from the eye of a fond relative. But let it be remembered that when the photograph appears in half-tone form it must resemble at least in some remote way a human being, and if there still remains a family resemblance to the particular human being whose likeness has been so repaired all the better. Therein comes the art. If, in his unholy haste, the artist has unwittingly pictured three hairs on a pate which formerly sported but two, let there be no wailing and gnashing of teeth. Those who dance must pay the fiddler, and he who trusts his photo to the tender, but hurried mercies of a newspaper artist must be prepared for the worst. Besides there is no danger of the owner of the face mistaking the printed copy of it for someone else's face, for

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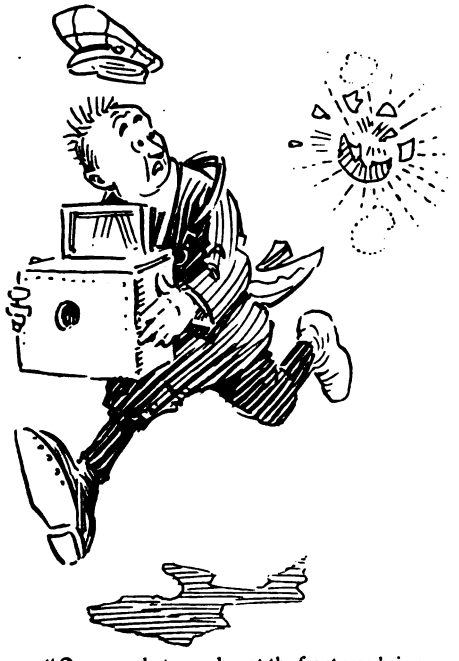


"Our own photographer at the front was being pursued by a shrapnel shell"

thoughtful editors always place the owner's name in nice black type beneath the picture, so that he who runs may read.

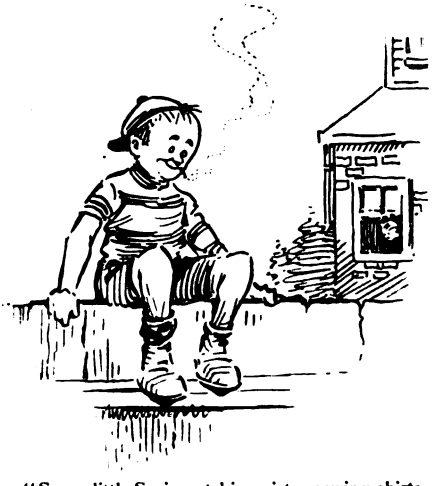
Teddy, the irrepressible, has discovered a new creek in the wilds of South America. Nobody—except perhaps Teddy—knows where it is. But no matter. The news flashes over the wires. Acute editorial minds at once grasp its importance, and two minutes later the artist is poring over a dusty atlas preparatory to drawing a map showing its exact location.

Almost before the ink on the map has dried, an editor rushes in with a bundle of syndicate war photographs which, placed side by side, would cover an entire newspaper page. Some of these photos are so hazy and out of focus they give the impression that "our own photographer at the front" was being pursued by a shrapnel shell when he was snapping them. Nevertheless, while perhaps ready to admit that "war is hell," Mr. Editor wants the eight-columns of photos condensed into a three-column lay-out, with suitable decorations and inscriptions. Furthermore each "sick" picture must be made to look sharp, crisp and contrasty. So, with a startled gaze at the ever-ticking watch on the window-sill our artist plunges into his latest task.

Meanwhile, in some out-of-the-way section of the city saucy little Susie watching sister sewing shirts for soldiers looks out of the kitchen window and spies Willie Jones sitting on her back yard fence. So, it being war time and the enemy in full sight, she grasps brother Jimmy's air-rifle and proceeds to use the audacious William for a target. Result: Willie goes to the hospital, and the newspaper artist goes to work drawing a diagram—from telephonic description—illustrating just where Susie stood when she fired the shot, where Willie was sitting when he stopped the shot; and showing, by means of the useful x, which portion of Willie's anatomy was punctured.

A note comes from headquarters. Our perspiring friend pauses on the last stroke of Willie's X to read it:

"Laura Lean Jibbey in woman's court to-day. Bounced rolling-pin off affectionate employer's head. No men



"Saucy little Susie watching sister sewing shirts for soldiers looks out of the kitchen window and spies Willie Jones sitting on her back yard fence."

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"From the lady reporter the artist learns that Laura wore a hat, had several wisps of hair over her eyes, and was a small girl, but not very small."

admitted. See lady reporter and from her description draw realistic sketch of Laura as she appeared in court. May get photo—get sketch ready for pinch."

From the lady reporter the artist learns that Laura wore a hat, had several wisps of hair over her eyes, and was a small girl, but not very small. Could mortal artist yearn for more by way of description from which to make a realistic court sketch? Echo answers "No!" Anyway perhaps the photo will turn up at the eleventh hour—it always has in previous similar cases, and always after the sketch has been completed. It is not only with live news items that the artist concerns his mind. The acquirement of a sudden bump of curiosity in the editorial mind may cause just as much or more artistic worry as the livest item that ever wings its way over the wires. For instance, who would not like to know exactly just which portions of the three hundred-mile battle line in Europe are held by the French, the British, the Canadians, the Hindoos and the Belgians? Mr. Editor would. Mayhap a vast public, too, hungers for just that very information. Accordingly, from hints which have from time to time found their way past the eagle-eyed censors and into the dispatches, and from the combined strategical deductions of artist and war editor, the map is prepared. There is danger, of course, that the Germans, who would perhaps pay a pretty penny for just such information, may secure a copy of the paper at a later date, but possibly by that time the troops will have so shifted their respective positions that, while Emperor Bill's pet sharpshooters

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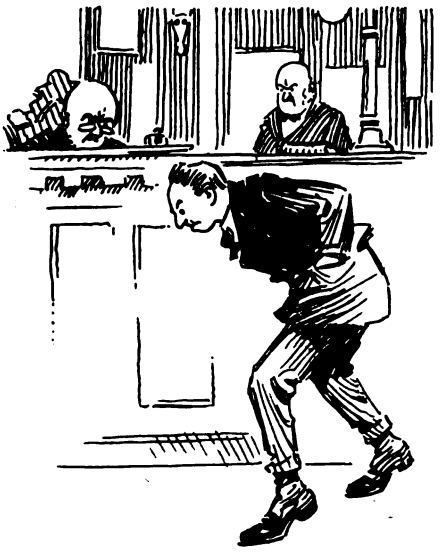

"The artist could hardly tip-toe across the court-room."

fondly imagine they are peppering away at the much-hated British or French, they are in reality wasting good ammunition on the poor little Belgians. Thus the map may serve a triple purpose, in that it gratifies the curiosity of editor and public, besides being a means of misleading and disconcerting the Germans.

Perhaps not the least important phase of the newspaper artist's work is that of court sketching. It is difficult work, and it is thankless work. If, after overcoming the various disadvantages under which he labours, the artist succeeds in securing a fairly good likeness of the subject of the sketch he has done no more than was expected of him. On the other hand when he falls down very badly a letter of protest from the outraged owner of the original face is not an improbability, and a visit to the editorial carpet follows. To draw from a posed model in a well-lighted art school or studio is one thing, and to tackle the restless figure or features of a principal in a murder case in a badly lighted and crowded court-room is another thing. When an artist attempts to draw a profile, for example, and the subject persists in switching his head to full view or half-way there, the artist can hardly tip-toe across the court-room and jab his pencil against the subject's nose and swing the head into position.

Again, it is unfortunate that fat-headed policemen are not transparent, for it is almost a certainty that, at the moment when conditions are otherwise favourable for a fair sketch, a big-headed policeman will bob up and block the line of vision. Then, too, it sometimes happens that under the artist's baleful gaze the person being sketched takes a notion to conceal his face in his hands. Thus it is that there may be days when rival papers will publish sketches of the same person which have no more resemblance to one another than Apollo to the Human Toothpick on the midway at the fair. Possibly both sketches in pencil form resembled each other as well as their joint subject; all semblance of resemblances having perhaps been drowned in the inking process.

So much for newspaper art and artists. In the matter of remuneration there are no Rockefellers or Carnegies among them, but as a rule they manage to exist on a somewhat higher plane than that of bread crusts and stale beer. Their art is long, and they know it, but they realize, too, that anything long is apt to be thin—in spots. In extenuation of the various sins of omission and commission they may perpetrate in the exercise of their art, they plead that their creations are necessarily hurriedly born and almost as hurriedly buried. It is but a question of the law of averages again asserting itself. Just as the twelve-year creation of the painter may live twelve hundred years, so the twelve-minute creation of the newspaper artist may live twelve hours. To-day it momentarily interests thousands: to-morrow it is hidden away face downward on some good housewife's pantry shelf.

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A rapid-fire impression of newspaper illustrating (not drawn for reproduction) by the late Edwin P. Gray. Mr. Gray came to Canada from England about eight years ago and began his career as illustrator on *The War Cry*. Later he joined the art staff of *The Toronto Daily Star* and was rapidly making a name for himself as a sketch artist and caricaturist, when he lost his life in the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*, upon which he, with other Canadian Salvationists, was going to England. At the time of his death, Mr. Gray was about 24 years of age. It will be noticed that by a remarkable coincidence the arm labelled "Gray" in the drawing is pointing towards "wrecks, accidents, etc."

IN A RESTAURANT

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

HE held a tea-cup in his hand,
A white stone tea-cup, while he planned
How he could spend the night, what girl
He'd choose for partner from the whirl
And push on Yonge Street—if they'd go
First for a laugh into some picture show.

He knew that twenty girls would be
Eager for some gay change as he
After the weary counter hours
Of selling meat and paper flowers,
Of cutting off a five-cent slice
Or tying up a bunch of paper lies.

He was a butcher. He could shave
Meat to a sliver and behave
As any gentle servant should
Behind his marble slabs; he could
To any lady in the town
Murmur the price and note her smile or frown.

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Often and often had he weighed
The meat again before some paid;
For some will watch the needle play,
And, having watched, refuse to pay;
And he would smile at his mistake,
Wondering when next a two-cent chance he'd take.

The boss had made the point most clear,
That, buying as things are this year,
There's no gain in the market price;
And if some little, quick device
With those new scales, a mere thumb's weight,
Will do it, why, he'll keep his business straight.

And his clerk nodded and then knew
The sort of thing he had to do
To keep his place. It wasn't just
The thing he liked, but then one must
Do as one's bid; and if the spring
Brought on some other job he'd chuck the thing.

At the round table where he sat
There was a girl, but her brown rat
Stuck out; she wouldn't do.
Her eyes were yellow, and she knew
Too much. She tried to pick him up,
But he was busy gazing in his cup.

Two girls two tables down looked good,
Fresh in the cheek, and as they stood
Were quick and straight. They 'minded him
Of trees back home; but some tall slim
Young fellow spoke to them and paid
Their crimson checks, and so they never stayed.

He turned and read the paper then,
Ordered more tea and saw where men
Still killed each other, the huge words
Black all across the page—two-thirds
Of the white world at war! He smiled
And nodded to the restaturant keeper's child.

She came and stood beside his chair.
He said with a half lazy air:
"Here's fifteen cents, you keep the twigs
And bring me a dime box of cigs;
Your're looking fine." And then he scanned
Again the sheet he held in his red hand.

A certain item he stopped at,
Carelessly reaching for his hat:
"A Girl Left Home. Has Disappeared;
Annie McFarlane." The words cleared
And blurred, and cleared and blurred the page.
He sat again, and stayed there for an age.

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Or so it seemed. The restaurant swam
About him gray; men ordered ham,
With or without. He sat and stared
Dead at the table. He had cared
For Annie once; and old dim lanes
Sudden were all about the restaurant's window-panes.

Around him all the city clanged,
Barked like a furious white thing fanged,
A thing, a beast; he knew it not;
He saw a spaded garden plot,
A sunny morning, two blue streams
In a blue village street with quick gold gleams.

A man beside him ordered soup;
He did not hear, but saw with hoop
And shout the boys that played that day
When he picked up to go away;
He saw the old willow that he passed
And took a look at, wondering if 'twas the last.

The paper slipped, but still he stared;
And somehow not a man there dared
Disturb him. Students passing out
Laughed, and one said: "He's drunk, no doubt."
But he was seeing with his eyes
The one sight that he'd had of Paradise.

The moment—but one cannot write
About it; words are all too slight
To bear the beauty; but her eyes
Looked into his with no surprise
When, standing on that April sod,
He plucked a promise from the field of God,

And gave it as a flower to her,
While every bud that made a stir
In the brown trees, and every bird
That sang to morning quite concurred.
She laughed a little, and the old
Gray street was for those two all made of blue and gold.

. . . A butcher in the city's crowd,
Somehow God ev'n to him allowed
A little while of joy on earth,
One hour to justify his birth.
He had forgotten weighing meat
And learning how to make a balance sheet.

But you forget, and every soul
Forgets a little of the whole
Of joy it learns; some forget quite
The whole, and then there is no night
When they sit for three hours and stare
Glued by their memories to a restaurant chair.

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THE REMOUNTS

By Alice Des Clayes

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition

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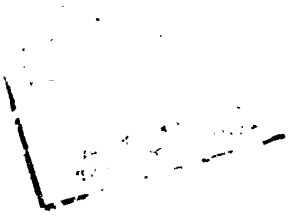

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THE SICKLE

A ONE-ACT DRAMATIC SKETCH OF OLD ONTARIO BACKWOODS LIFE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

The action of the sketch takes place in the township of Garafraxa, a region well known for its rigorous condtions, the rough-and-ready type of its early settlers, and for the staunch Canadians it has contributed to this later generation. The township was marked by the large proportion of Irish names on the list of its pioneers. The time referred to in the sketch is about ninety years ago.

The scene is the kitchen-dining-room and general living-quarters of a log house somewhat more generous in its proportions and more comfortable than the average. To the left of the stage is a fire-place and a door beyond the fire-place leading to another part of the house; to the right, cupboards, cheap clock, "clothes-horse", an old shotgun lying on nails high up on the wall, with powder-horn and shot-container under it; at the rear, a heavy door leading to the outside. Windows flank the door. Near the centre of the stage is the large family table covered with a cheap red cloth. Home-made chairs are disposed about the table. A large ugly rocking-chair is on one side of the stage and is occupied by the woman in the sketch. Across the hearth is a rough stool, apparently reserved usually for the man of the house. Other pieces of crude furniture around the room show signs of long use and good house-keeping. The room, at the beginning, is lighted by two tallow dips; one on the table and one on the shelf over the fire-place.

The characters are John Fraser, the husband, aged forty-five, a hardy farmer, not an imaginative man but nevertheless kindly disposed towards others, with a hint of credulity in his nature; his wife, Kate, forty, also hard-working, suspicious, a little narrow, very fond of her son, and jealous of his interests; the sheriff, a substantial man, about John's age; the boy, Willie, seventeen, an unpleasant, "spoiled" type.

As the curtain rises the husband is discovered sitting in front of low wood fire, in big chair, feeling his heavy gray socks for signs of moisture. His big boots he holds together in his other hand. Satisfied that the socks are not wet, he stands the boots on the far side of fire-place to dry. From behind wood-pile he produces a pair of heavy slippers and puts them on. He has his back to the woman. She sits at table knitting a pair of socks like he has on. The clicking of the needles is the only sound for some seconds. Husband, finding pipe, begins to smoke, as one smokes who has little tobacco, who takes small whiffs and enjoys each to the fullest.

Woman *(suddenly laying down her knitting):* Are they wet, John?

Husband *(after feeling his socks again, deliberately and with almost provocative slowness):* N—no. Not to hurt.

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Woman *(getting up, going to next room and returning with other socks):* There's no chances to be taken with wet feet, John. Weak kidneys was in your family, and I've no mind to have ye sick on my hands. You change 'em! *(She hangs socks on back of his chair and returns to her knitting.)* Old Mother Piper was saying to me at the meeting-house last week that a man like you should take pumpkin-seed tea, three times a day for sure. It cured her. It cured her Lizzie the time she was near took with convulsions —and Dr. Orten off to Streetsville on a case. I've a mind—*(she goes back to count her stitches)*—I've a mind to m a k e ye take it.

Husband *(with slow scorn):* Kidneys! *(He turns slightly from audience and proceeds to change his socks.)* A man'd have little rest if he took all the messes the women cooked up. What's Old Mother Piper know about me? When I finish this pipe I'm goin' t' bed. I'll be leavin' at five for the Assizes.

Woman: You mustn't miss the Assizes, John. They expect ye. It's yer place. Mother Piper was sayin'—

Husband: Hist! *(He leans forward, toward the outer door, listening.)* Hmph! It was nothin', I guess. What about Old Mother Piper?

Woman: She was saying what a pride it must be to us to have a man that's foreman of the jury, year in and year out—a leader in the community, she says. Hist! *(She starts. Both listen.)* What was that, John?

Husband: Guess it was the cattle in the barn. The red heifer has a cough.

Woman: I heard something again, John. It was like—

Husband *(now quite calm):* Ye're nervous, Kate. It's the red heifer.

Woman: But it was not l i k e the red heifer—

Husband: Then it was the frost comin' out of the timbers in the house. It's the thaw outside.

Woman *(somewhat reassured):* I've heard strange sounds for the last three days. Things movin' in the barn, even when the cattle were outside huddlin' on the sunny side of the straw-stack—and you away with the team. I missed yesterday a pan o' milk from the milk-house—and the tracks from the door of the milk-house led to the barn—Hist!

Husband: That was Old Fan, whickerin' in her sleep. Ye're nervous, Kate. Ye should take the nervine that the peddler sold ye. 'T might do ye good.

Woman: Nervous, indeed, and the peddler murdered at our very door! Murder's enough to make anyone nervous. Before ye go in the mornin' ye can search the barn, John Fraser, and find what's hidin' there. It's not me that's nervous. It's strange things that's been done.

Husband: It was a cruel murder.

Woman: It was a h o r r i b l e murder, a wicked murder, John. Struck the poor lad over the head with a stake and finished him with a sickle. Dennis Lamond will end his wickedness at this Assizes for this, or I'm no right-seein' woman. It'll be hangin' for Dennis Lamond. See to it, John.

Husband: Poor old Lamond.

Woman: Why "Poor old Lamond"?

Husband: He couldn't murder anybody.

Woman: There was the e v i d e n c e.

Husband: Aye.

Woman: There was the body lyin' at the back of his lot, in his own piece of woods!

Hushand *(doubtfully):* Aye.

Woman *(with growing emphasis):* And blood on his hands!

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Husband: Aye.

Woman: And the sickle marks—and his sickle missing!

Husband: Aye.

Woman *(satisfied with her own summary of the evidence):* Hmph! I like ye sayin' "Poor old Lamond." Why, ye're foolish, John. What would the township think of ye—and you the foreman of the jury—saying "Poor old Lamond"?

Husband *(in thought):* Suppose it had been somebody that hid in the path after stealing the old man's sickle for the work. And it was a heavy stake that made the first blow! Though maybe—as to that—

Woman *(with growing impatience):* But there was the marks on his clothes—all torn—and him not denying it. There was a grudge 'twixt him and the peddler. The peddler had no use for loons the like of Dennis Lamond, in h i s trade. The silk he should have brought for me—was stained —with blood! *(with righteous indignation.)*

Husband *(to himself):* The poor old fool! He couldn't murder anybody!

Woman *(vehemently):* Then why didn't he deny it?

(No answer.)

I tell ye, John, ye're one of the e a s y sort. Ye'd let the whole world walk over ye if't wasn't f'r m e. Who made ye sow spring wheat when you was wantin' t' put in roots? Who made ye trade the spavined horse before the spavin showed? Couldn't murder anybody! Listen to me! I wish't ye'd seen Dennis Lamond the day last summer when our Willie let the sow into his yard and broke his garden down. I wish ye'd have seen him, John! There was need for a man of strength about. The old man was pale like a madman, and his eyes was desperate! He couldn't s p e a k for rage with our Willie—yet it was only his flowers! Not cabbages, or anything like that.

Husband: He took great pains with flowers. He must have been put out.

Woman: Put out! John—he was m a d! He struck at Willie with a switch, and I called Willie home. Put out indeed! Hmph! *(with a shrug)* —It wasn't anything y' could sell or eat!

Husband *(reminiscently):* They committed him for trial the very day the murderin' was done, so's he could come up for to-morrow's Assizes. It saves a quarter's waitin' in the Brampton jail. Poor old fool! Who's to look after his things?

Woman: He hadn't only a cow and twelve hens. He sold the pig a week ago to the tinsmith. The Gearys took the cow on the sheriff's orders, and the hens. The old cow was that poor in her legs she could scarcely walk. She lowed pitiful, and the hens screeched and flew wild as they led him off. He was too easy-going to clip their wings. His house was so dirty they could scarcely find a dip to hunt the sickle with.

Husband: The sickle! He was always harmless enough. Blitherin' a bit more than he should, maybe. I've met him in the woods gatherin' flowers—in the spring. He had names for 'em—in a furrin' tongue—what we'd call cowslips, and merrygolds, and pop-eyed Susans, and those. When he was c l e a n e d u p—he had a sort of a kind face, as though he loved everybody and everythin', as though he trusted everyone he saw and asked—O, only a sort of livin'.

Woman *(stubbornly):* An old devil. He would a k i l l e d our Willie in his temper, I tell ye.

Husband: Pshaw! Our Willie's tougher'n that. *(Then, in a new tone*

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of voice): Willie ain't home yet?

Woman: No. Net yet. They'll be having a grand time at the Orangeville singin' school—him and the Parker boys. He'll be home to-night maybe, or in the morning if the roads are good.

Husband: It's funny the Parkers said nothing to me about goin'. Oh well! maybe I'd a said no. The Seventh Line is bad—naked clay! *(Thoughtfully, and commencing to smile):* Willie'd be too big a lad for old Dennis. He were twice the size of the peddler. He's a fine boy. *(These statements come out between long silences.)* A quiet, inoffensive boy. Don't kill himself workin'. Fond of his rest. But a well-spoken lad—he has a clever tongue, our boy *(with a hint of justified pride.)*

Woman: What would ye say if it had been him the murderer'd done for in the bush?

Husband *(in alarm):* He! But—but the—it had dark hair! It was the peddler, Maw! *(He sits up straight, excited by the mere thought.)*

Woman: It was the peddler *(calmly).* But supposin'! Would ye say then—Poor Old Lamond! I'm tellin' ye *(this grimly)* he threatened Willie once.

Husband *(in deep thought):* Aye! Wicked old man, I guess. Must be!

Woman *(complacently, having gained her point):* He is a loon. Old Mother Piper asked him one day—she says, what did he think of the weather?—meanin' for the wheat. And he says: She is a whimsy harlot. She! Nobody knows her moods. Harlot! Think of such words, John!

Husband *(in puzzled surprise):* Meanin'?

Woman: Why *(counting stitches complacently),* he was meanin' the weather was a harlot.

Husband: The weather! *(He laughs briefly).*

Woman: Old Mother Piper was saying, he says, to her boy, Tom, one day, he says: "Look, Tom! See the big ships in the sky!" And when Tom looked—it was nothing but some big black clouds coming up. There weren't no ships.

Husband *(interested):* Ships!

Woman: Aye!

Husband: Maybe he was talkin' poetry like? He had books o' poetry in his house.

Woman: Po'try! And him threatenin' t' strike our Willie?

Husband *(satisfied):* Aye.

Woman: Ye know, John, how the wagons rumble on the cordgeree road, comin' through the big swamp—on the Seventh?

Husband: Aye?

Woman *(victoriously):* He called the noise—drums: the drums of the dead. *(Laughs.)*

Husband: What dead?

Woman: Hmph! Ask him.

Husband: Ye mean—

Woman *(significantly):* I mean—he came here to these parts—unknown! Who knows what he is? or was?

Husband *(with a chuckle):* Who knows who anybody is in this country? It's a new country. Fair field and no favour for anybody. But he were a scholar that had been one of Brock's men.

Woman: Was soldiers ever good for anything but lazying and lying?

Husband: The one that taught the school on the second line—yes—he was a bad lot.

Woman: Like this one.

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Husband: Aye. *(Silence: both thinking.)* It takes you to read 'em.

Woman: There's bells! *(They listen. Woman goes to a window.)* There's someone coming, John. *(John starts to pull on his boots. A dog barks. John gets a lantern from the floor and puts on a cap. As he does so there's a knock and a voice.)*

Voice: Ho! John!

Husband: Ho! *(opening door)* Who're—Hello, William! Hello! Come in! Come in! I'll put the horse up. Just stay inside with Ma.

ENTER SHERIFF.

Sheriff: No—Well—I won't be a minute. I've come for you, John, t' go t' the Assizes. They're tryin' old Dennis, as ye know, and you'll be the foreman, John, as usual. *(To Mrs. John):* He's always the foreman, Kate. There couldn't be a big trial without John bein' foreman any more than there could be—

Husband: Any more than there could be a prosecution without the sheriff to take care of the evidence. *(Pointedly to the visitor.)* Eh?

Sheriff: But ye've to come right away, John! The thaws have eaten through the river and unless ye wait for the new bridge or for the freeze again after to-morrow morning, you won't be able t' get down to the Assizes.

Woman: Not get t' the Assizes! O John, ye'll h a v e to. *(She bustles out.)*

Husband *(preparing to go):* Y' think we better get across the ice to-night?

Sheriff: My light cutter 'll do it safe enough. But not you're sleigh. *(To wife):* Can you get him ready, Mrs. Fraser?

Woman *(blithely):* I'll r e a d y him all right. There's things I want at the Assizes this time. *(To sheriff):* I'm gettin' a new black silk—a new dress to celebrate our anniversary. It's the first I've had, William. The very first! After John and me married there was never money enough for silks *(She is busy bundling up her husband)* and so I've scimped these twenty-five years. I've twenty sheepskins, five hams, and a dozen eggs. D' ye think old Crully at the store will give good silk for that?

Sheriff *(smiling):* It should be the very best.

Woman *(with sudden anxiety):* Will ye have room in the cutter for so much?

Sheriff: Trust me! *(The men go out, with lantern, carrying bundles. Woman goes as far as door. Off stage, sounds of sleigh-bells starting suddenly, as though an impatient horse were champing to be off.)*

Woman: That's a clipper horse ye have, William.

Sheriff *(with a touch of pride):* It's my little mare. *(Men come in again for the last parcels. Woman brings in teapot and gives the men tea as they button up their gauntlets.)*

Woman: It was good of ye to come, William. It'd be bad for John t' miss the Assizes. Is't the same judge?

Sheriff: The same. Judge Milsom. *(A hint of deference in his tone.)* A good man. He knows evidence when he sees it.

Husband: I'd a mind he was a lazy sort of man.

Sheriff *(slightly offended):* Lazy! John, we must be respectful to the Bench. Judge Milsom sits quiet and takes in the evidence. H e' l l have Dennis Lamond hangin' in a week!

Husband *(shocked):* In a week? Save us! *(sadly)* He's a fast man.

Sheriff *(scenting weakness):* And you must help do justice, John.

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Woman: Aye, William. That's what I be'n tellin' him. Whose t' defend the old clout?

Sheriff: Milligan.

Husband: He with the dirty beard.

Sheriff: Aye.

Husband *(gruffly):* He never got anybody off.

Sheriff *(with fervour, sipping his tea—still standing near table):* He can't get Dennis Lamond off. John here knows him. John knows his sort—and with John on the jury—juries are stupid without some good respected man in the community to lead 'em—J u s t i c e 'll be done!

Husband: Good! I don't care so long as it's justice! Have ye strong evidence against him, William?

Woman: John, for shame! Ye know yerself!

Husband *(apologetically):* Aye. I was forgetting. He was not a common man. Poor folks like himself was never good enough for him. He was a s t r a n g e man. He was *(pausing at the thought)* a murderer! *(The men go out finally. Woman, standing at the door, throws her apron over her head to keep from catching cold. Then after business of departure and bells jingling as horse starts, she closes and bolts door and pinches out one of the tallow dips. She moves about the room nervously, picking up things that are out of place, "tidying-up" generally. Finally she brings out the heavy family Bible and sits down at the table to read. Noise off-stage like a creaking board. Woman starts up. Noise again. Woman rises quietly, gets gun and powder, etc., lays gun across table, pointing to right door. She waits grimly, an admirable pose of a pioneer wife. Presently a face appears at the door, pale, narrow-eyed, uneasy of expression—weasel type.)*

Woman *(with relief):* Willie!

Boy: It's me, Maw.

Woman: Ye f r i g h t e n e d me so. What—

Boy: Wha—what ye got paw's gun down for, Maw?

Woman: I—I was afraid, boy. H—how did ye come in?

Boy: I come in by the other door, Maw—you know. I was afraid maybe ye might be havin' prayers.

Woman: But wouldn't the Parkers have come in with ye, lad? I didn't hear their bells. They got such f i n e bells.

Boy: No, Maw. No. They wouldn't come in. They was in a hurry. We—we lost the bells. That is, Lem, he bet them to the singing-school from Pitner's Corners—and he lost.

Woman: O! *(relieved.)* But ye look p e e k - e d, Willie. Are ye wet? Are ye're feet dry? Come over by the fire. Come over and get warm.

Boy: Naw, Maw. I'm not wet, but I'm hungry. My, but I am hungry, Maw!

Woman *(preparing to go out, getting to her feet with some difficulty, as though realizing how tired she is):* All right. I'll get ye a bite. But, lands, boy! *(as she passes him and stops to kiss his forehead.)* Where'd ye get yerself so covered with hay-dust and thistle-splints? *(brushing him off.)* Ye'd think ye'd been playin' in the hay-mow like when ye were a little boy. My! My! My! *(emphasizing each "My" with a stroke of her big palm to take off the dust.)*

Boy: No. No, Maw. It wasn't that. I guess I got covered when I was forkin' hay for the horses as we set out from Streetsville. It—it was near the bottom of the mow.

Woman *(she has suddenly stopped brushing him, while he speaks, and slowly coming erect, she points at his coat):* Why, boy! *(bewildered),* ye—

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ye've a stain on yer coat—a big stain! Why—ye're bloodied! Who's been abusin' ye, lad? Who hit ye?

Boy: Aw, Maw! That—that's nothin'. Lem Parker and me was wrasslin' in the sleigh and I fell—I bashed my nose—that's all. It bled pretty bad *(glancing involuntarily at his hands)*. But Lem—he didn't mean any harm.

Woman *(starting out of the room for food)*: Hmph! Didn't mean any harm! That Lem Parker's a rough customer. You just tell him—*(voice dwindles away off-stage)*.

Boy: Aw, Maw. *(He looks around uneasily to see where the mother has gone.)*

Woman: Well, *(still off stage)* he might a killed ye. I'll give ye tea, boy. Some of my own. *(She re-enters.)*

Boy: Thanks, Maw. I—I'm famishing. *(He is very uneasy.)*

Woman: Aye. *(She is opening tea-caddy.)*

Boy: Maw!

Woman: Aye.

Boy: I won three shillin' for—the—the prize in singin' at the Streetsville singin'-school. I sang the tenor in it. It was—it was, "Starboard Watch, Ahoy!"

Woman *(puzzled)*: Ye did?

Boy: Aye—and—and I was goin' t' give you one shillin'—Maw, for y'r—new silk.

Woman: For me! *(She takes it from him. Her expression changes as she stands looking at it.)* It—it's marked!

Boy: M—marked! *(as she goes towards the light with the coin.)* Here! Take this one, Maw. This one. *(He thrusts another coin into her hand and takes the first one. His mother takes it. Looks at it. Kisses boy on forehead again, and goes from the room for more food. Boy takes out whole handful of coins from his pocket and goes to spot near fireplace where there is a loose stone in the hearth. He is about to raise stone and secret coins when he hears mother returning.)*

Woman *(entering)*: I forgot the apple-butter, Willie. You get it. *(He goes outside and is heard taking lid off crock. Woman is looking at coin.)* He's a thoughtful lad, our Willie. *(Raising her voice)*: Willie! *(As he enters)*: Did ye know they got the murderer?

Boy *(drops dish, smashing it)*: Eh! *(He is trembling.)*

Woman *(beaming)*: The murderer! Didn't ye hear the peddler was found killed back of old Dennis Lamond's place. Aye! Killed! His throat slashed with a sickle. What—what makes ye so fidgety? They got the murderer? Eh? They got him. Ye're father's gone to do his duty by him. I showed him the truth of things.

Boy *(hoarsely)*: Who?

Woman: Old Dennis Lamond. They'll hang him. Milsom *(with great satisfaction)* is the hangin' judge!

Boy *(dazed)*: Old Lamond! *(slowly)* They got him. I—*(starting to laugh, almost hysterically)*—I was that afeard, Maw! I guess I'm poorly, Maw, like you, Maw. I—I'm glad they got him.

Woman: So am I, boy. I mind the time he came near strikin' you. The old no-good!

Boy *(still dazed)*: Aye.

Woman: Y're father thought maybe—*(almost laughing)*—maybe he was just a po't!

Boy *(echoing her laugh, but blankly)*: A po't!

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Woman: Aye. Y're father is a trustful man. He believes anything—and anyone. *(She is beginning to be sleepy.)*

Boy *(Business of hesitating while woman starts to dose):* D—did they get any evidence, Maw?

Woman: Everything—except the sickle and the peddler's money. But they aren't sure he had much with him.

Boy *(at first in alarm; then reassured by his mother's expression):* The sickle! *(Boy eats. Woman nods—sleeps. Boy tip-toes to fireplace and loosens stone again. He takes coins from his pocket and tip-toeing across floor again, lays them in the hiding-place. Finally he steals to door by which he entered, and secures, without leaving the room, something which he has apparently hidden just outside the room in the shadow and brings it over toward the hiding-place. As he turns so that the audience can see it, the woman wakes, screams, and falls back, fainting. Boy stoops, hides sickle. Replaces stone. Gets water and throws in mother's face.)*

Woman *(coming to):* The sickle! The sickle! My boy!

Boy: What sickle?

Woman *(blinking and regaining control of herself):* Y—you, Willie? You—you saw nothing—you—Oh, I was dreaming, boy. I was dreaming. I've been thinkin' too much of murders and the like. *(She shudders.)* I'm glad they got him, Willie. *(Brightening.)* I'm glad. It wouldn't be nice having such a man living next door to us. Eh, boy?

Boy: No, Maw!

Exit all slowly, son helping mother.

Lights gradually down.

CURTAIN.

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CHRISTMAS DAYS FAMOUS IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY GERALDINE LENINGTON STEINMETZ

THREE hundred and eighty years ago, in the year of our Lord 1535, our history began, when Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage, wintered in Canada, and spent Christmas in his fort at Quebec—the first Christmas in Canadian history, and the most notable of all that marked the coming of Europeans to the new-found western land!

Back of that river, afterwards called Saint Lawrence, which Cartier describes as "grand, broad and extensive, as far as we could discern," lay the whole northern half of America, its extent, its very existence unguessed at by the men who maintained so precarious a foothold at Quebec. Cartier, writing to the King, bursts out into panegyric on "the goodness and fertility of the western lands," and on "the fruitfulness of the great river which flows and waters these your lands, which is the greatest without comparison that is known to have ever been seen."

Cartier had come out to spend the winter in Canada to take possession of it for the King of France, and while he went on up to Hochelaga, which he named Mont Royal, he left "masters and mariners" to "make a fort before the ships all inclosed with large sticks of timber" at Stadacona (Quebec) "which is as good land as it may be possible to behold, and very fruitful, full of exceeding fair trees." A real Canadian—Jacques Cartier—who would have made a great publicity commissioner in our day, who was a great advertising agent as it was, for "the new found western lands."

But by Christmas dismal events fell upon them. Four feet of unaccustomed snow covered the land, their drinkables were frozen in the casks, and the scurvy had come upon them. Cartier did not know what to do to check the ravages of this horrible disease. To add to their distress, the Indians, who had at first been friendly, now began, under the leadership of the two Indians who had visited France, to act in a suspicious manner. Whenever they approached, Cartier had his sick men in the ships make a great noise and pounding to deceive them with a show of strength. At a little distance in the woods, Cartier had set up a little shrine of the Virgin, and there they went in procession to pray for help in their extreme distress.

Such was the situation of the first men of the Christian religion on the first Christmas in Canada. Darker Christmases have since come and gone, but hardly one has witnessed more hardship and suffering—or more courage and endurance.

Two hundred and twenty-four years later, another Christmas, again at Quebec, marked the passing of

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the power of the French monarchy in Canada. Wolfe's work had been done: the English held Quebec. Canada was practically won to England. Pitt said: "With a handful of men Wolfe had added an empire to English rule." (How great neither of them know!) But on the approach of winter, the ships of the line had to withdraw to Halifax; the French still held Montreal, and it was expected that during the winter they would attempt to retake the citadel.

It looked as if they might succeed. Only 7,000 British troops had been left at Quebec—as many only as could be fed. By Christmas, only 4,359 were fit for duty. As in Cartier's expedition the winter sickness proved too much for the medical and sanitary knowledge of the times. Wolfe's successful army had marched into "the ruins of a town". So terrific had been the bombardment that 180 houses and the cathedral had been burned and other buildings shattered. Lodging for the troops was found with difficulty. Food was scarce. General Murray had to feed the townspeople; he endeavoured to regulate the markets. Fuel was even more scarce. The Highlanders went out with sleds and drew in supplies of wood, the working parties being protected by guards with bayonets fixed. The good nuns nursed French and English wounded alike, and knit long woollen hose to protect the Highlanders' bare knees from the bitter cold. 1759—1915: history repeats itself, and women are again knitting.

It was expected that de Levis would attack about Christmas. The town was in such ruins that it could not be defended, and the heights outside the town and across the river were fortified. Again, as at that first Christmas, Quebec awaited an attack, this time not French from Indians, but English from French. But Christmas passed without the attack being made, and spring saw the supremacy of England everywhere recognized.

It seems an extraordinary circumstance that the next epoch in Canadian history should again be marked by a seige of Quebec. But it is so. These three victories—of French against Indian, of English against French, of British against American—determined the racial and national characteristics of all Canada. This third Christmas, of 1775, was a third time of anxious watching and waiting at Quebec.

All over the American continent, the Americans were successful. Could Carleton hold Quebec for England against Montgomery? Each had about 1,500 effective men. Montgomery had made an amazingly successful march over the Height of Land from New England and arrived before Quebec on November 13th. He expected aid from within the town, though the French, being satisfied with Carleton's humane government, had not risen to his support as he had thought they would. On the twenty-second of December a deserter from the American camp informed the British General that an attack would be made on the twenty-third. That day, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were passed in expectation of the attack, which being made finally on the thirtieth, resulted in the defeat of General Montgomery and the subsequent withdrawal of the Revolutionary forces.

Yet, after all, Quebec is only the key to Canada. Something more than its possession was needed to make a country. The success of the American War of Independence determined the founding of the second great British Province in North America—Upper Canada, Ontario.

Where were those Loyalists to go, who, having fought a losing fight for England, could no longer remain in the United States? A few who had money were in England; as many as could be provided for had been sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But the English Governor of New York, on evacuating the city, was in

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despair as to what he should do with the rest.

It is rather pathetic at the present juncture to read that in his anxiety he appealed for information to a Mr. Grass who is described as "a genuine sample of honest, plain, loyal German." Mr. Grass, who by this event became a U. E. Loyalist, had been held a prisoner of war by the French at Cataraqui (now Kingston). The Governor sent for him and questioned him as to the kind of land and place it was. "Could people live there? Would anything grow?" (This, of Ontario, the beautiful)! Mr. Grass was decidedly of the opinion that things would "grow" there, and after deliberating the matter for three days, agreed to lead the first party to their new home.

"It appears that five vessels were procured and furnished to convey this first colony of banished refugee Loyalists to Upper Canada; they sailed around the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and up the Saint Lawrence to Sorel, where they arrived in October, 1783, and where they built themselves huts or shanties and wintered."

What a Christmas was that of 1783 at Sorel for the United Empire Loyalists of Canada! Peace by defeat they had, and nothing else. Nothing else? Save courage and faith in God. They needed both. The country they faced bore the printed reputation of "a winter of almost insufferable length and coldness"; of "having a few inconsiderable spots to cultivate"; "a land covered with a spongy moss instead of grass; wrapped in the gloom of a perpetual fog—a region of dense wilderness and swamps, of venomous reptiles and beasts of prey". Not a cheerful Christmas, that of 1783, but, like other dismal Christmas Days in Canadian history, opening to a beautiful and sunny, if strenuous, future.

The Christmas of 1792 spent by Alexander Mackenzie on an advanced position on the upper waters of the Peace River made possible his dash for the coast in the spring, and gave the Pacific Province to Canada. It was the greatest but not the last Christmas spent by Canadian explorers in discovering and mapping out Canada. Mackenzie was in the service of a fur company of Montreal, but he preferred geographical exploration of new hunting countries, to the routine of trade. Four years before his daring and love of adventure had lead him to explore the great river that bears his name to the shores of "the Frozen Ocean", and now he had no mind to let the American and Russian traders beat him in laying claim to the Pacific coast.

Hear him tell his own story of that Christmas of 1792:

"October 10th, 1792. Having made every necessary preparation, I left Fort Chipewyan to proceed up the Peace River. I had resolved to go as far as our most distant settlement, which would occupy the remaining part of the season, it being the route by which I proposed to attempt my next discovery across the mountains from the source of that river; *for whatever distance I could reach this fall would be a proportionate advancement of my voyage.*"

The rivers and lakes were freezing as he went. On the western fork of the Peace River, six miles up, they "landed on the first of November at the place which I designed to be my winter residence.

"December. We found two men who had been sent forward last spring for the purpose of squaring timber for the erection of an house, and cutting pallisades, etc., to surround it."

He had time, while the house was building, to examine the nature of the country, and here is his, the first description, of the Peace River country:

"In the spring of 1788 a small spot was cleared at the old establishment, which is situated on a bank thirty feet above the level of the river, and was sown with turnips, carrots, and parsnips. The first grew to a large

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size, the others grew very well. . . . There is not the least doubt but the soil would be very productive, if a proper attention was given to its preparation. In the fall of the year 1787, when I first arrived at Athabasca, Mr. Bond was settled on the banks of the Elk River, where he remained for three years, and had formed as fine a kitchen garden as I ever saw in Canada."

He had to be doctor as well as leader to his own men and the Indians: "In this situation, removed from all those ready aids which add so much to the comfort and indeed is a principal characteristic of civilized life, I was under the necessity of employing my judgment and experience in accessory circumstances by no means connected with the habits of my life or the enterprise in which I was immediately engaged."

His Christmas was favoured with the Christmas birds, the robins, for he "was very much surprised on walking in the woods at such an inclement season of the year to be saluted with the singing of birds, while they seemed by their vivacity to be actuated by the invigourating power of a more genial season." The winter was mild until after Christmas.

On the 23rd of December, he says: "I this day removed from the tent into the house which had been erected for me, and set all the men to begin the buildings intended for their own habitation." Did they work Christmas Day? In such a climate, so far advanced in the winter, we should judge it probable, although on this point the journal is silent. They were fairly settled for the winter, at least, and that winter camp on the Peace was their starting point next spring for the coast. There, on a smooth rock cliff facing the ocean—don't you read it always with a thrill of exultation? Mackenzie painted:

"Alexander Mackenzie, by land, the twenty second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52° 20' 48" N."

His dash for the coast, prepared by that Christmas camp, made the western province *British* Columbia, and Canadian.

The next great Christmas event in our history did not even happen in Canada. There were no mountains to climb, no unknown river perils to face, no Canadian cold. But there were illness and unmerited disgrace to be bravely faced; and of all the courage and devotion that have gone to the making of our country not any surpasses—scarcely any equals—Lord Durham's devotion to Canada during the Christmas season of 1838.

His recall from the Governorship of Canada having been achieved by his political enemies in England, he left behind him a Canada scarcely pacified from the Rebellion of 1837, to return to England to write that famous report, which not only saved Canada to the Empire, but which established the British system of colonial self-government, and so, in a sense, founded the British Empire. Not battle, not exploration, not settlement, a book—that is all—or shall we say, rather, the self-sacrifice of the greatest British and Canadian statesman, marks the Christmas of 1838. Lord Durham, it was said, made a country—Canada—at the loss of his own career. It is certain that his devoted service brought on that illness of which he shortly died.

He reached England November 1st, and, going directly to London, worked until the middle of January preparing for Parliament the report which was to settle how Canada should be governed. He longed to get away to Lambton Castle, but even when Christmas came he stayed on in London, busy over his papers, which he was eager to complete before the meeting of Parliament. There in the long library, with its end a semi-circle of sunlight from three high windows, with the long, high-piled book-cases on the side and the comfort of a fire-place opposite, Durham spent Christmas with his secre-

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taries, redeeming that pledge he gave to the citizens of Quebec on his departure that he would not rest until the case of the Canadas was made clear to England.

Yet, how simple was the principle of government which he proposed: that Canada should govern herself in internal affairs, in the same way that England did—the Governor should choose as his advisers the men who could command a majority in the Legislature. We are so used to this now that we do not realize the novelty it wore to men of Durham's time; like all great principles, it was perfectly simple. That was Durham's contribution to his country's civilization; and Canada, whom he served, should ever remember his devotion.

Another London Christmas, of 1866, saw the end of the labour of the Canadian delegates who prepared the resolution to the Parliament of Great Britain asking that the British Provinces in America should be confederated. So great was the opposition from many quarters, so keen the rivalry between the Provinces, that it was desirable that the clauses of the resolution should not be published until the last moment before Parliament should want them for consideration. Confederation was inevitable; and hostility of some Americans at the end of their Civil War, the danger of Fenian invasions along an unprotected border, emphasized the need of union of the Provinces. Yet many interests were at stake and it took all Sir John A. Macdonald's ability in handling men to manage that conference in the Westminster Palace Hotel in London. From December 4th to the 24th these Canadians met, representatives of each Province, watchful, snapping at each other; Sir John yielding anything to make his great point that in the confederation of Canada the power must reside in the central government, not, as in the American union, in each State. The work of the conference was completed the day before Christmas, and they were left with a momentary pause in their busy lives to the enjoyment of an English Christmas, with the satisfaction of anticipating the passage of the British North America Act, which established the Constitution of Canada on July 1st, 1867.

Christmases come and go. There were those hard years in Manitoba following 1814, when Lord Selkirk's colonists on the Red River withstood all trials to prove his faith that Manitoba would make a greater wheat than fur country. That marked the beginning of settlement in the West, for their sturdy endurance broke the almost princely power of the fur-traders and forever destroyed the legend that the Northwest was only good for furs. Many other Christmases have seen Canadians wintering on the trail, building railroads, prospecting, finding out what their inheritance was—and this task is not complete. Of this Christmas, what will history write? Of the Christmases to come, what will be the records? We can ask nothing more than that we may be permitted to live in the spirit of those former Canadians, who in fort, on the trail, in halls of government have marked so many previous Christmas Days, with imperishable memorials of service, devotion, achievement, and patriotism.

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FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

XI—THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS, GUY STREET, MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

ON the northwest corner of Guy and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, just within the Gray Nunnery grounds, there stands a red wooden memorial cross, tall enough to be seen over the fence from the street. Formerly it was in full view of all passers-by, but a widening of the street necessitated its being moved back into the present position. Popular tradition long had it that this cross marked the grave of a famous highwayman who once lived nearby and waylaid travellers to and from the city upon the Grand Chemin du Roi, now Dorchester Street. It has since been determined, however, that the name to be connected with the monument is not that of a highwayman, but of Belisle, executed for a double murder in June, 1752. The original records of the case, difficult to decipher, it is true, both from age and from the style of writing, are readily accessible in the Archives of the Montreal Court House. The crime in question, to borrow Macaulay's phraseology, is "memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed," and has for us now considerable historical interest.

Montreal has always been surrounded by a belt of well-tilled farm land; at the time we speak of, as for many years after, what is now our most respectable residential district was devoted to the raising of grain and vegetables. In a farm-house near the high-road, and some few minutes' walk westward from the city gates, there lived Jean Favre, his wife, and two daughters, aged sixteen and fourteen respectively, apparently in very comfortable circumstances. One of their nearest neighbours was Jean Baptiste Goyer, more generally known by his other name, Belisle, whose farm lay to the north of theirs, in the direction of Mount Royal. During the night of Saturday, May 13th, 1752, all the dwellers round, as well as the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Joseph, adjoining the western city wall, were aroused by the news that Belisle had murdered both Jean Favre and his wife in a most brutal fashion, and had taken all of their money he could lay his hands on. We shall allow Charlotte, the elder of the two daughters, to tell the story as she told it next morning under oath to Monsieur Guiton de Monrepos, the first judge of Montreal:

"Last night about nine o'clock M. Belisle, whom I know well, called at our house. He had one hand under his coat and the other in his trousers pocket. He said that he was going next day to Longue Pointe to buy some wheat, offering to get my father some at the same time. My father told him to buy twelve bushels, and counted him out the money at the rate of one hundred *sous* the bushel. M. Belisle said that he hadn't bags enough to carry the wheat, so my father took the candle, climbed up the

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ladder to the garret, and threw him down six sacks. Just as my father was replacing the flooring of the garret before coming down the ladder, I heard a report, which must have been a pistol-shot, because M. Belisle hadn't a gun, and we found that my father's had not been discharged. My father fell down and I heard him call, 'Oh, my God, I am killed'. The candle went out at the same instant. My mother, hearing the shout, cried out, asking what it was. Belisle answered that it was father's gun, and that he had gone to his repose. Belisle took a spade which was behind the door in the entrance hall and came into the room where my mother, sister, and I were in bed. I heard him hit my dear mother a great blow, which must have been with the spade, for my sister found it this morning, all stained with blood, at the foot of her bed. My mother cried out, 'You are killing me; why are you striking me?' Belisle answered, 'No. no, I'm not killing you.' In the struggle she managed to tear off the cuff of one of his coat-sleeves. We probably have this at home, but forgot to bring it; we shall bring it to-morrow. My mother escaped from his grasp and ran into the entrance hall. Belisle ran after her and finished her with blows of his knife as she crouched near the kneading-trough. Father called to us to open the door and escape. Belisle heard him, ran into the kitchen, and struck him with the knife also. Meanwhile I opened the window instead of the door and escaped into the orchard. I heard footsteps following me, so I made a double and hid in the nursery. After Belisle had gone back I ran to Neighbour Pelletier's for help. Belisle was wearing a tuque of whitish wool, which I would recognize, and a suit of brown serge. I didn't notice the colour of his breeches or stockings."

The younger sister, Anne Marie Joseph, corroborated the other's evidence and gave further details. She said that Belisle came in a moment later, after the unsuccessful pursuit of Charlotte, and searched the house for her, but she was hidden under a feather bed and escaped notice. She next heard him force open the bureau drawer where the money was kept, search it, and then go out. He was wearing a whitish tuque, a brown serge suit, and gray stockings. After he left she ran to a neighbouring house for help. A soldier billeted with the neighbour's, and some others, came back with her. They lighted two candles, and found the bureau drawer open and rifled, her father stretched out on the floor, and her mother lying dead. They covered her with a sheet.

The alarm was sounded. Several men and a detachment of soldiers came from the St. Joseph suburbs. These did what they could for Jean Favre, who was still alive, and took his ante-mortem statement. As a result, a party of five soldiers set out to arrest Belisle. The culprit himself answered their summons. For some reason the corporal in charge thought it best not to state the real cause of their visit, so merely told him he was under arrest for failure to obey a magistrate's recent summons. Belisle invited them to take all he had in the house if only they would let him go. A sharp struggle ensued, and Belisle received a blow over the head from the butt of a musket, and a shot in the thigh, before he was bound and led off.

No time was lost in trying the case. The procedure was simple, direct, and expeditious. The initiative at each stage was taken at the request of Foucher, the Crown Prosecutor, or his deputy, to the magistrate—say for the examination of the accused in prison, the hearing of witnesses, or a domiciliary search. The latter wrote his order upon the same sheet, and the return showing its execution was appended. Belisle, who had been arrested consequent on the alarm Saturday night, was now committed on a regular warrant, following the

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sworn information of the two girls. Witnesses were heard by Guiton de Monrepos, the magistrate at Montreal, and their testimony endorsed by him, *Soit communiqué à M. le Procureur du Roi à Montreal*, with the date. Processes were served upon the accused, as now, between the wickets.

The Crown's case was clear. The girls' testimony was corroborated by Jean Favre's dying statement, which had been heard by a dozen people, whose account of the happenings immediately following the alarm served to strengthen it. The circumstantial evidence would in itself have been conclusive. The girls identified the clothing worn by their parents, the spade the murderer had used, the blood-stained cuff torn from his sleeve, and also a knife as of necessity left in the house by him, since it had not been there before. A search of Belisle's house was ordered to procure evidence. This was done in the regular way in presence of the Crown Prosecutor, De Coste the bailiff, and the accused himself, transported there under guard of twenty men, and interrogated under oath on the spot regarding any point desired. Two coats admittedly his were all they found. A similar and fruitless search was made of the near-by well, and of the garret in the house of Louis Decary, Belisle's cousin. From information received, however, a search of the garret of another man, L'Ecuyer, revealed two sacks brought there from Decary's house and marked with his initials, which contained the clothes worn by Belisle upon the day of the crime, the coat of brown serge with torn, blood-stained sleeve, to which the piece of cuff found in the house fitted, also the breeches and gray woollen stockings described by the younger sister. The accused admitted that the various articles of clothing belonged to him, including the tuque, already in the possession of the authorities, but stated, probably with truth, that the stains upon the latter were from wounds inflicted by the soldiers who arrested him. He acknowledged having been out upon the evening of the crime, but said he was back home and in bed shortly after eight. During the arrest of Belisle, his wife had fled with her child to a neighbour's for safety, and there stated that her husband had been to town Saturday evening, not getting back till about half-past nine. Some people, also, had seen him about this time running excitedly along the road towards home. Under the circumstances there remained little for Foucher to do but to write out his request that the prisoner be declared guilty and given the appropriate sentence.

If the crime had been cold-blooded and brutal, the treatment of the prisoner, in accordance with the custom of the times, was still more so. The various examinations of the accused had been by torture. To give a description of the methods in use would hardly be edifying. The account John Evelyn has left us in his diary of putting a prisoner to the question is one of several easily referred to. Foucher made his request for sentence, which was accorded by the judge: *"Je requiers pour le Roi que Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Belisle . . . soit condamné avoir les bras, jambes, cuisses et reins rompus vifs sur un échafaud qui, pour cet effet, sera dressé en la place du marché de cette ville, à midi; ensuite sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y finir ses jours."* This terrible punishment of death by breaking upon the wheel was duly executed in the market-place, now Place Royale. The sentence was preceded by an application of the question, "both ordinary and extraordinary." This torture after sentence, or "question préalable," was, as a rule, for the purpose of discovering accomplices, but in this case could only have been penal in nature. Belisle's body was buried near the scene of the crime, and the place marked by the tall red cross still standing close to its original site.

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THE NEST

By Franz Van Holder

One of the Belgian Paintings
exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibion

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TILDEN

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THE LITTLE STREET OF INDISCRETION

BY MARGARET BELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

THEY call it the little street of indiscretion. I have always wondered why—until to-day. And now I understand. Not because someone pointed out the different houses and explained the mystery of each. For it seems to me that no person could do that. The two points of view might be entirely different. And a point of view, after all, is sometimes a very important thing. Scientists tell us that it is not possible for any two persons to see alike or, indeed, to have any sensations exactly the same. As to this little street, for instance, my point of view might be quite wrong. But at any rate I have been taking walks, lately. In the early morning, when the smoke curls sleepily from the chimneys, and late at night, when the only lights are the yellow ones, which hang disconsolately from the corner lamp-posts.

No doubt many people would think the night a very strange time to go for a walk. But one often sees daytime shadows lurking about at night.

Probably the most interesting thing about this little street is the fact that the people who live there would never think of it as the street of indiscretion. Many of them would not understand the word. For their days are made up, for the most part, of incidents which on other streets farther up are called praticalities.

The other morning I happened to walk along just in time to see a moving. Now, a moving is not so very unusual. One sees it almost any time of year and in all parts of town. But there was something about this moving which made me stop a moment or two on the street-corner. Ordinarily it would be very rude to stare. But it did not seem to me to be rude that day. It was only natural.

The reason I looked was this: Nearly all of the household effects were being carried from one home to the other in an old baby-carriage. It had given excellent service, that old carriage. I knew that by the number of chubby-faced children who danced excitedly up and down the pavement. Each one claimed a bit of the tawdry moving van. Two of them stood behind it, waiting for it to be loaded with saucepans and kettles and bits of rag mats. Then they pushed it to the new home, a dozen houses along the street.

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The mother was a busy little woman, with a shawl over her shoulders and no hat on her head. She carried the things which were too large for the tiny moving van. A couple of unpainted chairs, a cradle, and a square clock, which must have ticked away many lives and ushered in many a new one. A quaint little family they were, all jabbering and laughing and gesticulating their prosperity.

For the moving was a move of prosperity. A pathetic little shack down an alleyway bore evidence. They were moving from a rear house to a house on the street. No wonder they were happy. No wonder the smiles on their faces were smiles of pride.

But I could not help thinking that the whole scene was one of indiscretion; or it would be if looked at from a point of view different from their own. For the fact that the little belongings were being carried to the new home in a rickety baby-carriage was a proof that the master of the household could not afford a moving van. He had gone off to work, some hours before, carrying a tin pail. That is why he was not there, to help with the moving. It was the hour between labour and education.

But although the father was not there, he was represented. I had never seen him, but I knew that the two oldest children were taking his place. They were boys of about ten and twelve. The next two children were girls. It was the two boys who pushed the baby-carriage.

I knew from their trousers. They were not neatly cut, like many of the boys' trousers from other streets. And they had not been bought ready-made. The strong hands of the little mother, who carried chairs and slats from the bed, were responsible for them. And the father, who had gone off to work before the sun peeped around the corner of the fire hall, had worn both pairs of trousers before. But they did not look the same when he wore them. For there were not two pairs then. Only one.

Still, the boys were happy, and did not mind telling their companions that their trousers—one pair at least—had real pockets, and that daddy had worn them before. Indeed, they were rather proud of it.

Down the street a few blocks, I noticed several women hanging out their washings. A bit of rope was stretched from one back porch to the next. It was on this that the washings were hung.

Now, the neighbourhood of the little street is rather grimy. That is, there are a great many factories around there. A soap factory and a tannery, and several blacksmith shops. Of course, this makes the back yards dirty. For smoke and cinders pour out of the great chimneys. And the washings are often just as grimy when they are taken down from the lines as before they were hung out. And many of the shirts have big holes in them.

Still, the women would never dream of hanging them in the attic. A bit of poor air is better than none. And, anyhow, the attic is used as a sleeping-room every night.

One day I happened to be passing by a big red building. There was a long row of baby-carriages and go-carts in front of it. They were shabby and worn, most of them. No doubt they had done much service.

Curiosity made me turn in. I could hear the sound of voices. Just a low murmur, interrupted, now and then, by a scream or laugh from a baby. Probably a mother's meeting, thought I. I had often heard of them. Would I be an intruder?

No, I did not seem to be. A large room was full of mothers, who dandled babies on their knees. Now and then one of them would get up and take her baby into a smaller room at the back. Someone would call out a number and the mother who corresponded to it would go out. There was great system in everything.

There were a great many babies there. Seventy or eighty. Some were

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Drawing by Dorothy Stevens

"The mother was a busy little woman, with a shawl over her shoulder, and no hat on her head."

fat, rosy-cheeked, little fellows, others pale and thin.

It was a dispensary. And it was a great day for the mothers. They were all very friendly, had met there often, it seems. They did not mind each other knowing that they could not afford to go to a doctor. Their frankness was refreshing.

There are two or three grocery shops up a little distance from the street. They are larger than the shops on that street, and all the groceries are arranged in neat rows. Very often one of the families who live in the shacks to the rear of other houses receives a slip of paper from a charitable institution. It says that one of the large grocery shops will give the holder a certain amount of provisions.

More than once I have seen a mother presenting these slips. She receives her bundle and goes back to the little shack in the allayway. She stops a moment or two to speak to the the little shack in the alleyway. She share the groceries with her. She tells her that the institution has provided for them. Tells it with no small amount of pride. And the neighbour appreciates it and congratulates her.

The first time I saw this little incident I could not help thinking how different it was from the uptown shoppers, who order many things without a slip from the institution. The owners of the shops are the only ones who know that they receive their groceries free. To the customers they are "charged". And the tired mother who tells of her good luck never dreams that it is indiscreet to admit she receives anything for nothing.

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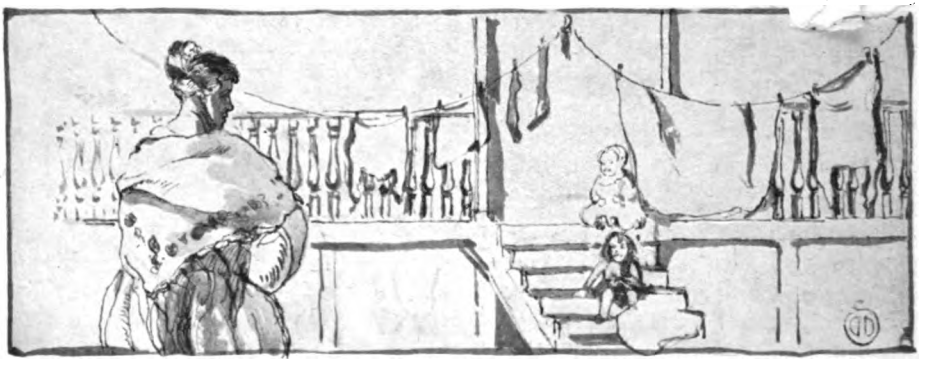

The husbands are not different. If a husband needs a new pair of overalls he buys them at the little shop around the corner. Buys as cheap a pair as he can get. The reason he does not go to a store on a downtown street, where some men order whole suits without having to pay for them, is because he is a simple-minded fellow, who has the idea that one should pay for what one buys. And he is happy with his new overalls and rather boastful of the bargain he has found.

I went along the street one day when there seemed to be something interesting happening in one of the houses. It was toward evening, when the streets and alleys were full of children. A little girl ran out of a house. Her hair fell in unkempt curls around her neck. A couple of boys tried to stop her. But she did not pay any attention to them. I watched her run away up near the end of the street. The rest of the children continued to play at their games.

I was curious. I waited a while, walking up and down past the house where the little girl had come from. It looked ordinary enough. Sunken steps, grimy window-panes, and a door which hung by one hinge. I could not help thinking that a one-hinged door often has secrets shut up within it.

Soon I saw her coming back. Away up the street past the fire hall. Her hair still streamed behind her in indefinite curls. This time she was not alone. A stout, middle-aged woman, who ran with difficulty, was her companion. The little girl tried to draw her along faster, but the poor knees were not so agile as hers.

They went in through the door with the one hinge. Then everything was quiet for a while.

That night when the husband came home, with his tin pail, he found a tiny visitor there. His supper was ready, as usual, but there was no wife opposite him. She was lying on the bed in the other room. Her face was a little paler than usual. That was all. The middle-aged woman was acting as nurse, doctor, and housekeeper. The entrance of a new life into the little home caused not the slightest disturbance. No ceremony, no night nurse and day nurse, no doctor even. And yet—

Several of the neighbours went in that night. Not that a birth was so very unusual on the little street. All the women wanted to see the baby. They sat around the bed and laughed and talked. The husband walked to and fro from the stove in the kitchen to the bed. When he could snatch a few spare moments he glanced over the evening paper. He was a Union man and liked to keep up with the Union news. That was about all of the paper that interested him. There were many other items, of course, with great head-lines, but he did not

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Drawing by
Dorothy Stevens

"A large room was full of mothers, who dandled babies on their knees."

pay any attention to them. There were two columns devoted to the story of a picture which had been found. And there was not one of the little group of friends there who had ever heard of that picture. And they would not have been ashamed to say they had never heard of it. They were quite content to talk of the new babe, and the increase in the price of vegetables and flour.

And involuntarily I thought of the other point of view, from the streets higher up in town, where people would never admit that they did not know the meaning of Botticelli or Gioconda, even if they did not know it.

It would seem that the world is ruled by points of view.

During a lull in the talk around the bed one of the women mentioned

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something about a conversation she had overheard in a downtown store that afternoon. It was about women wanting to vote for members of Parliament.

The rest of the little group could not believe it. Such a thing was never heard of! Why should women want to do more than they were doing already? What with washing and scrubbing and mending the children's clothes they found plenty to fill up the days.

And so they chatted, never dreaming that there were several thousand people inside the same city walls who were spending their evening behind tables glistening in silver and fine crystal. These women would as soon have thought of breaking into a shop as of sipping anything stronger than a dish of tea. For they did not find it necessary to stimulate themselves for their daily scrubbing and washing.

Oh, yes, one could easily understand why the street was called the little street of indiscretion. That is, according to another point of view. For it seems that in modern civilization it is indiscreet to let others know we accept charity. And it is just as indiscreet to endeavour to live within the allowance that is our portion, and admit that we try to live within it.

Therefore, when I pass along there now I shall always think of it as the little Street of Indiscretion.

Drawing by
Dorothy Stevens

THE WAKE SONG OF COLERAINE

By JEAN BLEWETT

LIFE was a hurt, but life is o'er—
Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen!
Love was a pain, but love's no more—
Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!
Out slips the tide all silvery white—
Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen!
Nor life, nor love can hurt to-night—
Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!

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THREE WAR-TIME PICTURES

BY MARION LONG

LOOKING AT THE WAR PICTURES

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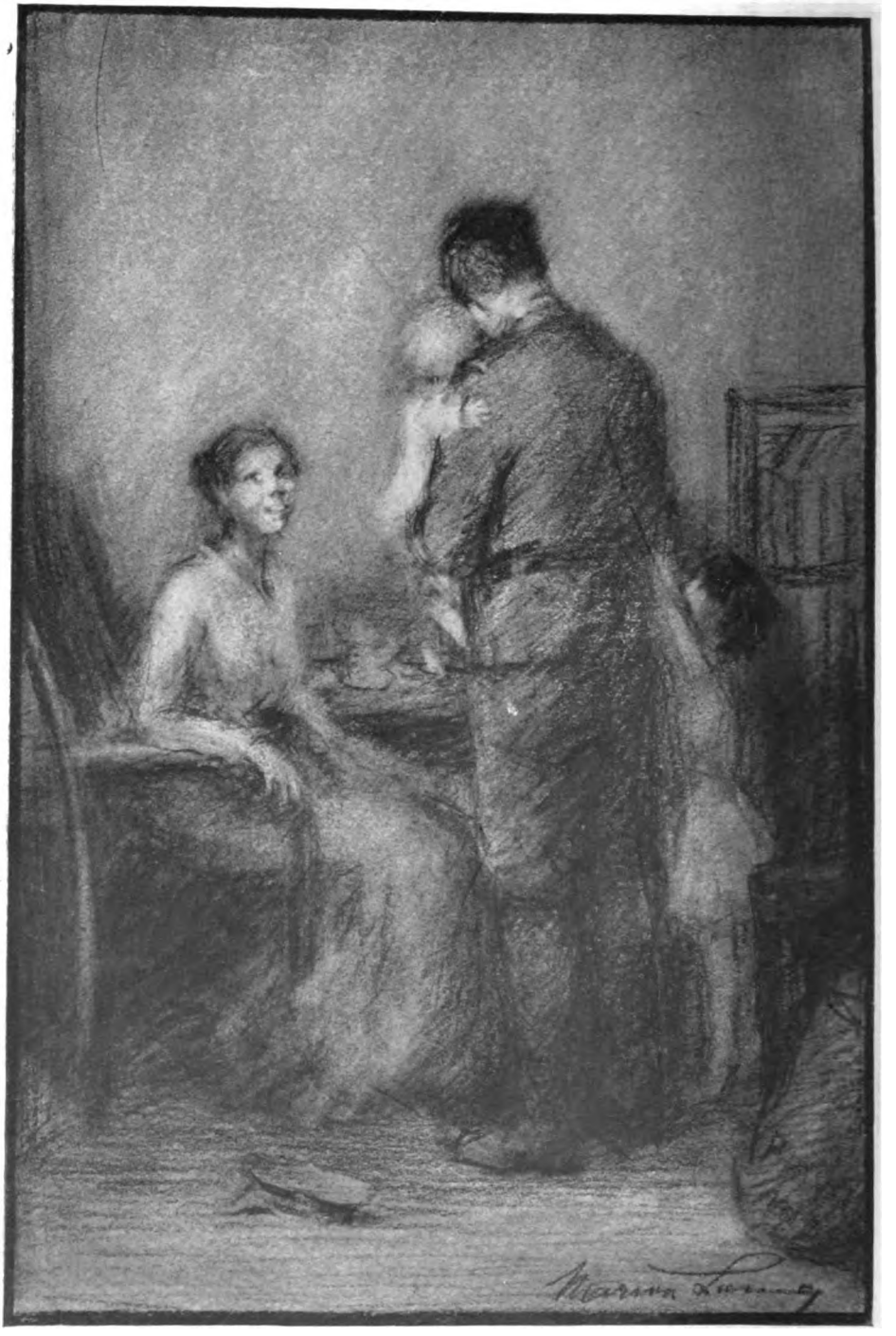

Drawing by Marion Long

HOME ON FURLOUGH

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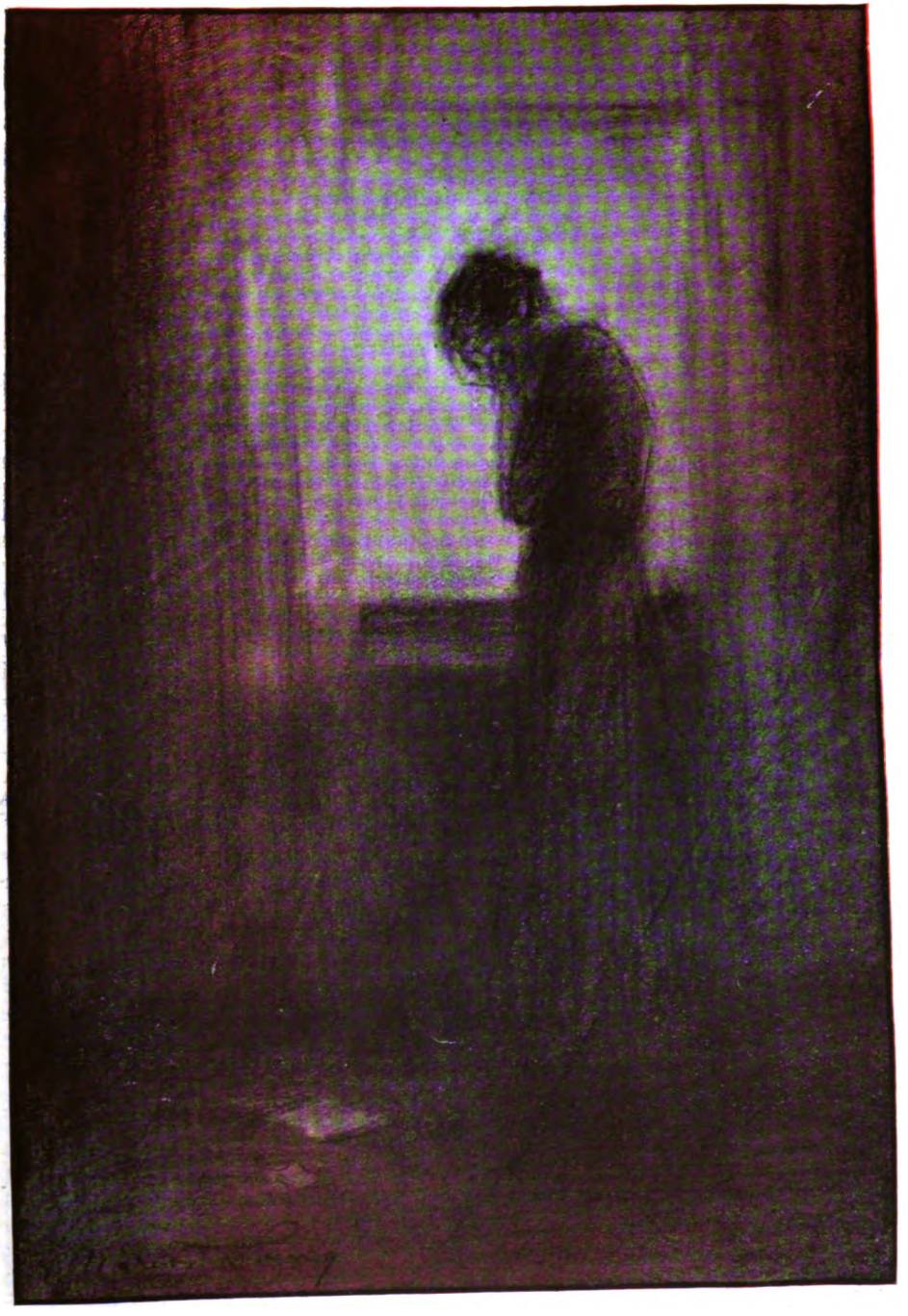

Drawing by Marion Long

KILLED IN ACTION

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OGAMA'S LAST RAID

BY REG. G. BAKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HUBERT BEYNON

HE wandered up and down the hard, stone-paved street of the city. His moccasined feet ached, and his legs throbbed as a result of continuous contact with the unyielding surface, so different was it from the muskeg and pine needles of his usual haunts. He was tired; but his one excursion into a big store had convinced him that there was no place for an Indian to rest in that feverishly busy resort of richly-dressed women and hurrying men. As a matter of fact, Ogama the redskin was not wanted in that vast emporium. He had seen emblazoned over the portal the crest of "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," just as he had seen it above the little doorway of the "Post" at which he was in the habit of trading and entering without any hesitation. "The company always glad see Old Ogama" he had assured himself: but—well, no person had paid the slightest attention to the roughly clad Indian: and, sensitive with the keen sensitiveness of his race, he had issued forth to continue his walking about the hard streets until evening, for his train would not leave until after dark.

This Indian had long promised himself a trip to the big city. Twenty-three years had elapsed since his last visit to the capital of the Province, and he had frequently listened to the stories of its wonders as related by some of the young men of the tribe; and always, at the conclusion of one of these narrations, he had told himself that the young "bucks" were lying: some day he would go and see for himself, and, oh, how he would scold those fellows on his return from that journey which should have given him proof of their falsity! Two weeks ago he had unearthed and captured a pair of black foxes, which he had disposed of to "the Company" for eight hundred dollars—a white man would have experienced no difficulty in obtaining at least three times as much, —and after settling certain matters at home, had travelled four days' journey to the nearest railway station, and thence by train to the city. He had seen many wonderful things since his arrival early that morning, and his poor old brain had at times fairly seethed under the stress of new and very awe-inspiring impressions. Motor cars; street tramways; electric lights in store windows; each fresh marvel had worked its own particular spell upon him; whilst a huge electric crane at work on a building in course of erection had held him speechless for an hour or more. Hours ago he had felt the pangs of hunger, but where could he eat? The cafés and dining-rooms were obviously not for such as he, and his pride had warned him against the possibility of a repetition of that cool reception which had been his in the Hudson's Bay Store.

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Drawing by J. Hubert Beynon

"Firmly grasping his imaginary tomahawk, the red man walked slowly down the aisle"

During each of his passages up and down the main street of the city he had passed a brilliantly decorated building which, although not a store, nevertheless displayed a number of highly coloured pictures depicting all manner of thrilling episodes. An almost continuous stream of people, young and old, well and ill-clad, entered by one door, whilst a lesser stream issued from another: before entering, it seemed that there was necessity to pay something to a gaily dressed damsel who sat in state within a beautiful glass box. Timidly Ogama approached the goddess and tendered a quarter: to his surprise he received a slip of paste-board and a ten-cent piece in exchange. In a few seconds he found himself in a large hall, dark as a moonless summer night; he felt rather than saw that there were countless chairs, the majority of which were occupied; but the one immediately to his left was vacant, and with a fervent hope that he would be allowed to remain undisturbed for awhile, he seated himself.

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Far away at the end of the hall—the largest "room" Ogama had ever entered—a piano was being vigorously pounded: but it was no appeal to the sense of hearing that had suddenly gripped him. With eyes starting almost from their sockets, with mouth open, and nostrils dilated, the redskin watched men and women ride across open country: he heard the sound of hoof beats, and it was apparent to him that those men and women were fleeing for their lives. He could not understand it, nor could he see any reason for their very evident alarm. With dramatic suddenness the prairie vanished. Gone were the riders, and the sound of their flight had ceased. Sunlight, open country, bush, and scrub had given place to a framed space in which were some letters of the white man's tongue. Had Minnehoona, his daughter, been with him, she could have informed him that those letters spelt out the legend, "Overtaken by the Indians—The fight", for Minnehoona had attended the mission school at the Reservation. Being alone and unlettered, Ogama knew not what the "reading" was, and in a few seconds it disappeared, leaving him as ignorant as ever. Then, with a delirious thrill, he saw advancing from over the crest of a rise some two miles away, a band of Indians riding in all the glories of war-paint and head-dress. Also he saw that the whites had halted and were devoting themselves to hostile preparations.

The old redskin flushed and quivered as his mind leaped back to the days when under Big Bear at Frog Lake, near Fort Pitt, he had been a member of the victorious Indian army: and again when, with Poundmaker as his chief at Cutknife Creek, he had done his part in repelling the whites with heavy losses. Scalps, and prisoners—women only—had been plentiful in those days of incessant warfare against the invading punitive hosts, and his eyes gleamed again, and his whole being took on an unaccustomed feeling of youth and vigour as he watched the magnificently mounted Indians draw closer and closer. Hardly had wonderment at the slowness of their manœuvres had time to form itself within his brain 'ere the braves, with rifles held loosely across their saddles, and with tomahawks hanging by thongs from their wrists, commenced the encircling ride. Oh, how eagerly Ogama watched them: and with what an intense glee he saw the leader of the band, whilst riding at speed, send a well-directed bullet into the head of one of the defenders! What mattered it that the shouting of the braves and the reports of their firearms did not assail his ears? He felt rather than heard them, and his savage old soul swelled and struggled within him.

No longer was he the aged Indian trapper. Young again, his limbs felt the smooth flanks of his good horse: his hands held rifle and tomahawk: in his belt hung a scalping-knife: from his brow there arose a head-dress of eagle feathers: and his great chest heaved as he rushed his steed madly ahead in that death-ride.

Round and round they raced in an ever-lessening circle: defenders fell, as also did some of his companions. But what of that? The happy hunting-grounds were always ready with a welcome for the brave who fell in combat: and scalps and spoils would be the more plentiful for the survivors. A few minutes later but two of the whites remained in active fight: the women and girls moved here and there attending to the wounded and the dying. What foolishness! And Ogama grunted viciously as he thought of the additional scalping which would result from these ministrations: for a good Indian never scalped the dead, only the living. How those two fools fought! Would they never cease that hail of leaden messengers? The ride continued, and the lust of battle glinted fiercely from the sunken eyes set above those

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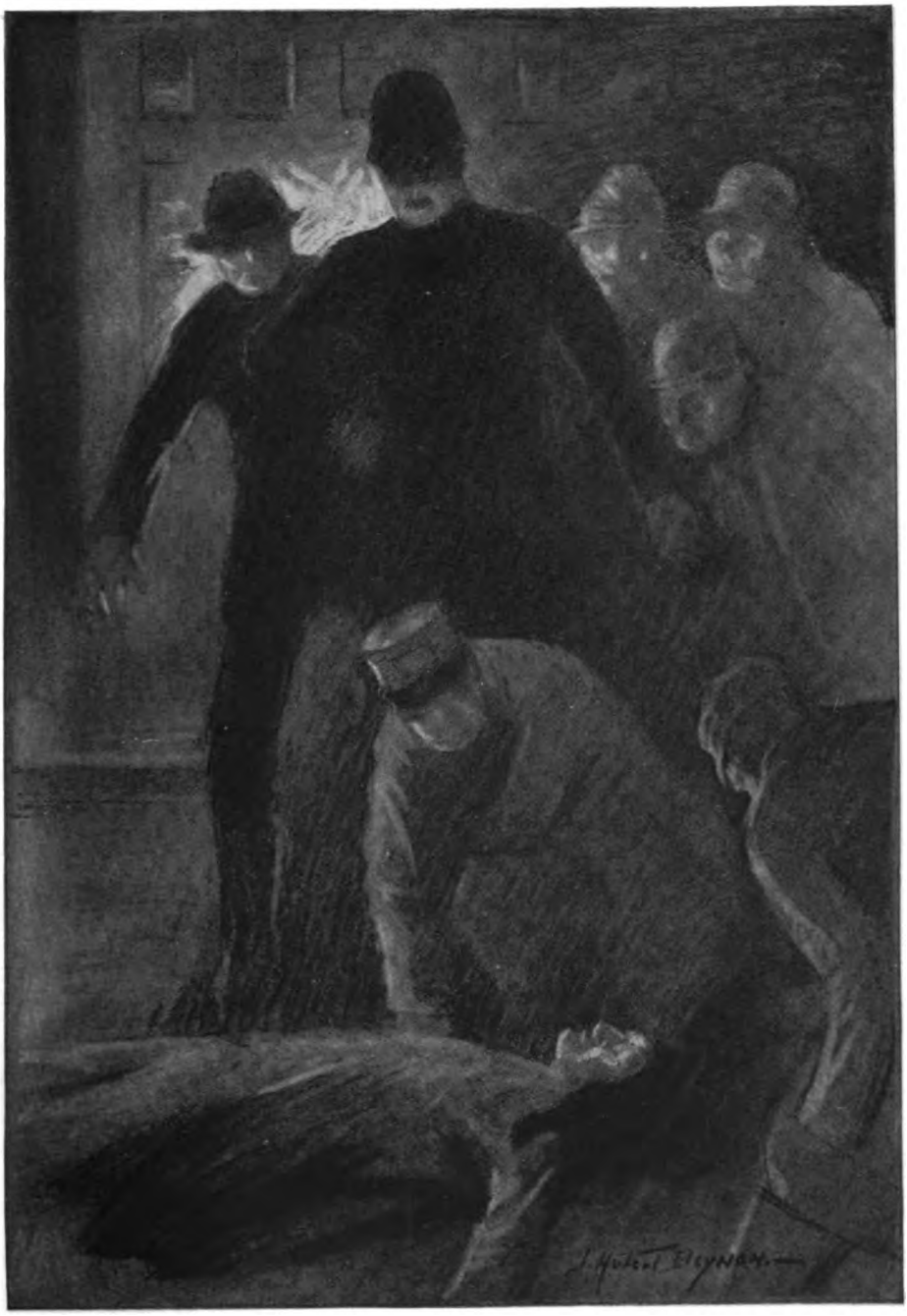

From the Drawing by J. Hubert Beynon

"A moment later the crowd was bending over him"

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high cheek bones. Ah!—at last the thing was to be ended: the braves had dismounted and were stealthily advancing from all points, regardless of the fact that ever and anon one of their number would plunge heavily forward, biting and clutching at the hard earth.

Tossing his head backward in order to throw into place his head-dress, and firmly grasping his imaginary tomahawk, the red man walked down the aisle. So quiet and cat-like were his movements that the occupants of the end seats failed to notice him as he wended his blood-thirsty way towards that little group of grimly determined whites. The sweat poured from his forehead, and his old limbs shook and trembled beneath him, but the rejuvenated heart and will of him urged onward. Already the scalping-knife seemed to be between his lips, and he grated his teeth upon it, so intent was he upon the scene in which he, Ogama the fearless, was once again to take part. Unmolested and unheeding, he passed the pianist, nor did the upturned gaze of those in the front row of seats include him.

For full sixty seconds he had been so filled with the battle-lust that his eyes had not looked upon the conflict, and during that brief period a second curtain had been shown. Minnehoona would have translated its inscription into the Indian equivalent of "The Rescue."

Suddenly, and with an intensely painful brain-snap, the old fellow realized that naught but a dark wooden structure fronted him. Bewildered, he stood up; and immediately, so close that a couple of paces would have covered the distance between him and it, yet so high as to be on a level with his own head, a fresh scene was being enacted. From all parts of the house came shouts of "sit down!" and before the mystified old Indian could fully appreciate the fact he was bundled unceremoniously into a seat mid-way up the aisle he had so recently traversed.

Still there were those figures before him; still did the Indians advance slowly, but (and so strongly did the thing appeal to him that, for a moment he could not, dared not move) a large party of whites was even now pouring a deadly stream of bullets at the erstwhile victorious redskins, who, surprised and greatly outnumbered, broke and fled. And with them, disgraced, mortified, and utterly routed, fled Ogama, the fearless.

Out through the swinging door and into the comparative glare of approaching eventide he sped, a quaking, terrified figure. Moving rapidly, with body bent parallel to the ground, and with eyes staring madly, he made his way across the sidewalk and out into the roadway.

"He's run amok!" shouted a policeman as he dashed off in pursuit.

There was a grating of brakes and a harsh grinding of wheels against rails, and a moment later the crowd was bending over him.

At the morgue Ogama lay peacefully.

Surely the spirits of his compatriots luxuriating on the broad sunlit plains of the Indian's Valhalla cannot have declined the company of such as he, for he died, as in days long past he had lived, in combat with the white man's civilization.

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THE DEFENCE OF CANADA

BY THE HONOURABLE L. G. POWER

TO prevent any mistake, it may be stated at the outset that the subject of this paper is the matter set forth in its title, "only this and nothing more". The forces spoken of would be raised and organized for the purpose of defending Canada from attack. Whatever lovers of peace may have to say against the Dominion's taking part in foreign war, none of them will go so far as to say that we should be content to see our country invaded and overrun and perhaps permanently subjugated for want of timely and effective steps to render such a consummation improbable. It is as true now as it was two thousand years ago that "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace".

Canada has been singularly favoured by Providence. She has vast tracts of fertile land, great and varied mineral deposits, productive fisheries, and most valuable forests. She has developed many of her resources and, in the matter of public and quasi-public works, need not fear comparison with any other country. Her population, of some eight millions, take it altogether, averages highly in wealth, intelligence and morality. There is no country in the world that enjoys greater liberty or greater powers of self-government. She is then a country that offers great temptations to any aggressive power, and one that claims and deserves the most earnest and generous efforts on the part of her citizens to preserve the blessings she now enjoys. Therefore, under existing conditions and until wars cease upon earth, it is the duty of the people of Canada, through their Government and Parliament to make effective provision for the defence of the country, so that this and succeeding generations may be able to say that she

> Never did, nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

How is this duty being discharged at the present time? There are between two and three thousand regulars, members of what is known as the permanent force, who are probably equal to almost any troops in the world; and there are about 50,000 militiamen who are trained for twelve days in a year. If the same men were trained year after year, this comparatively small force would be, as far as it went, fairly effective; but, as can be seen from the reports of the Inspector-General, in many parts of the Dominion, particularly in the rural districts, not more than fifty or sixty per cent. of the men drilled in any one year undergo the next yearly training. There being no regular organization of the militia and no definite scheme for filling our units to war establishment or for reserves in the military sense, Canada, as against any formidable force, is practically undefended. Our men are excellent material for soldiers; but, except the regulars and those who are now at the front or who are preparing to go there, and except a portion of the

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active militia, they may be described as an unarmed and undisciplined multitude, incapable of offering serious resistance to an attack even by a second-rate power. To bring this fact home, one has only to think of what would have been the result if, in the present war, Japan had sided with Germany instead of with Britain. Victoria, Vancouver, and all the towns and settled portions of British Columbia would have passed out of our hands within two months after the opening of hostilities; and we might deem ourselves fortunate if the tide of invasion did not flow into the region east of the Rocky Mountains. This impression is confirmed by experience in the present war which, while it has shown the superlative excellence of trained Canadian soldiers, has also shown that this country is quite unready to deal with any sudden emergency. The men who have volunteered for service abroad are largely men who have had no previous military training, and consequently the members of each contingent have had to spend not less than three months in preparing to embark for England, where they have had to put in as long a time in being got ready for the actual work of war.

The people of countries much less favoured than Canada feel compelled to put forth great and continued efforts to place and keep themselves in a position to resist attempts to seize their territory or destroy their independence; and, although Providence has singularly favoured us since 1867, we cannot build upon the presumption that the favours will be continued. Providence helps those who help themselves; and no people have a right to expect that they will in some almost miraculous way escape the natural consequences of supineness and neglect

It is clear that we have not now an effective and sufficient provision for defence, and also clear that it is our duty to make such provision. The question naturally arises, What kind of system should be adopted? It should be one that would give us a reasonable assurance that we should be able to defend ourselves against attack from any quarter, and that would not impose an undue burden upon our people, either in the way of direct spending of money or in the way of interference with farming, or other industrial or business pursuits.

There are many systems from which we might choose, if we waived the two conditions just mentioned. If those conditions are insisted upon, the field of choice is much limited. All the continental nations now at war or on the verge of it must be excluded. We shall take three countries where the military element is not predominant and where the conditions are somewhat like our own. In Europe there is in operation one system which seems to meet with general approval, the Swiss. "Switzerland," says "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1915, "depends for defence upon a *national militia*. Service in this force is compulsory and universal, with few exemptions, except for physical disability. . . . The initial training of the Swiss militia soldier is carried out in recruits' schools, and the periods are sixty-five days for infantry, engineers, and foot artillery, seventy-five days for field artillery, and ninety days for cavalry. The subsequent trainings, called 'repetition courses', are eleven days *annually*; but, after going through seven courses, (eight in the case of cavalry) further attendance is excused for all under the rank of sergeant. The Landwehr men are only called out once for training, also of eleven days."

With a population, in 1912, of 3,831,220, Switzerland could put in the field a force of 214,000 men. The yearly expenditure for military purposes is about $8,860,000.

Turning to South America, we find that, with a population of about seven millions and a half, Argentina has a standing army of 24,000 men, with a

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reserve of 174,000. Besides this, there is a national militia embracing all men between the ages of twenty and forty-five. The military budget was about $13,067,680. Chile had in 1912 a population of 3,505,317. The military budget for 1913 was about $9,120,000. The peace establishment for 1913 was fixed at 114,693. Every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is obliged to serve with the militia.

It will be seen that in each of the three countries here spoken of the defence force is much larger than in our Dominion, and that the people get a much greater return for the money appropriated for military purposes than we do in Canada.

It is not, however, necessary to go to the outside world in search of a system that would give us, at a moderate cost, a fighting force proportionately as large as that of any country on earth. One may be allowed to repeat here what was written more than thirteen years ago:

"Without going beyond our own country, we have the fact that at the time of the Union of the Provinces there was in operation in Nova Scotia a law under which the active militia, for whom the Government undertook to furnish rifles and artillery, included the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, while the reserve included all men between forty-five and sixty.

If this had been continued, there would now (1915) be as many active militia in Nova Scotia as there are in the whole Dominion. All the militiamen were enrolled, and those of the first class, the active militia, were drilled for five days every year. The officers were obliged to undergo a fairly long course of instruction and to pass examinations on their duties; and the men were drilled by sergeants qualified as instructors. Substantially, the active militia were not inferior to the present comparatively small force known by the same name. The privates did not, as a rule, wear uniforms; and, with the exception of the headquarters' staff, the adjutants and the drill sergeants, none of the force were directly paid. The yearly training was not looked upon as a burden or a grievance. In fact, it was regarded rather in the light of an annual picnic. It appears from the returns of 1867 that the total number of men enrolled in the active militia in 1866 was over 58,000, of whom 45,767 were actually drilled, while the cost of the militia for the last mentioned year was $114,460, of which amount $36,561 was of an extraordinary character, arising out of the "Fenian Scare," so called. This trifling expenditure covered besides small grants in aid of the volunteers, who were required to undergo twelve days' drill in each year, to wear uniform, and to put in a certain amount of target practice, and who numbered in 1866 something over eleven hundred.

The total expenditure on the militia in Nova Scotia under the system in operation at the time of the Union was considerably less than two dollars for each man actually drilled, or than a dollar and a half for each man enrolled in the active class. These figures seem absurdly small to us now; but they are taken from the public accounts of the Province and from the report of the Adjutant-General, which also shows as already stated that about one-sixth of the whole population was enrolled and that nearly one-seventh actually underwent military training. It is the writer's honest belief that the Nova Scotia system as it existed in 1867 was the best and cheapest in the world. Its direct cost was, as we have seen, almost incredibly small, and the interference with the industry of the Province was most trifling, while it supplied a force of over fifty thousand men well organized and officered, which in a month after a call to arms would have been prepared to do credit to the Province and would not

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have been unworthy to be associated with the British regulars.

This system was organized under Chapter 9 of the Statutes for 1862. This Act was repealed and re-enacted with amendments by Chapter 29 of the Revised Statutes passed in 1864, which was in its turn amended and re-enacted by Chapter 16 of the Acts of 1865, entitled "An Act in Reference to the Militia," the law in force at the time of the Union. This Act was made up of 163 sections and set forth in a clear, practical and comprehensive way all the provisions necessary for the maintenance and operation of the militia.

How the Nova Scotia law worked can be gathered from the report of the Adjutant-General, dated 19th October, 1866, made to the Lieutenant-Governor, who was also Commander-in-Chief:

"I have the honour to state that the five days' annual drill of all the men of martial age, *i.e.*, between sixteen and forty-five years of age, having now had the effect of forming a thorough organization by regiments, with nearly a full complement of well-trained, examined, and passed officers (with inconsequential exceptions), the militia forces of this Province by last year's returns, consisting of 59,379 of all ranks, are now well in hand, and capable of carrying out any orders they may receive from your Excellency, commanding-in-chief, with the object of further progress."

Lest it should be thought that the Adjutant-General of 1866 took too roseate a view of the force which had grown up under his control, it may be well to give two extracts from the "Report of the Board of Inquiry relating to the Claims of Applicants for Fenian Raid Volunteer Bounty in the Province of Nova Scotia," made in January, 1914:

"It is undoubtedly the fact that the whole Provincial militia was then (in March, 1866) in a splendid state of organization, extending to the remotest sections of the Province, and was capable of being mustered at the shortest notice.

"A school of instruction was established at headquarters in Halifax, which was attended by a considerable number of officers from every country in the Province in the years 1865 and 1866.

"By March, 1866, there were 113 regiments of militia efficiently organized and under training, as well as five brigades of artillery and eleven volunteer corps. The 113 regimental districts covered every foot of territory in the Province. Artillery and volunteer corps were located at various points around the coast."

The reader will perhaps have noticed that the Lieutenant-Governor was the Commander-in-Chief of the militia of Nova Scotia and may have thought that this title was merely honourary or formal. Such was not the case. The Lieutenant-Governor was the actual head of the militia department and was under no obligation to consult any member of the Provincial Administration. No doubt, he usually adopted the recommendations of the Adjutant-General; but with such an officer as the Province had at the time, that was a wise course. The marked efficiency and economy of the Militia Department were, it may be assumed, largely due to the fact that party politics did not enter into its administration. There are no doubt persons who think that, if the Governor-General of Canada, whose commission constitutes him commander-in-chief, discharged the same functions as to the Dominion as did the Lieutenant-Governor with respect to the Province, the record of our Militia Department might be even better than it is. However, neither of our great parties has advocated such a change, and there is no object in devoting space to what is a mere pious opinion.

In an article on "Militia and Defence" which appeared in *The Can-*

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adian Magazine for January, 1902, a sketch was given of the military system in operation in Nova Scotia at the time of the Union of the Provinces; and the opinion was expressed that that system or a modification of it could with great advantage be applied to the Dominion of to-day.

Credit for the excellence of the Nova Scotia system was given to Lieutenant-Colonel R. Bligh Sinclair, the Adjutant-General of Militia for the Province in those days. The whole truth was not, however, told about that able, painstaking and devoted public servant. Before the date of the Union, he submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor a "Report on advancing the State of the Nova Scotia Militia by a New Classification," which embodied an improved scheme for the organization of the provincial defence forces. The Report bears date the 19th of October, 1866, and will be found in the Third Appendix to the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1867. It shows that the Adjutant-General had made himself familiar with the German and Swiss systems and with that in operation in the Channel Islands, and explains his "design to divide the Local Forces into:

First Men for effective training,

First Service Men, and

Successive reserves, with graduated, lessening training and duty in peace."

The plan recommended that one-fifth of the whole force should be composed of the young men under the age of twenty-one, who should undergo twenty-eight days' training each year, one-fifth of First Service men to be trained for fourteen days, and the remaining three-fifths of First, Second and Third Reservists, the First with five days' training, the Second with five days' training up to thirty years of age, and then muster and review only with the Third up to forty-five. "The residue being Final Reserves, the equivalent of the Prussian Landsturm, consisting of men over forty-five capable of bearing arms."

In an official letter covering the report, Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair pointed out that the new plan would give a large number of men ready for the field, and that the First Service men would be nearly all unmarried. Scale D, a table based upon the Provincial census of 1861, showed "that under twenty years of age there are but thirty-one married men; between twenty and thirty, out of 27,998 men, only 7,022 were married; whilst from thirty to forty years of age as many as 13,514 were married, and 284 in addition were widowers, out of only 17,477; those from forty to forty-five will be nearly all married with families." He proceeded: "In considering the matter as a State affair, quite apart from natural feelings, the loss of the father of a large family is a much more serious concern from every national point than that of a person less encumbered; the State may provide liberal pensions for widows and children, but they, deprived of their natural protector, will run a sad chance of having to contend with the pressing needs of life too early in years."

Let us now consider what we should have in Canada, if the principles laid down by Colonel Sinclair were adopted.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that he dealt only with volunteers and militia, which were auxiliary forces. The British regulars formed the back bone of the Nova Scotia system and also supplied instructors and staff. At the present time in Canada, the Permanent Force would take the place of the British regulars and should constitute the nuclei of the various arms of the service, besides supplying staff and instructors for at least the First Training and the First Service Men.

The Canadian Regulars should be picked men and should constitute a

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model force. They should, like the men of the Mounted Police, have at least an elementary education, and—for the discharge of their necessary duties—should be much more numerous than now.

Apart from the necessity to provide for such arms of the service as engineers, army service men, and others which, like artillery, cannot be hastily improvised, the great increase in the body of the militia to be trained would involve a considerable, if not altogether corresponding increase in the number of regular troops, which it is submitted should not be less than 5,000.

The Militia, or to be more accurate, the Territorial Militia, would be liable for service only within the Dominion; although there would be nothing to hinder any member of the force from volunteering to serve elsewhere.

Reference to the census returns will show that in April, 1911, there were in Canada about 1,730,000 men between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, and that if the Nova Scotia law of 1865 were adopted, nearly that number of men would be available for the active force, while the reserve of men between forty-five and sixty would, according to the same returns, be about 440,000. These are large and apparently impossible figures; but they are only in proportion to those furnished by actual experience in Nova Scotia.

If we assume Colonel Sinclair's scheme—as outlined in his report of 1866 as referred to—to be adopted with certain slight modifications, we shall get the numbers in the following table as those of the men available for the several classes of the Territorial Militia.

1. First training or recruit class, composed of young men between seventeen and twenty-one, to be trained for twenty-eight days each year	280,000
2. First service men, between twenty-one and twenty-five, to be trained for fourteen days	310,000
3. First reserve, between twenty-five and thirty, to be trained for five days	370,000
4. Second reserve, between thirty and thirty-five, to attend muster and review, one day	310,000
5. Third reserve, between thirty-five and forty, muster and review one day	250,000
6. Fourth reserve, between forty and forty-five, muster and review one day	210,000
7. Final reserve, between forty-five and sixty	440,000
	2,170,000

It is only right to state that the presence in Canada of a large number of non-naturalized aliens would somewhat lessen the figures given for each class.

In an emergency—war, invasion or insurrection—the First Service men would be called out first. These men would have gone through four years' training of twenty-eight days in the year in the class of recruits, together, in the majority of cases, with additional training in their own class, would be twice as numerous as the men whom it is hoped to get by putting our present force on a war establishment, would be much better officered, organized and trained, and could be put in the field without any delay or difficulty. Next after the First Service men might go the Recruit class or the First Reserve, as the Statute or Regulations might determine, and so on, to the Final Reserve men, who would not be expected to serve beyond their respective provinces.

The Recruits, except the Staff—adjutants and instructors, who would be drawn in a great measure from the Regulars—would not be paid; although in certain cases rations and transportation might have to be supplied. Nor would the training without pay be looked upon as a grievance. The Recruit Class would be young, unmarried men, with—as a rule—no families depending upon them; and the training could be held at the season of the

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year when it would least interfere with the business of the district.

The same decision, as to the non-payment of militiamen, might be adopted as to other classes, if Parliament thought well. The obligation of the citizen to do his share towards defending his country is at least as strong as that to serve on juries or to pay school or road tax; and militia duty, when universally enforced, would be cheerfully performed without pay. In Nova Scotia, the yearly training was generally looked upon as a kind of picnic.

Each Military District should be divided into Regimental Districts. A regimental district would contain as nearly as practicable 1,000 men, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, qualified to serve in the Second Class or First Service men of the Militia. There would be a battalion of recruits between seventeen and twenty-one, and five battalions of reservists, each including the men of one class. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the First Service Battalion would naturally be the commanding officer of the regimental district. Each battalion might include such number of each arm of the service, infantry, artillery, mounted infantry, cavalry, army service men, grenadiers, machine gun men, etc., as might be deemed desirable, considering the natural features of the district. In Nova Scotia, for instance, there would not seem to be much occasion for any large number of mounted men, while in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, they would be proportionally numerous. In the cases of cities, the regimental districts might contain a larger number of men than that just mentioned.

The First Service Battalion would be uniformed as to all ranks; while, as to the remaining battalions, the efficers, commissioned and non-commissioned, should wear uniforms; and the question of supplying them to the privates might properly be left to the discretion of the Government.

Arrangements such as those suggested by Colonel Sinclair in another report might be made, especially as to the classes of the militia other than the Recruits, so as to provide that the necessary time might be devoted to training without serious interference with the men's daily avocations. "There is a remedy for this (non-attendance at drill): In summer the drill parade could be formed so early in the morning as to allow of drill before breakfast. This, with one hour at noon, and two hours after business hours, should put no one to really serious inconvenience, nor the country to serious expense."

The rough and imperfect outline just given of the proposed militia system will show that under it, if an emergency arose, Canada could place in the field at the shortest notice a well-organized and fairly trained force of 300,000 men, and would have behind that large force organized reserves amounting in the whole to not less than a million and a half.

The effect of military drill upon the physique of those who undergo it is markedly beneficial; and the effect of training in the way of instilling love of order and the spirit of discipline and obedience would be of almost incalculable value.

Apart from the cost of additional arms and of such uniforms as it might be decided to supply, all this could be secured without appreciable expense beyond that involved in the maintenance of our present small and imperfectly trained and organized active militia.

What serious obstacle stands in the way of our having such a system as that here indicated? None that I can see. Objections are heard; but in my humble opinion they are based upon misapprehension and not well-founded. One arises from the dread that Canada might fall under the control of that spirit of militarism which dominates the greater part of

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Continental Europe. But a territorial force made up of citizens whose yearly training is as short as is proposed for the Canadian militia and who so soon pass into the reserves, cannot be held to be a help to militarism, especially when there is no large, permanent army behind it.

The spirit of militarism prevails where the whole nation is a vast permanent camp or where there is a strong military class which feels itself to be apart from and above the mass of the population. No one speaks of Switzerland as being dominated by militarism. Then, it is alleged that compulsory training is conscription under another name, and that conscription is not consistent with our ideas of freedom. It is granted that there are serious objections to what is generally meant by conscription, that system under which the young men of a country are taken away from their homes and occupations and compelled to serve for two or three years in the regular army; but the same objections cannot be urged against a plan under which the youth of the country devote a few days in each year to learning, in the neighbourhood of their homes, the elements of military training, so as to be qualified for the defence of their own land. That this moderate amount of training would be enough for the purpose can be presumed from the readiness of our people to acquire military knowledge and from the results that flowed from the exceedingly limited amount of yearly drill called for by the old law of Nova Scotia.

One advantage of the system advocated would be that, as the rank and file would be furnished by the operation of law, and as the officers would have nothing to do with recruiting them, the relations between officers and men would be much more in accordance with correct ideas of discipline than those which often exist, more particularly in the case of rural corps, under the present practice. In the case of an extension of the present system, the evil would probably be increased. Again, under the Territorial system, neighbours would serve together, which is looked upon as an important consideration.

While this article deals only with the subject of defence, attention may be called to the fact that the system recommended would have beneficial effects in the case of a foreign war. There would be no need for a recruiting staff nor for recruiting meetings. The officers of each battalion would simply call for volunteers for service abroad, and from what we know of our countrymen the call would be promptly answered. It is well known that men who have had some military training are much more likely to enlist than those who have not; and those who did enlist would not be raw material needing a long preparation before they were fit to embark.

It is to be hoped that the Government will introduce, and have passed at the next session of Parliament, a bill which, if not on the lines here indicated, will make satisfactory provision for the defence of Canada. Prompt action is desirable, because our people are now keenly alive to the risks that they have run, while after a year or two of peace they would have gone back into the state of fancied security out of which the present war has awakened them.

There may be a long period of peace after the close of the vast conflict now raging. On the other hand there may not. We have the highest authority for believing that, to the end, there will be wars and rumours of wars; and the best way of preventing any attack on our country is to be prepared to resist it, no matter how sudden or unexpected it may be.

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THE PRESS CENSORSHIP

BY WILLIAM BANKS

IN the earlier months of the war Canadian newspapermen found in the vagaries of the press censorship enforced in Britain much to amuse or sharply criticize. They laughed at some of its anomalies, and they also nobly backed up their British brethern of the pen in consigning the censorship to a place where according to circumstantial evidence newspapers, or any other kind of paper, would not last one second after being thrown in the doorway. They helped to spread abroad the stories told to illustrate the mental status of the men engaged in applying the censorship, as, for instance, the holding back for several days of a cable despatch giving a championship tennis match score, on the ground that the figures might contain a code wherein was hidden information of importance to the enemy.

And now the Canadian newspapers, for the first time in their history, have at Ottawa a censorship of their own; or rather a censorship that is applicable to them all, magazines included. It is backed up by Federal legislation and orders-in-council. Newspapermen do not regard it as "a thing of beauty" or "a joy forever," and none of them have been known to propose a toast to it. If any has done so, the fact has been carefully suppressed by the chief censor and his minions.

As to the post-office censorship, which is just now bothering many people in addition to those engaged in newspaper work, it is not intended to discuss that here. If the authorities could devise some scheme whereby this phase of the censorship could be extended to put a stop forever to the influx of masses of useless circulars, particularly from the United States, they would be accomplishing a useful work. If the post-office censorship could be still further extended to put a stop to the annoying habit that some people have of sending out their accounts by mail, many other people would rise up and call it blessed.

Reverting to the press censorship, it must be admitted that the staff of every newspaper is quite heartily in favour of its application—to other newspapers. The problem that has confronted the chief censor, the genial Major Ernest Chambers, of Ottawa, is to find a working basis which would be applicable to all newspapers, with the least possible amount of annoyance and inconvenience.

An invariable result of a censorship is the spread by word of mouth of wild stories, generally of disasters. The strictness of the British censorship last year was responsible for many of these. You remember the day when General French, Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France, was captured, and when Prince Louis of Battenburg was shot in the tower of London as a traitor! Nor have you forgotten the shock to your already harassed and perplexed mind produced by the news that seven British Dreadnoughts had been sunk at the mouth of the Thames by an

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invisible enemy, and that King George had been assassinated. Perhaps you were among the thousands who demanded of the various newspapers—usually over the telephone—immediate confirmation or official denial of these and other stories, the recollection of which makes you smile now.

Having read and heard a great deal that was condemnatory of the British press censorship, you may have attributed the non-publication of reports of disasters to British arms to the extension of censorship to Canada. Perhaps you had visions of pale-faced newspapermen going about their tasks under the watchful eyes of armed military guards, ready to blow out editorial brains or stick a bayonet into reportorial vitals on the slightest sign of an attempt to publish any one of these reports.

There was then no censorship of the Canadian newspapers such as is in force to-day. The newspapermen exercised their own discretion in respect to all these reports. Occasionally they received requests from the naval or military authorities at Ottawa asking that certain items be not published until a set date, or not at all. But none of them related to the stories of disasters to British arms. It is not the way of British governments to hide disasters, the mystery as to the mishap to the dreadnought *Audacious* notwithstanding.

I first heard the story that General French had been captured at a chance meeting with four or five business men. One of them asked if the others did not think it remarkable that no word regarding General French had been published for some time. The others agreed.

"Well," said he who had propounded the query, "I've been talking to a man who arrived from England yesterday, and he was told by a man who is in touch with the military authorities over there that General French and several members of his staff were captured weeks ago."

"Do you honestly believe that the British authorities could hide an occurrence like that even if they wanted to?" I asked.

The opinion of the group was against me. Such a calamity could be hidden, they argued.

Then I told a true story of the Boer war to illustrate my contention that it was unwise to place reliance on rumours of disasters and victories. During the days when General Buller's first advance for the relief of Ladysmith was under way, there were many rumours of British successes but no confirmation. One evening a young and enthusiastic telegraph editor on a Toronto newspaper, his face glowing with happiness, entered the office of the managing editor, waving a cable sheet.

"Victory for Buller!" he cried, in tones loud enough to be heard all over the editorial flat. All the members of the staff who were on duty that night rushed to the spot.

The "Chief" took the cable from the telegraph editor and read it aloud. It was from the London, England, representative of the newspaper, and stated that he had it from a man in close touch with the War Office that Buller had won a striking victory. The War Office, with the sanction of the Government, had, however, decided that no details should be given until the victorious army joined hands with Sir George White's force in beleaguered Ladysmith. It was decided by the managing editor that the story be published as received. Three hours later there arrived in the same newspaper office—in common with others—the text of the report issued by the War Office announcing the defeat of General Buller at Colenso, with the loss of eleven guns. The story of Colenso would have been frankly told by the British authorities had there been a censorship as in the present war. There is no doubt that much that was at the least indiscreet was allowed to go over the cable and telegraph wires of the world during the

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Boer War, and that the enemy, in the earlier periods of the campaign particularly, profited by it. No such mistake has been made this time.

Of course, the censorship, both in Britain and Canada, is still hotly criticized. In many of its phases the British censorship in particular deserves all the harsh things that have been said of it and more. On the other hand, a great deal of information that would be of invaluable assistance to the enemy has been kept back for precious days, sometimes for weeks, and sometimes altogether, because of the censorship, a most essential thing in view of the wonderful system of espionage that all the world knows is conducted by the Germans.

The extension and application of the censorship in its present form in this country has been gradual. It covers matters both of an Imperial and national character. The wish of the Imperial authorities has become tolerably well known to those at Ottawa through the constant interchange of communications. Because of our own military activities due to direct participation in the war, there are many things occurring in the Dominion every day in regard to which it is desirable that little, if anything, should be made public, and the Canadian censorship is really a combination of some features of that in Britain and of regulations that experience is showing are essential to this country.

The newspapers of this country are infallible. No one knows that better than themselves. Some of them, in response to a general invitation, assisted the chief censor and the military authorities, at a conference held in Ottawa, to draw up a set of regulations for the guidance of the Canadian newspapers. Their success was remarkable. Reading the regulations one might be pardoned for the immediate conclusion that they prohibit the publication of anything and everything but notable successes for the allied arms, and that even then care should be taken to omit names of places at which the victories were won in order to keep the enemy in profound ignorance of the localities. Let me anticipate some one who might rise at this moment to suggest that perhaps the enemy knows the names of those places, by stating at once that perhaps he does not. Wouldn't it be a pretty smart thing on the part of the Allies to allow the enemy to believe that he lost a terrific battle at a certain place, when as a matter of fact it had been fought in the suburbs of a point twenty miles away? The moral effect on the exact Teutonic mind on subsequently finding itself guilty of such a grevious error would be incalculable. As a matter of fact, however, there are saving clauses in the regulations which allow of some latitude to the newspapers, and which call for the continuous exercise of the discretion that all newspapermen are known to possess.

The greatest trial of the Canadian newspapermen to-day arises from the proximity of the United States, to the newspapers of which the censorship is not applicable. Even the pro-Ally papers of that country, and happily they are in the majority, are full of stories that would be prohibited by the censorship in Britain or Canada. All of them are not based on fact; a number of them are, and of the latter it is safe to say that the most were known in Canadian newspaper offices before they appeared in print across the border. United States newspapers come into Canada in great quantities, and their readers here not infrequently clip out stories which come under the ban in this country and send them to Canadian newspapers; sometimes with marginal notes that make the recipients see red. Having once appeared in an American paper, a story is no longer taboo for those of Canada unless it is manifestly untrue or utterly disloyal. But that is cold comfort to the news-gatherers of the Dominion.

You might as an illustration ima-

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gine the feelings of Canadian newspapers, many of whom knew that it was coming off, when a New York newspaper first published the story of a number of submarines built in Montreal, safely making the journey across the Atlantic under convoy and being assigned to various units of the British fleet. But you could not in the widest flights of your imagination begin to do justice to the feelings of the newspapermen who were informed from Ottawa, even as they read it, "that the story re submarines published in New York is O.K. and may be published by newspapers in Canada."

There have been very few stories of greater interest than those connected with the arrival in Halifax of British war vessels carrying huge amounts of gold and securities for deposit in New York in connection with the purchase of war supplies for the Allies. In the offices of the larger daily newspapers, in Canada at any rate, the approximate date of the arrival of these treasure ships was known, and later the routes that the trains carrying the treasure would take were also well known, but the press, at the request of the censor, refrained from publishing these and many other facts until it was reasonably certain that the gold and the securities had reached New York.

No blame could have attached to the Canadian press had anything happened to one of these rich cargoes en route. The New York papers played up the stories, however, from a period extending over a day or two before the cargoes were landed until their arrival in the United States metropolis.

Of course, it would not be wise or proper to enlighten the public on all the rules and regulations that the censorship provides for the guidance of the newspapermen.

One instance, however, might be cited: the regulation prohibiting information on the location of munitions factories. In the past publicity has been freely given to these, because the establishment of a new industry in the smaller cities and towns of the country is a matter of real concern to the respective communities. But the censorship—rather late in the day, to be sure—says that such information should not be published, and the attempts that have already been made to blow up or burn down several workshops and factories where munitions and military equipment are being made shows the necessity for some check on announcements as to where these establishments are situated.

It would be incorrect to say that even since the appointment of the censor and the adoption of a real censorship system no Canadian newspapers have deviated from the regulations. There have been some breaks, but it is certain that these have not been the result of deliberate intent to flount the censorship or to give information to the enemy. In the work of getting a newspaper to press, especially a daily newspaper, a great many stories have to be handled at top speed, and occasionally a story gets by that would not have a chance had it been read over two or three times. But of this every reader may be certain—neither the Imperial or Canadian authorities would ask the press of the Empire to suppress news of disasters to the Allies' cause. If they did the censorship would end at once, because the newspapers would refuse to be bound by it, and it would be impossible to jail all the editors or stop all the presses.

When news of disasters is not given in the newspapers it is because disasters have not occurred. When the long-hoped-for big Allied "push" begins, and the Teuton trek back to the Fatherland starts, it will be the beginning of the end for the censorship; *Kultur* and the censorship will both crumble up at just about the same time.

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THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

VI.—THE GOLDEN SPIKE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

TO the writer whose public life in Western Canada was almost coincident with that of Donald A. Smith in his wonderful Canadian career from 1871 to 1914 the conception, origination, construction and development of the Canadian Pacific Railway seem to constitute a great chronometer marking the rise and achievements of at least the Western Canada of to-day. Despite the vapourings of jaundiced minds, political critics, aggrieved rivals, or soured and embittered scribblers, who disregarding the old proverb "Speak nothbut good of the dead," have written what they dared not when he lived, Donald A. Smith must be admitted to have been the main spring of that great enterprise which has marked Canada's growth from childhood into the strong young manhood of to-day.

As the veteran J. J. Hill this year remarked to the writer: "It was the men of the syndicate of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway of 1879 who built the Canadian Pacific." Those men who did it were Stephen, Angus, Hill, Kittson and Donald A. Smith—all born or reared in Canada.

The infancy and childhood of the first transcontinental railway had been marked by weakness, feverishness, and even symptoms of dissolution. The attempts, in democratic communities, of governments to build great expensive public works have very often failed. They lack the power of concentration, economic management and singleness of aim that an autocrat or an organized company, with self interest, is seen to possess.

It will be recalled that a Pacific Railway Bill had passed in the Dominion Parliament in 1872, but it was inoperative on account of the Pacific scandal and fell to the ground. The Mackenzie Government, instead of giving the contract to a company, intended to build it gradually in sections, as a government work. On the defeat of the Mackenzie Government in 1878 the Macdonald Government in 1880 returned to their policy of giving over the building and management of the railway to a private company. It is our duty to point out the rising and falling tides of their great undertaking. As agreed on in 1880 the new company was to take over the railway already built and the material belonging to the government, receive $25,000,000 in money and 50,000,000 acres of land, complete the building of the line within ten years and then to possess and run the railway for all time. It is to be noted that afterward the Canadian Pacific sold half of their land grant back to the government.

Where in all these steps in the complicated evolution of the Canadian Pacific Railway does Donald A. Smith appear? All the world knows that on account of the political independence of Donald A., he was not

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a "persona grata" to the men whom he had opposed and defied—Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper. Nevertheless, as we shall show, Donald A. Smith was the mainspring of the whole railway enterprise. It was marvellous how for the success of the undertaking and to avoid arousing further antipathies of a political kind he calmly and effectually suppressed himself in the early Canadian Pacific Railway days. Little did it distress him, so long as he gained final supremacy. In this was his greatness. Penny-a-liners have spoken of Donald A.'s humiliation in this matter. Some of his friends have even sought to show that every effort was made to keep the knowledge from Premier Macdonald that Donald A. was a member of the syndicate. This is all nonsense, as shown by Sir Charles Tupper in his "Recollections of Sixty Years" published last year (1914). On page 141 Sir Charles says distinctly: "The names of Mr. Smith and Mr. J. J. Hill did not appear in the agreement, their interest being held by other parties." These names were omitted to please in one case the enemies of Donald A. and in the other the so far dreadfully unpalatable fact of having an American citizen as director in the Canadian syndicate. The whole body of Parliament knew where Donald A. stood.

For the whole time the silent, working mainspring of the enterprise was continually in its place, giving power and direction. For six long years—1881 to 1887—Donald A. in his freedom from the cares of parliamentary life and with his ready adaptability in meeting the crisis of the Railway Company was of invaluable assistance to Canada.

The first important step taken by the syndicate was in building the railway through a wilderness of 2,550 miles of which it was declared that there were in the rocky cliffs on the north shore of Lake Superior, to quote the words afterward uttered by their master-builder, "200 miles of engineering impossibilities." The writer can support this apparent paradox as to the "north shore" as it was familiarly called. On a special steamer chartered for the trip in 1869 he saw this stretch of two hundred miles of serried cliffs of seemingly impassable primitive rocks. All Canadians admitted that they were impregnable. Further, the writer in the middle of "the Seventies" saw the blasting operations on contract fifteen of continuous rocks between Selkirk and Rat Portage. He saw on one occasion at that period a train of freight cars filled with dynamite explosives opposite the city of Winnipeg, which so alarmed the citizens that they gave no rest till the combustibles were hurried by wagon down the Dawson Road to the Lake of the Woods. It was generally admitted that in the course of years a line of some 450 miles might be built from the prairie capital to Fort William, but every one declared that a railway along the north shore of Lake Superior was chimerical if not absurd.

It was on February 15, 1881, that the first sod of the new Canadian Railway was turned. As the building was westward from Winnipeg over the open prairie good headway was made in that year—162 miles of railway track. Over this line the Marquess of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, passed on a trip followed afterward by wagon 800 miles to the Rocky Mountains. The critics of the railway, in Parliament and out of it, maintained that the line east of Winnipeg—if at all—could not be built in ten years, the time required by the contract. But the two invisible partners—Donald A. Smith and J. J. Hill—found the man who could work wonders. This railway magician was a young man, thirty-eight years of age, who had risen from being a telegraph boy at the age of fourteen, to pass from railway to railway till in 1880 he became general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Rail-

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road—then the largest railway in the United States. This railway builder was William Van Horne. In a few weeks he proved himself the man for the enterprise. When knowing critics declared that the Lake Superior section could not be built, he openly undertook to build it at once. Of this discouraging region, a writer said: "This country to be crossed was a waste of forest, rock and muskeg out of which almost every mile was hewn, blasted or filled up, and in places the filling up of muskeg proved to be a most difficult task." How was this done? The answer has been given: "Twelve hundred railway labourers and from 1,500 to 2,000 teams of horses were set to work involving the use of a dozen steamers for the transport of materials and provisions." The problem boldly faced by the new general manager was one which well might daunt the most venturesome and daring spirit. Van Horne was constantly in sore vexation. There were moments during the work when even William Van Horne's stout heart almost failed him. Discouraging reports from surveyors and engineers, the discovery of unexpected obstacles, the varied phases of weather, rain following rain, and flood following rain, made the task hard beyond the comprehension of ordinary man. It is to be remembered that there were stretches for scores and scores of miles of unbroken forest and rockland without a settler. This may suffice to "sing the man and the hero"! But severe criticism, political enmity, transatlantic ignorance of Canadian conditions, the sensitiveness of the British money market, and the reputation of many "wild cat" American schemes all contributed to make the path of the syndicate one of thorns and briers.

When a prominent parliamentarian declared that in the mountain region of British Columbia the railway would never "pay for axle grease," when a most notable financial collapse had just taken place (1881-2) in the new city of Winnipeg which was to be chief centre of the new railway, and while immigration agents in the Western States were constantly influencing immigrants who passed through their borders from going to what they represented as "a land of ice and perpetual snow," it was a wonder that the syndicate and its employees did not give up their work in despair. But the "Canadian Pacific" builders had "hearts of oak." In their distress they turned naturally to the Canadian Government for help. Sir George Stephen and his cousin Donald A. Smith "from behind the curtain" had already pledged their whole private means to maintain the credit of the railway. The stock of the company fell to 35¾ cents on the dollar. The situation became desperate. The story of deliverance has been often told, and fortunately there seems about it to be no dispute, among the many differences of opinion which prevailed at this time in Canada. Donald A. Smith's greatest enemy said: "The only member of the syndicate who never became pessimistic or who never lost his nerve was Donald A. Smith."

A wealthy, public-spirited member of the Cabinet, a prominent Roman Catholic, and one of Toronto's richest and most influential men—Senator Frank Smith—took up the case of the infant and sorely afflicted railway. He had become persuaded that it was a child of promise. The Canadian Pacific and the credit of the country were at stake, but on the other hand nothing less than the enormous sum of $30,000,000 would carry the Canadian Pacific Company through. The Government was the only agency strong enough to obtain this vast amount. Friends of George Stephen —now Lord Mount-Stephen—have told the writer of the absolute despair into which he fell. He went hurriedly back and forward from Montreal to Ottawa. Bankruptcy after a most successful mercantile career stared Stephen in the face. Friends attend-

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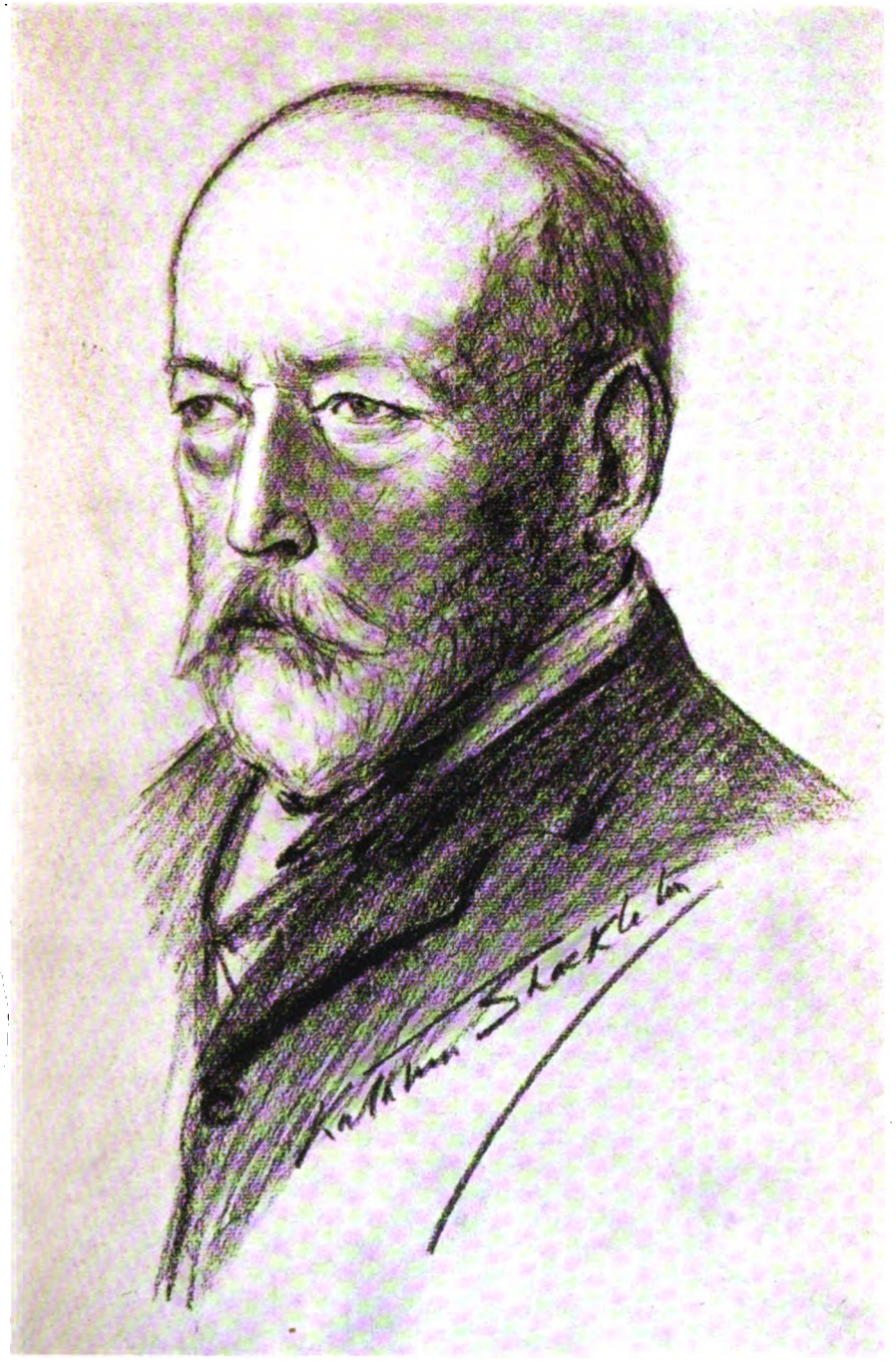

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

From the Charcoal Drawing by
Kathleen Shackleton

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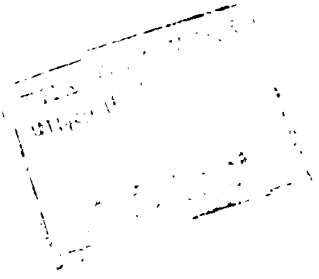

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ed closely to him in his fearful distress. But Sir John Macdonald was hard to convince. He was an old and far-seeing politician. He expected to go to the country in a year or sooner. He knew agricultural Ontario on which his return depended. He had strong opponents in Blake, Mackenzie, Cartwright, and Charlton. He knew that the Ontario farmers were blaming the government policy in Lanark, Huron, Bruce, Wellington and many other counties for leading their farmers to the Northwest by way of Chicago and St. Paul. Thus farms and loans were less in value. The Premier feared a political storm. Dislike to Donald A. Smith was but a trifling matter compared with the possible debacle which might ensue. The Premier remembered the overthrow of 1872. Any one can see that Sir John was right in his stand as a politician and party leader. Yet the stars in their courses were fighting against the Siseras who warred against western development and the future of Canada. Parliament passed the legislation for the loan of thirty million dollars, which was floated in England. The credit of the company was saved. By granting the loan Canada received the concession that the syndicate would finish the railway from ocean to ocean in five years. This promise was fulfilled within the time agreed upon, and what was quite as creditable the large loan with interest at four per cent. was paid by the railroad when it came due. In all the anxiety, pressure and flurry in the whole circle of Canadian Pacific influence the moving spirit was Donald A. Smith. Those who have studied out the motives that actuated the broad-minded Senator Frank Smith in his heroic stand for the Canadian Pacific Railway have little difficulty in seeing as a writer has shown that "he was blessed with that large-hearted Irish characteristic of sympathy for friends and foes alike."

The keen party politician cannot easily understand Frank Smith subscribing toward the election expenses of a political opponent; but any student of honest human nature can see that Frank Smith was of the same type of mind as Donald A. Smith and his cousin George Stephen, viz., to be not a strong partisan but one in whom both the views of Whig and Tory could agree. It is a benevolent arrangement of Providence that there are minds of perfectly honest intent which can look beyond the seemingly impenetrable skin of the political pachyderm and see high motive and perfectly honest intent in the men who sit on the political middle benches. All honour to the trio Frank Smith, Donald A. Smith, and George Stephen. The career of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from a business standpoint, has been one of high ideals. Its officials have almost always been men of honour and unblemished character. William Van Horne became a thorough-going Canadian, and he not only reached the position of President of the Company but became a thorough British subject and received the honour of Knighthood from his sovereign. One of the men of high character and remarkable influence in the company (afterward western manager of the Canadian Pacific) was Sir William Whyte, who had passed through the various grades of railway life and was prominent in almost every noble and charitable enterprise in Western Canada. He left around every stage of his career an aroma of goodness. The cosmopolitan character of the Canadian Pacific Railway was also seen in the rise to its highest position of manager of an American of Irish descent who fills at present the highest place in the company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy still in the vigour of life as a useful citizen in Montreal

These men and others in this service have left a legacy of benevolence, uprightness, considerateness and high character which have reflected honour on the great railway organization to

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which they belonged, and in the honesty and shrewdness by which its affairs were managed along with a keen business sense and capacity in dealing with the interests of their shareholders. That Lord Strathcona as a leading influence in the Canadian Pacific Railway showed a constant regard for the interests of the clientelle of the railway cannot be disputed, but that he was a hard, unreasonable or greedy Shylock is most strenuously denied by all of his business associates and by his most intimate friends. Of his great generosity mention will be made in another chapter. It is quite true that the busy tongue of criticism, innuendo and even of open slander attacked him and charged him with being deep, self-seeking and disingenuous in hiding his desire for fame or for having the plaudits of the multitude. As an intimate friend the writer knows that Donald A. Smith waived many prominences that many other men would have sought eagerly. A well-known friend of Lord Strathcona said to the writer, "Oh well, you know Strathcona liked to sit on the front seat." Well perhaps that is human. The wisest man the world ever knew did say, "before honour is humility," yet he also held up for admiration the man, "who is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land". Another mutual friend also said to the writer, "Did you ever know Donald A. Smith to resign anything or give up anything?" My answer was, "Many a time and oft we have known him to set aside what would have given him greater prominence." That he did like notice by the late King Edward he candidly admitted to the writer, but again the same greatest wise man said that it was worth while "to stand before kings," and said that the diligent in business should so stand, and not before obscure men.

Lord Strathcona was proud of the "Canadian Pacific"—not forgetting the magnificent fleet of merchant ships of the *Empress* type and other ocean monsters. Who could grudge him that pleasure? Was he not like Drake "ploughing a furrow around the world"? His own company on the completion of the Canadian Pacific main line from ocean to ocean saw no rival for him. Then the time came for driving in the last spike at the little town where the junction was made between east and west, to which they gave the name in the motto of his clan ancestors. Thus they recognized his tremendous courage, stability, resource, and confidence in standing by the national highway in its darkest days.

Colonel, now General, Steele, who was an eye-witness of the driving of the spike, lately writes in his interesting book of Reminiscences, "Forty Years in Canada": "The principal directors in Canada and the leading men of the staff arrived from the east by a special train, passed through Revelstoke in the morning of Nov. 7th, 1886, picking up several of us who had the privilege of proceeding with them. There were two well-filled trains of excursionists, and when they arrived at the place Mr. Donald Smith raised the heavy sledge hammer provided for the occasion, and with vigorous strokes drove the spike which united the great Dominion from ocean to ocean. Among those present were Mr. James Ross, Manager of Construction, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, Manager of the C.P.R., Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. James Dickie, Dominion Government Engineer, Mr. John M. Egan, Superintendent of the lines west of Fort William, Mr. John McTavish, Land Commissioner of the Company, and many others.

"The trains now continued on their way passing over the last laid rails and the place, which is now named 'Craigellachie,' the significant motto of the Clan Grant, and speeded on their way to the Pacific."

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CANADA'S MIGHTY GAINS FROM THE WAR

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

WHEN the majestic trump that shall herald the Long Peace sounds over the world, what is going to happen to Canada?

We are living a poignant, ecstatic, artificial life now. Spiritually we are buoyed up—with great hopes centred in Europe. Industrially we are keeping triumphantly afloat—with war orders that more than total in volume the whole value of our western wheat crop.

This artificial life is coming to a sudden end. The cables that flash the word "peace" will the next moment be ticking off the cancellation of war orders. The Magnificat that sends to Heaven our joy over hopes fulfilled will leave us confronted by a to-morrow lacking something vital that was in our yesterday.

What is going to happen to Canada?

This much is certain: We are not going to resume where we left off. The Canada of the pre-war days belongs to an era that has passed away for ever. It is as much a part of history as is the Canada of the nineteenth century. We do not realize that now, but we shall realize it when war activity ceases and we face the new conditions. We shall then discover that many of the props which supported our Tower of Success have gone. It will be necessary to find others to help us preserve the perpendicular.

Can we do it? Well, let us look the situation squarely in the face.

On the negative side here is what will confront us:

War orders cancelled.

No likelihood of railway building or other constructive work for development purposes taking their places.

Manufacturing plants, capitalized and equipped to carry the peak load of boom times, consequently far ahead of domestic requirements.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers with first claim on our sympathies returning and flooding the labour market.

Huge sums in interest to be paid on the vast capital borrowed by federal and provincial governments, municipalities, railways and industrial concerns generally.

No likelihood of immigration getting into its stride until the latter end of a year from the declaration of peace.

All this looks serious. But there is a positive side to the picture. That side is represented by the mighty gains which the war is bringing and will bring to Canada.

The first of these gains is that Canada has been enabled through the war to demonstrate to the world that she is in the front rank as a manufacturing country. Of course we knew all about this before. But the world did not. To the world we

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were a nation of farmers. The world could not be blamed for that. We were so busy manufacturing for a population the growth of which was artificially stimulated by the expenditure of millions upon millions of money on constructive works that we had no time or inducement to send any appreciable portion of our manufactures abroad.

When the war came the army that we sent over to Europe made a great impression. But the really astounding moment came when the Empire was officially informed that Canada was making more shells than all the private plants in Great Britain put together! There was another spasm of surprise when Sir Thomas Shaughnessy landed in England and told the public there that although Canada was doing this, she could easily increase her shell output ten-fold, and begged to be allowed a bite of the business to that extent. Lloyd George despatched his munitions organizer, D. A. Thomas, over to Canada right away. Mr. Thomas confessed to surprise at the extent and capacity of our industrial plants, and declared that in one of our great steel works he saw a double forging turned out in a manner superior to anything of the kind he had witnessed.

While all this was going on, difficulty arose over an order for submarines that Great Britain had placed in the United States. Mr. Bryan considered that to deliver such submarines complete and ready for use to Great Britain would be a breach of neutrality. Possibly it would, for if the States could deliver them to one power it could deliver them to another, and doubtless Germany would be glad of the delivery of a few submarines ready for use on this side of the Atlantic. This diplomatic difficulty was a stroke of luck for Canada. It resulted in the discovery of a splendidly-equipped and up-to-the-minute shipbuilding plant in Montreal. To Montreal, therefore, the order was transferred. Montreal broke all records in speed of construction. In a comparatively short time she had turned out a whole flotilla of submarines—submarines of such capacity and endurance that they were able to cross the Atlantic under their own power—the first submarines ever to accomplish such a feat. Another magnificent advertisement for Canada's manufacturing capacity.

Still another advertisement came when one of our steel magnates dropped across to Russia and came back with an $85,000,000 order from that country, with more millions to follow.

All this is gratifying, because it gives Canada a flying start in the export trade on a grand scale. It is, too, a magnificent help to Canada in the transition period from a constructive to a productive era, upon which, just before the war she was beginning to enter. In the constructive era which was rapidly drawing to a close we had, under our National Policy, built up the most astoundingly-extensive manufacturing industries that any young nation had ever evolved. We had contrived to secure to ourselves not only the major portion of the manufacturing business involved in the expenditure of fabulous sums on the building and equipment of vast railway systems and Government and municipal works, but also the major portion of the manufactures consumed by the great army of engineers, mechanics and labourers brought to Canada to carry on this temporary and not immediately productive work.

Well, as has been said, the abnormal activity consequent on providing Canada in a few years with an equipment that no other country has ever got in less than a hundred years was departing. It was leaving us with a manufacturing capacity far beyond our immediate requirements, and with little prospect of getting into the foreign markets to

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the extent necessary to keep those manufacturing plants working at anything near their capacity.

The war has provided the way out. It wrote an abrupt "Finis" to our constructive era, but it has given us a start on our productive era, and infinite possibilities and opportunities for extending that start. The first outstanding gain that the war has brought to Canada, then, is that her manufacturers have got a flying start in the export trade such as would have taken half a century to develop by other means. As an indication of this, the Government returns show that the export of manufactures from Canada for the first six months of this year amounted to $71,452,528, against $31,776,496, an increase of $39,676,032, or considerably more than 100 per cent. And they have increased at an even faster rate since.

Clap on to this outstanding consideration the fact that Germany, the great price-cutter of the nations, is put out of the running in world trade, and will be too financially demoralized to resume Government-subsidized business grabbing.

Clap on to that the fact that Canada and the British Empire will face a world whose friendship for them will show an unprecedented unanimity and even enthusiasm.

Clap on to that the immediate requirements arising out of the reconstruction of devastated Europe, and the development that will come as a result of the emancipation of Europe for ever from the threatened thraldom of Germany.

There are other considerations that may be clapped on, but these will suffice for the time being to indicate what a mighty business gain will be Canada's.

Do we realize the possibilities of the new conditions? Are our Government and our industrial and commercial leaders alive to the opportunities? Because if we are to reap the full benefits of the new era which the war is opening for us, we must begin now to prepare for the great world-trade that will be open to us. Already overseas friends are knocking at our doors. India has sent inquiries for manufactures of metal. Australasia is looking for an extension of reciprocal trading. Russia is ready to extend in her enormous empire the trade we have begun with her, as is shown by the following despatch:

Ottawa, August 23.—Russian banks are interested greatly in Canada's determination to enter the Russian market, according to a further report received by the Department of Trade and Commerce from Mr. C. F. Just, special Canadian trade commissioner. Mr. Just gives an extended list of articles which could be made the basis of a large trade between this country and Russia.

Russia needs the light type of agricultural machinery and the trade, says the commissioner, is capable of indefinite extension. A Canadian forwarding agency in Russia is recommended. Mr. Just states that the forwarding business has been in German hands, and that "it has been attended with disagreeable surprises since the war began."

The end of the war will see for Canada big opportunities in friendly markets that would not have come but for the war.

Then again: At the date of writing the war orders placed in Canada by Great Britain amounted, according to an official statement by D. A. Thomas, to at least $230,000,000. The Allies have also placed orders, bringing the total to more than $300,000,000. Added to this as a more or less immediate gain from the war must be the enormous impetus given to our agricultural development—a hundred per cent. increase in our wheat crop compared with last year being one of the items. Put together, these two factors—war orders and a crop that under war stimulus reaches a record in quantity and value—will mean the bringing of much ready money into Canada, and money not in the form of loans but in payment for value received.

Canada should also gain greatly in

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bone-fide agricultural settlement as a result of the war. The vast upheaval caused among the populations of Europe, and the unsettling conditions to which they have been subjected, will surely cause them to look with longing eyes to Canada as a land of hope and fortune. The pick of the young men of Europe have been shaken out of their grooves, and many of them will not feel like settling back into those grooves again. They have gone through a splendid physical training. Their campaigning experiences will have given them a love for the open. The wanderlust will be upon them after the first joy of their return has worn off. There will be a huge emigration of those who return to Great Britain after the war.

Another consideration that will make for emigration from Europe may be mentioned. The war is raging in the most densely-populated portions of the continent. For instance, Belgium had a population of nearly eight millions packed into a strip of country only a little more than half the size of Nova Scotia. A dense population can live on a narrow strip of ground when it grows there. But once disturbed, it is difficult to get it back. It will be many years before Belgium is in a condition to support the same number of people as it maintained before the war. It may be added that the Quebec Government is already making plans for establishing colonies of Belgians in the Province of Quebec. With their methods of intensive farming, they should add a valuable element to the population. Their industry and thrift are well known.

What has been said of Belgium will be true of large portions of Europe. And it must be remembered that the proportion of killed in battle to the total population will be very small. Great Britain alone could easily spare 1,000,000 emigrants from her 50,000,000 population. With Canada looming brighter than ever on the horizon as a land of hope and opportunity, and with Canada now provided as she is by her vast new railway systems with the machinery necessary for settlement on a colossal scale, we shall doubtless witness a vast tide of immigration from war-haunted Europe.

In connection with this great tide of immigration which will surely come, we should be preparing now for a reconstruction of our land-settlement policy. There is no doubt that we were going wrong in this connection prior to the war, and were allowing conditions to grow up which tended to drive *bona fide* settlers off the land. In fact, so wrong were we going that I am convinced Canada was heading straight for calamity, from which the war saved us. I do not think that anyone who has mastered the rudiments of political economy can doubt this. Prosperity had turned the heads of the people. Speculation that was nothing short of downright gambling was rife from one end of the country to the other. Real estate was boomed and boosted out of all proportion to its correct value. Scarcely a city, scarcely a town, scarcely a village, scarcely even a stopping-place in the most uninhabited part of the newly-accessible regions of all this wide domain of ours that was not being exploited by real estate brokers of the get-rich-quick order.

The speculative fever was spreading like wildfire among all classes of our population. Thousands and thousands of men were withdrawing from productive industries to become mere traffickers in land. In the cities real estate was boomed to such values that legitimate business was fast becoming overburdened by ever-mounting rentals both on the stores and on the dwellings of the workers. Around the outskirts of our cities for miles in every direction fertile farms and market gardens were thrown out of cultivation to form subdivisions of building lots for the homes of visionary millions.

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Worse than this was the townsite evil in the West. At every spot where it was decided to place a station on any of the new railways that have been carried across the uninhabited portions of the prairies miles of land were bought up by syndicates of speculators and cut up into building lots, as though each station were immediately about to become a city. The evil in this case was two-fold. First it resulted in a lot of money being sunk in non-productive speculation. Secondly it kept *bona fide* settlers, the real producers of wealth, off the land. When a settler went into this country to take up land he found that he could not get land anywhere within five miles of a railway station, unless he first paid a staggering fine to a real estate speculator for the privilege. That is what it amounted to. Instead, therefore, of a thriving little farming community springing up around each station, with a compact little village in its centre and transportation close at hand, such farmers as went in were sent off to the outside of the five-mile ring, where they were isolated from each other, had no little village community of their own, and were far from railway transportation. In other words, farming in the new country was made as dreary and as difficult as possible.

There is no need to enlarge further upon the evils of the real estate boom or of other aspects of the speculative fever that was raging. Everybody now can see plainly enough what it was leading to. The marvel of it all is this, that the whole thing has been brought to a stop without a national calamity. And the war has done it. For a year before the war broke out the shadow of strife was darkening over the world. The effect in Canada was a tightening up of the strings and a gradual but persistent withdrawal of capital from speculative enterprise. There was no crashing burst of the speculative boom. It gradually oozed away, and when the war broke out it found Canada once more economically sound and in its right mind. If the whole thing had been arranged by a special dispensation of Providence, Canada could not have been more gently headed off from national discredit and disaster than she was by the war. Here, then, is another of the gains of the war for us. We have been saved from a calamity and a shaking of public confidence in us that would have set the country back for a decade. There will be no repetition of that folly in this generation. The lesson of it only remains.

Many people feel a good deal of anxiety on the subject of future supplies of capital for the development of our country. The general idea is that war will exhaust all available sources of capital, and thus leave nothing for Canadian needs. Sir George Paish, the eminent financial expert called in by the British Government at the beginning of the war, stated, at the conclusion of a year of war, that Great Britain "in one year has merely consumed the annual income of her wealth, and, through savings to be made, will weather the coming year at half the first year's expenditure—that is, organized on a new economical basis, she will spend but half her annual income, and no capital, even after making loans to her Allies." The idea that Great Britain, and consequently the British Empire, will emerge from the war financially exhausted, is, therefore, preposterous. Another consideration is this: Great Britain is hardly likely to sustain any property destruction worth consideration. In this respect, therefore, there will be no need for the withdrawal of her capital to the work of repair, as was the experience of France after 1870. She will be able to pay all her attention to absolutely productive work—to take full advantage of the great new world-wide opportunities for trade that will be offering. Canada will feel the reflected benefit of this trade

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expansion, for Great Britain is Canada's best customer.

Again, the war will not necessarily be followed by the grinding poverty that came in the wake of wars of former days. Our modern productive powers are too great for that. Industrial invention has placed at our disposal productive powers many hundred fold greater than the people of even twenty-five years ago possessed. In normal times the employment of these powers is not very great, but a large general wastage like that of the war will stimulate them to full activity.

Now let us see how Canada will gain in this respect from the war. The Boer War lasted three years, and cost Great Britain $1,125,000,000. In the year when the war broke out—an exceptionally good trade year—the exports of British goods were $1,320,000,000. But the close of the war saw the beginning of the greatest period of trade prosperity Great Britain has ever known, the exports rising by leaps and bounds, until in 1913 they about doubled, for they amounted to no less a sum than $2,625,000,000. Also, the close of the war saw the beginning a period of prosperity in Canada without parallel among the nations of the world—a reflection of British trade expansion. The wastage of the Boer war stimulated productive industries in the British Empire, and as practically all Canada's industries are productive rather than luxury-producing, they were the ones to feel the full effects of the stimulus. The same experience should be repeated on a larger scale after the present war.

Canada will gain also from the fact that the war will demonstrate her basic soundness and her stability as the premier Dominion of the British Empire. People will feel confidence in putting their money into enterprises in this country, because she is first among the children of a Mother Country whose strength has been renewed and whose dominion of the sea has been re-asserted beyond all possibility of challenge.

European experiences will also point it out as a safe and desirable country to live in. There will be less of that tendency to get a competency in the country and skip out. Farmers who have taken up land in the West, with the idea of mining the soil for wheat and getting out will more largely conduct their farming with a view to the establishment of permanent homes in a land singularly free and happy compared with so many European countries. Canada will figure more largely as a land to live in as well as a land in which to work.

Coming to larger issues, perhaps the outstanding consideration is the remarkable revelation which the war has caused of the strategic importance of Canada in the British Empire. Canada has often been spoken of as the granary of the British Empire, but never before has it been brought home so vividly to the people of Great Britain as it has been by the supply of foodstuffs which has poured out in such an unending flood from Canada to the Old Country since the war began. Then there is the dominant position which Canada gives as a base for sea power, and last but not least, the importance of the Canadian nation as the connecting link between Great Britain and the great English-speaking nation to the south of us. These considerations will compel a still more intimate interest in furthering Canadian development on the part of the capitalists in the heart of the Empire.

Another gain is that the war will sweep away the abnormal conditions which caused such a lamentable division in Canada on the question of this country's participation in the defence of the Empire. We shall now be able to consider this matter coolly and sanely and on a permanent basis. Without going into the political aspect of the question, I think it can

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safely be said that we now have a clearer idea in regard to the defensive necessities of the Dominion itself, and the bearing of those defences in regard to the larger matter of Empire. It would seem also that the necessity of building here in Canada such modern implements of defence as submarines and aeroplanes, and training forces in the use of them, has clearly been demonstrated. On the big implements of the Empire's sea power I will not touch, since we cannot view this question yet in its proper perspective.

There are also certain great spiritual gains which Canada will share in common with the rest of the world. The foremost of these is that the war will have demonstrated not the breakdown of civilization and Christianity, but the triumph of them. This war is concerned almost entirely with spiritual things. It is a war against a brute despotism that has deliberately and methodically let loose forces of barbarity and wickedness in order to attain its goal. Its end will be a re-assertion of the unconditioned supremacy of moral values, of the eternal truth that the laws of morality and justice are just as binding on the strong as on the weak. That "scrap of paper" incident, when the whole British Empire was placed at stake to protect the sanctity of the written word, will have all the creative force of a new idea. Those who have studied the phenomena of telepathy declare that the great waves of popular opinion which periodically spread over the world, sometimes for good, sometimes for ill, are the result of telepathy. Thus it is that the work of a few thinkers in any given period spreads so marvellously that historians can speak of "the spirit of the age". Thus it is that even the ignorant and stupid are found to be acting in the spirit of ideas they have never consciously apprehended. Such a wave is now spreading from the vigorous influence of that "scrap of paper" incident. It will purify every relation of national and business life, and make for higher and sounder standards all round.

Finally it may fairly be expected that another general gain will be the prevention of widespread strife between capital and labour. The war will have emphasized the unity of the national family, the importance, each in his own sphere, of the man with the brain and the man with the brawn, the forces of capital and the forces of labour. A new tolerance should spring up between all classes, and a new feeling of patriotism not only to the national flag but to the national family. Everywhere this tolerance and this national family patriotism are now in evidence. Can we not hope that after the war is over they will still continue, and make for better relations between all classes, and particularly between capital and labour?

Estimating the future not by the losses the war has brought us, but by the gains that it will bring, is there any justification for pessimism? Most assuredly not. Canada will gain immensely from it, and any losses that we may sustain, and temporary setbacks that have come, ought to be borne cheerfully for the glorious privilege of living in a time when the conscience and faith of the world have been shocked into an eager life again; in a time when the future of the world is to be made. We ought to feel with Sir John Jellicoe that "it is good to be a Briton in these days". I hope I have shown that we have special reason to add that it is good also to be a Canadian, for a new birth-song for Canada is already filling the sky.

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OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE SECOND OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUNIOR

THE new conservation is essentially the utilization of scientific research, especially chemical research, to suggest new materials and new uses for already known materials, thus relieving the consumption of substances that are annually becoming rarer and more costly. It also includes new processes for the making of these substances from materials now going to waste, a proceeding which is often talked about, without being well understood, under the term "utilization of by-products." An American writer has said, "To the average citizen conservation means something about forests several thousand miles away", and there is without any doubt a great deal of truth in this statement. Without in any way undervaluing the importance of the older type of conservation which urges us to abate wastefulness in the use of our natural resources this article will deal chiefly with the more novel phases of conservation work which have been classified above as "the new conservation."

There is something so picturesque about a forest, something so fascinating to our romantic instincts, that a certain sentimental interest has attached to statistics regarding the deforestation of the country, and as a consequence more serious attention has been given to this phase of the subject than to equally or perhaps greater waste in other directions. The annual national waste caused by the imperfection of our treatment of mineral ores is several times that due to the forest fires and wasteful use of timber. The greater part of this inefficiency in treating minerals is due to failure to make use of what chemistry has discovered in the last twenty years. In this connection a quotation from the report of the Twelfth United States Census is of interest: "The measure of a country's appreciation of the value of chemistry in its industrial development and the extent to which it utilizes the science in its industries, generally measure quite accurately to the industrial progress and prosperity of that country. In no other country in the world has the value of chemistry to industry been so thoroughly understood and appreciated as in Germany. And in no other country of similar size and endowment have such remarkable advances in industrial development been recorded; this, too, with steadily increasing economy in the utilization of natural resources.

"In 1907 [in the United States] over 40,000,000 tons of coke, valued at nearly $112,000,000, were produced from about 62,000,000 tons of coal. Only 5,500,000 tons of this, or less than fourteen per cent., was obtained in by-product ovens. About 54,500,000 tons of coal were coked in beehive ovens (the old wasteful type). This involved a waste of 148,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, worth $22,000,-

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000; 540,000 tons of ammonium sulphate, worth a similar amount, and nearly 400,000,000 gallons of tar, worth $9,000,000.

"We [the United States] are therefore wasting enough power to establish a great manufacturing centre, enough ammonium sulphate to fertilize thousands of acres, enough creosote to preserve our lumber, and enough pitch and tar to roof all our houses and briquette our slag and waste coal. Lignites have been found to give not only an excellent yield of gas, but also tar, oils, paraffin, and other valuable by-products. It has recently been found that one ton of dried peat can be made to yield one hundred and sixty-two litres of pure alcohol and about sixty-six pounds of pure ammonium sulphate."

When the law does step in for some reason and compel the utilization of a by-product it is invariably found to be a great source of revenue to the industry concerned. When legislation was introduced to compel the copper smelters of Tennessee to cease allowing their sulphur fumes to escape into the air, destroying all neighbouring vegetation and endangering human life, vigorous opposition was aroused and a serious setback to the smelting industry was prophesied. Far from any such result, it has been shown that the acid derived from the fumes is one of the chief sources of profit to the concern, and under the stimulus of cheap acid a considerable chemical industry has grown up in the immediate vicinity in connection with the enormous phosphate deposits of the region which required just this cheap and abundant acid for their working. Similar conditions prevail at Sudbury, but at present a like remedy is not possible since owing to freight rates the acid produced would not find a market. The solution of this problem rests with the establishment in that district of chemical industries using large amounts of crude acid at nearby points. This is only a specific case of the general proposition that for the most economical conditions the chemical industry should keep pace with the metallurgical development of a region. If by-products are to be utilized to their fullest extent such a co-operation is absolutely essential and the failure to heed this fact has led to great and unnecessary losses in the United States and Canada. At the present time Canada is obliged to import almost all her fine and heavy chemicals, every one of which could be manufactured in the Dominion. Possibly alterations in the tariff of the United States which permit more convenient exportation of some of these articles to the large centres of industry of the Atlantic States will gradually mend matters, but in the main it is a chemical and not an economic problem. The benefits due to equal growth of the chemical and metallurgical industries are well shown by figures regarding the by-product coke production of various countries. Coke, which is so essential to the steel industry, is made by the incomplete combustion of certain types of coal, large amount of gaseous and liquid by-products being produced, which because of ignorance of their value and lack of suitable apparatus for collecting them, were allowed until recently to escape into the air. The greatest coke-making area of the world is that of western Pennsylvania where thousands of tons of coal are daily converted into coke with no attempt at all to save the by-products. The statistics quoted above from the United States Census show the enormous loss this causes. The chief reason, apart from prejudice, for the failure to utilize these by-products to a larger extent, is the loss that would be occasioned by discarding the present plant and equipment, and the expense of installing new equipment and by-product plants to manufacture saleable substances from the waste and the realization that there is not at the present time a sufficient American chemical industry to utilize

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the scores of synthetic substances that could be made from them. This condition is a striking illustration of the injury resulting from the chemical industry falling behind the metallurgical in its development. In Germany and in Belgium, where there are great chemical industries, over sixty per cent. of the coke is made in by-product plants; in England, where the chemical industry is smaller and less highly developed, about twenty per cent. of all the coke is made in by-product plants, and the remainder by the old wasteful methods but in America, where in proportion to the other industries of the country the chemical industry is almost insignificant, only a little over 10 per cent. of the coke is made in by-product ovens! Much the same condition prevails in the destructive distillation of wood, and it is much to the credit of the budding Canadian chemical industry that one of the most modern plants for this purpose in the world is owned and operated in Canada by a Canadian corporation.

It should not be inferred from these statements that the failure to utilize by-products in America is due to any lack of alertness on the part of those who have developed the industries of this continent. Nothing but actual experience will reveal the difficulty of utilizing waste products. Economic as well as engineering questions have to be considered, and in putting any substance now made from a former waste on the market the whole equilibrium of that industry is disturbed and a new one has to be set up. Waste is often not only excusable, but actually commendable. The methods of the early copper smelters in Arizona were wasteful in the extreme, but nothing else was possible, and had not these extravagant methods of working been indulged in we would not now have the great industry that has made a busy mining community out of a desert. But remember that this would not excuse those wasteful methods to-day were they in practice. It was at one time very fashionable to poke fun at the railroads of our continent with their wooden bridges, rough roadbeds, and lack of finish in detail. European, and especially English, engineers were very prone to make invidious comparisons between our lines and those of their own countries, with their splendid roadbeds, stone bridges, and viaducts and multitude of safety devices. They seldom seemed capable of understanding that if railroads were to be built at all in America they must pay at least a moderate interest on capital invested, and that, owing to the enormous distances and light traffic, flimsy construction was, for the time being, absolutely unavoidable. With the growth of the country these conditions have been improved until American railroads are by common consent the finest in the world, both as to roadbed and equipment. Makeshift methods are more often justified than is popularly believed.

The collector of rags, bones, and bottles, who is almost omnipresent in our large cities, is a great conservationist; he is the first step in the transformation of things that are not merely useless and ugly but even sources of danger to the health of the community into products of genuine value. The prevention of waste is a fascinating subject, but at present the scanty presentment of it here given will have to suffice, for the second aspect of the subject is at present less thought about and therefore more in need of explanation.

According to the chemist the material universe is made up of about eighty kinds of material. Some of these materials, such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, iron, silicon, and aluminium are present in very large amounts and make up the water, the air, the rocks, and the living things of the earth. Others, such as copper, zinc, gold, and silver, and sulphur, while not so widely distributed, are still substances of common

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occurrence and used daily for many purposes. Many others, such as tungsten, vanadium, iridium, and cobalt, are only known to those involved in the few industries into which they enter and to chemists who study their properties from a scientific point of view. Finally there are some, like tellurium, selenium, radium, helium, and palladium, which have no industrial applications of consequence, are never heard of outside the laboratories of science and occur in very small quantities or in such combinations that their extraction is a matter of great difficulty and expense. The finding of uses for some elements, which at present have none, and of more uses for those that now have but limited application is one of the great fields of the chemical engineer and the research chemist.

Cobalt is a hard magnetic metal similar to iron and nickel and is produced in large quantities in the form of oxide of cobalt when the ores of Northern Ontario are treated to produce silver. At present its applications are very limited. The Dominion School of Mines, at Kingston, Ontario, has studied the possibilities of this metal with the aid of a Government grant, and the work which has been done seems to indicate that cobalt will largely replace nickel as a plating material, and it is also useful in alloys with iron and copper. There is still room for many more uses ere the demand for the metal will come anywhere near its production. Another metal existing in large quantities in Canada is molybdenum. It is very useful in certain steels for armour-plate and for magnets. At present it is very expensive, owing to the small production, which is kept low because of the lack of a good process for concentrating. There are at present in existence processes which would yield molybdenum ore in large quantities if a sufficient consumption could be created by the development of new uses to warrant their profitable operation.

It is very significant that exceedingly small uses will create a great demand. The rare element vanadium is used to improve the quality of steel. When it is added to steel in proportions considerably less than one per cent. it gives a large increase in tensile strength, elasticity, and resistance to fatigue. Twenty years ago there was not enough vanadium on the market to make a lump the size of a baseball; to-day it is a common material in every special-steel works, and hundreds of tons are produced annually. One of the largest automobile manufacturers in America is able to make his cars one-third lighter and correspondingly cheaper by the use of vanadium steel. Yet this industry, involving an annual profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is based on the use of a fraction of one per cent. of an element that, though known to the chemist since 1804, was nothing but a laboratory curiosity till about ten years ago.

Tungsten is a very heavy metal that exists in large quantities in British Columbia and Nova Scotia, and probably in Quebec and Ontario. Its use in the making of tungsten incandescent lamps is well known and is due to its high melting point (3,000° C.), the highest of all known metals. Yet only about 4,000 tons of tungsten ore are mined annually in America, and if new uses were worked out they would afford the basis for another metal industry in Canada.

Tellurium, cadmium, and selenium are all rare metals that are now produced by the ton in the metallurgy of copper, gold, and tin. The finding of uses for these metals would mean a saving of millions of dollars every year. Calcium is one of the commonest elements in its compounds, limestone and calcite, but only recently has it been possible to isolate it in commercial quantities by an electro-chemical process. A reward awaits the man who can invent uses for calcium. From its properties it seems

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likely that for some purposes it could replace sodium, potassium, and magnesium.

Canada imported about $150,000,000 worth of iron and steel from Great Britain, the United States, and other foreign countries in one year recently. All this could economically be made in Canada if the electric smelting of steel could be made a little more profitable. This industry is now carried on in a large way at Trolhaettan, in Sweden, where the great waterfalls supply cheap electric power right at a good shipping point. We have identically similar conditions in the fjords of the British Columbia coast, on the Saguenay, and at many other points. Although there have been some splendid pioneers in this work in Canada, such as Haanel, Stansfield, and Evans, there is still room for an army of workers.

In the production of zinc the ores are mixed with carbon and heated in retorts. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the ore, thus setting free the pure metal. Owing to the low boiling-point of zinc it vapourizes, and the vapour is condensed in another chamber. When this smelting is done with external heat the vapour condenses into a liquid, which is tapped off and sold in bars. When electric fuel is employed the zinc usually condenses in the form of a useless powder. Anyone who can find an explanation of this phenomenon and a way to avoid it will do much to further the establishment of an electric zinc industry in British Columbia, where there is an abundance of both ore and power. (This problem is now being studied at McGill University under Dr. Stansfield).

All the opportunities, however, are not concerned with metals, and the great lumber industry of Canada affords a chance to make use of bark, sawdust, and other by-products. Dr. Redman, a graduate of the University of Toronto, has invented a method at the University of Kansas for giving a finish to wood that preserves all its beauty and is many times as hard as varnish. Closely related to this is the problem of forestry, which is too vast a subject to even touch on here. Then there is the pulp and paper industry. Millions of dollars' worth of alcohol goes to waste annually in the waste liquor from the pulp-mills, and it only requires the touch of chemical genius to save it. The development of the cement industry will probably do more than any other factor to prevent the demolition of our forests. Cement is already replacing wood in hundreds of cases, but only the man connected with the cement industry knows how many problems there await the industrial chemist. Canada has unrivalled resources of clays for brick manufacture. In this field the chemist could be of untold value. Brick-making, although one of the oldest industries of the world, has many unsolved problems, especially when we enter the domain of refractory bricks, on proper supplies of which the metallurgical industries are so dependent.

We cannot do more than suggest the problems that agriculture stands ready to turn over to the chemist for solution. The country is gradually beginning to see that much of the sympathy accorded the mortgage-laden farmer has been misplaced, and that while a hard-working fellow he has been in many cases a fool. Hundreds of farmers, after impoverishing the rich soil of Ontario in one generation or two at most, after stripping it of its forest wealth and allowing water to erode its fertile top-soil, have betaken themselves to the Northwest or to the great cities. Agricultural science now teaches that soil fertility need not decrease, but may increase with the passage of generations. That a little more headwork by the farmer will not only save him manual labour but will add to the wealth of the nation is becoming more clearly seen. The chemist can show how to use fertilizers and how to analyze soils so as to make the

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best use of them; the botanist can produce new wheats and other grains by breeding, and if any of these new grains ripen even a few days earlier they will open up an enormous area of fertile soil in northern Canada at present incapable of profitable use.

The further multiplication of examples, while fascinating, is not necessary. The value of the work to the nation has been well demonstrated. The vital matter for us is, how are we to attain its accomplishment? The primary necessity is men, and to procure the men we must look to our educational system. Figures for Canada are unobtainable, but in the United States there are over 100,000 lawyers, a much larger number of physicians, and only 10,000 chemists to carry on a work vastly more important than that of the lawyer and quite co-ordinate with that of the physician. The proportion for Canada is probably even smaller. A beginning can be made by teaching chemistry in a common-sense way in the elementary schools. The mediæval doctrines of the text-books of chemistry at present in use in Ontario are of about equal value with the writings of Livy as incentives to look forward to science as a life-work, while they lack entirely the literary charm of the work of that venerable Roman.

The great number of scientific men who have worked to advance the industrial condition of the European countries is due largely to the high regard shown in those countries for technical experience and expert technical knowledge. To quote from an American writer on the subject: "In the United States an expert in any line is too apt to be regarded either as a book-worm or a crank of some kind; while he may be supposed to have an ample fund of expert knowledge, he is too often assumed to be lacking in judgment, a quality more or less monopolized by the 'business man', a term which variously embraces the banker, the promoter, the merchant, and the administrator of commercial and manufacturing enterprises.

"The 'business man' in the United States occupies the centre of the stage, which in Europe is held by the man of technical knowledge, the engineer, and the chemist. From Emperor William down, the greatest interest is taken in Germany in the work of engineers, architects, chemists, and other trained experts, and credit and other rewards are freely rendered them. The 'business man' is much less heard of over there, and the 'tired business man', who rules the theatre in America in his insistence on pieces which demand little thought and supply much diversion, is entirely unknown."

Of course, matters are continually improving in this regard in America, but so far the improvement has been more rapid in the United States than in Canada. It is pleasing to note that there are a few communities now, such as the circle of scientific experts at Washington and the throng of brilliant scientific and technical men at Pittsburgh, where technical ability and scientific genius establishes rank rather than ability to "put big deals through."

But in order to establish this condition in this country it will be necessary occasionally to send an engineer or a scientist to Parliament or the Legislature. This will be made the more difficult on account of the disinclination of men of this type, busy with useful work, to dabble in politics, but the presence in a legislative body of a few men more given to learning and applying the laws of nature than arguing and quibbling about the laws of man, would exert a very sane and healthful influence.

Moreover, these industrial advances are entirely dependent on research in pure science. The theories of one day are the formulæ on which the industries of the next are based. The only manner in which science can achieve its destiny is by being extended in every possible direction,

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and any attempt to limit investigation to those directions where profit seems likely is futile. Who would have supposed that the abstract mathematical researches of Willard Gibbs and Clausius would have given us the phase rule, which, serving as a tool in the hands of men of science, has done more to improve our knowledge of metallurgy and clear up complex chemical mysteries than any other generalizations since the law of constant proportions? When we are tempted to limit research to so-called "practical" investigations, let us remember, as Dr. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology aptly remarked in an address on industrial chemistry, that there is a scientific application of the fact that although Solomon asked only for wisdom, both power and riches were added unto him.

Wordsworth's ideal of low living and high thinking is a most beautiful one, but it is absolutely contradicted by facts. It is only when the material prosperity of a nation is so great that the pinch of want is not felt that there is any remarkable development of art and literature. The day is coming, and the rapidity of its approach depends solely on the advance of science, pure and applied, when the prevention of unnecessary waste material, energy, and life, and the development of our natural resources to their fullest extent under the chemist and the engineers will have so improved our economic condition that there will be time and opportunity for the beauties of the "humanities" to receive the attention they deserve, and until that day comes, the function of the classical and literary scholar is as plain as that of the scientist—to preserve to the world this inheritance of beauty that in due time we may enjoy it. And when that day comes science will not be regarded as a thing apart from the common-life, but as part of the life of all, and the name of "scientist" will be largely lost, for everyone will be a scientist in the true meaning of the word—a lover and a seeker of truth.

Society now suffers because of the large numbers who lack opportunity. Here is a work for the state that gives an opportunity to all, and it is a proper function of the state to so educate men that they can meet these opportunities. Not the leaders alone, for scientific research demands an army of skilled mechanics. Technical schools, by placing at the hands of inventors of processes an army of trained technical men to carry them out, will do much to facilitate progress. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that technical training is not scientific training. Technical knowledge enables us to deal with things that have occurred and been done before, scientific knowledge enables us to provide for what has never occurred before. At the head of great advance of science has been one single great mind, and until Canada has scientific minds that can rank with Faraday, Newton, Darwin, Helmholtz, and Willard Gibbs, she will not be a great scientific nation. Sir George Gabriel Stokes said that the chief instrument of scientific research is mind. The preparation and the sharpening of this instrument is largely in the hands of our universities, and in direct ratio to their efficiency will be the rapidity of the progress towards the goal alluded to here. It will be the purpose of the next, and final, article of this series to describe the most efficient scheme ever devised for bringing the scientific talent of the universities into touch with the industrial world, that is the system of Industrial Fellowships, invented by Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, who established the Mellon Institute at Pittsburgh. It will be shown how this system is being inaugurated in Canada, and what may be expected from it.

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SUNDOWN

From the Painting by
Archibald Browne

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BOB AND BUNTY: PRIVATES

BY ELEANOR M. SANDERSON

BOB came down to the Armouries late on that strange, rainy, heart-broken, glory-misted Saturday in October when the 48th Highlanders and the Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers went marching off to the war. His mother and his aunt brought him down, long after the other men had assembled, and he walked in between them, an overgrown boy of eighteen, towering above the two women, but by both of them mentally led by the hands and still quite a baby. At the doorway of the Armouries he tried to assert his manhood and had the triumph of leading them to his place in the line. Here he found that all his comrades had eaten their lunch, and here at a stern command of the officer his mother and his aunt at last found that they had reached the point of physical leave-taking of Bob.

They were Aberdeen fold, and Bob's mother straightened his belt and kissed his cheek quietly, while his aunt stroked his hand and told him aye to fear the Lord in a' things and to fear nae Germans. Then Bob was left alone to face being a man in a stern world of men.

He looked around the big hall and saw the galleries a white mass of human faces watching him, so he blushed. Then he straightened out his long back in its childishly short khaki jacket and put his chin forward until his jaw-bones ached. He hadn't all of his uniform yet, so he wore the long trousers of tartan which are a Sassenach insult to the Highland heart. His chin was very round, but the lines of his weak mouth never left off striving to overtake the yearning of his eyes.

"Eyes Front!" came the hoarse shout, and after a tramping of feet on the cement, a scurrying of mothers and sweethearts back from the doorway, they were all swinging along Queen Street in the rain. Then the long train pulled out from an avenue of faces; mostly girls, it seemed to Bob. But he didn't look into any of them because he was eighteen and very stern, and for another thing he never had liked girls, and for the last thing, his heart was very sore for his own mother whom he had never left before.

"Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it," screamed out a mouth-organ at his ear, and Bob turned, black as a thunder cloud, to find his seat mate puffing out the music with rounded checks and winking at him over his hands.

"Aw cheer up, ye silly little blighter." said the musician, taking breath to thump his organ on the arm of the seat to clear the keys. "Wait till ye see the rain over 'ome. Wait till ye see the Kaiser's 'orde before ye pull a fyce like that."

"I sincerely hope you don't think I am nervous or in any way regretting that I am going to fight for my country," answered Bob, just like that. For you see Bob was the only son of his mother, who was a widow, and she and Aunt Reba had brought him up all by themselves. So he tried

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to always use good English, and to feel inside of him the way all those noble men his mother and Aunt Reba had told him of must have felt at all times. Bob was always patient with those who had not had similar advantages, and so he was patient with Bunty Hawes, the ex-English reservist and mouth-organ artist who was his seat-mate, called Bunty because he had to breathe deep and hold up his head to graze the army measurements, and his legs bowed most ungracefully from much riding.

"He was up north in a lumber camp when war was declared," Bob had explained to his mother the week before, "and he heard his country's call and came down by tramping miles to the station and boarding a freight train. He is rough, but he had good qualities."

"Wanted to get in the bloomin' scrap," was Bunty's explanation.

"I was not worrying about my personal comfort," went on Bob as the train lurched past a curve of the Don and a hysterical youngster sprawled across the aisle. "It is those left behind that are to be thought of."

The reservist's mouth had just opened for another taunting verse of musical slang, but it closed helplessly, his hand dropped and he stared in several tones of voice at Bob. Then a kinder look came somewhere in the back of his eyes and he chuckled gently.

"Ye're all right, kid," he said. "You stick by me and I'll see no Germans get you. Why, you won't know yourself when you get back home again."

Roughly speaking, this was the beginning of their friendship. Hawes was the only man in the contingent who would listen to Bob talking of his ideas, and Bob telling other folks what was to be done in life for the betterment of us all, was the happiest of human beings. When he was bored Hawes would draw on the unfailing mouth-organ and make his listeners writhe with the silly piercingsness of "Jest A-wearyin' for You," and "Tenting To-night," or dance crazy tangoes to Tipperary. So they whiled away the strenuous days of being photographed and given socks to and drilling and buying jam down at Salisbury, and Bob and Bunty bunked together on the big liner that scurried across the Atlantic with them.

One night when all the abuse and laughter, strenuous training and noise of the day had melted slowly away with the sunset, and the velvet black night had closed all the world into a small space of water shot with the silver of the moon and broken into splashes of blackness and gleams where the darkened ship plunged through, the two curled up on some ropes at the back of the deck. Hawes played his mouth-organ softly until he couldn't think of anything but "Home Sweet Home," and at the third repetition someone from the darkness told him luridly to shut up. So they watched the stars.

"After all," quoth Bob, "the same spirit inspires us to-day, doesn't it? *'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori'.*"

Bunty stared through the darkness.

"Have a Chicklet," he offered. "You'll feel better."

"Thanks, no," returned Bob with a semi-tone in his sensitive voice. "You remember that," he went on as he concluded to still be patient with Bunty, "'It is a sweet and noble thing to die for one's country.' Horace said it."

"Did he?" mused Bunty. "Well for myself I ain't too anxious to go exploring before I have to. He may have been mighty sure of heaven, but I'll hang on to this little old ball till I'm properly shoved off. I ain't looking for a bullet, young man, let me tell you that. I'll lie low and I'll fight behind trenches, and I'll turn tail for the rear just when the whistle blows noon. I seen enough of this game down in Africa, and it's too slim a chance between the Victoria Cross an' a wood cross with a dozen or so of you piled in so the angel

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won't know which is you or a German on the last day. I'm fightin' for my pay, and I'm goin' home again to spend it. Don't worry too much about glory, son. You'll get all the glory that's coming to you and then some."

Bob was silent for a while, watching the pearl of the moon that shimmered gray and dissolved in the black before it had completed its circle. Then he rose in his eighteen-year-old might and rent Bunty asunder with every noble thought that had ever struggled through the brain cells of man. The turn-in call had come as he was finishing with:

"The only spirit that will defeat the enemies of our Empire is the white hot flame of pure patriotism. The man who loves his country and who loves liberty will endure every danger and sickness and will never know fear. 'His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure.' If we were fighting for filthy lucre I would turn back now, for our country would not be worth saving. Thank heaven, our English hearts are true to the ideals of our forefathers."

"Who's tykin' up the collection?" inquired an anxious voice from over his shoulder. Then it went on: "'Ere you've been and talked Bunt Hawes to sleep, and he'll be cross as blazes to have to wake up an' climb down belaw."

They were out of the trenches at last, a long series of groups of men in twos and threes reconnoitering along the wide plains, shielding themselves warily after the manner of wild animals behind clumps of gray-brown trees and underbrush which melted into the gray-brown of their uniforms. Under their feet the snow had sogged away with the early spring sun and now was a sodden mass of dead leaves and clay-like mud. So far not a shot had startled the air, and only a low-toned order and the crackling of twigs broke the silence.

"Keep under cover, ye silly little blighter," growled the heavy voice of Hawes as the six-foot form of his boyish protégé suddenly stood out against the landscape in an effort to stretch his aching back. "Don't go lookin' for trouble. Hide low like I do."

"When you think of it," philosophized the boy, whose eyes were wide as with the excitement of a Rugby game, "our ancestors didn't fight like this. They stood up to each other like men."

"Our ancestors be blowed," snorted Hawes. "They're all dead, ain't they? That's all they got for their trouble. What's that movin'?"

"Br-rack!" came the terrifying shock of sudden rifles, then with a deafening crackle bullets whizzed past and over and under, turning the air to a leaden death. Bob's heart stood still and was sick. He was eighteen and just a child, and suddenly he could feel bullets and death all over his body. He felt their plunge into his heart, his lungs, his brain, and his face, and blind terror turned the shining world black before his eyes. He turned and ran.

"Come back, ye fool!" roared Hawes. "They've sounded the retreat. We've been ambushed. Ye're goin' the wrong way."

But the animal in Bob was shrieking for safety, and he stumbled on until something struck his head, and he fell.

Bunty Hawes was retreating in the skilful way learned in many encounters, the way of replying ever and anon when a bullet would serve, and keeping under cover at all times, to live to fight again when there was a possible chance. Then he forgot his skill and stood up. He forgot the yell of the man nearest him, and he said to himself, "The silly little blighter."

So he ran as quickly as he could out onto the field of death where the puffs of smoke were coming nearer. He grabbed Bob's belt, and by stooping and straining and lifting he drew the long, slim form up onto his back.

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Then he stumbled off towards the place he had slept in the night before.

"His mother hadn't half grown him up yet. She'll be wantin' to finish him," he grinned to himself under the mud and powder on his face. "Hullo! Someone comin'."

The line of his regiment had turned, and behind them were new men coming rapidly on horseback. The puffs of smoke from the enemy were being returned viciously. He turned to look, and a sharp blow struck the side of his head. He stumbled on to the nearest clump of trees and awoke upon a stretcher which was bobbing along behind the back of an orderly. He groaned heavily, and his bearers stopped. Black shapes passed unceasingly before his eyes, and when he passed his hand over them he found that his forehead was bound with a wet bandage. An orderly leaned down over him and then patted his shoulder pityingly.

"You'll get the cross, old man, or you ought to," he smiled down. "Carried that kid back half a field in the middle of the fire. They passed over after, and he'd have been finished sure. Hold on and we'll get you back all right."

But his heart had commenced to stop with awful lapses and then thud on with the gallop of a terrified horse. The black shapes were melting into a band of blackness that passed clear around his head and was fastened with a ball of throbbing fire at one side.

"Damnfool trick," said Bunty. One side of his mouth grinned. His eyelids were tired so he closed them—and slept.

In May a six-foot youngster with a very white face lay out on the verandah at the side of a Toronto home and watched his mother weaving endless gray stitches that reminded him of powder smoke.

"You don't feel strong enough to tell us all about that terrible battle, do you, dear?" she asked.

Bob squirmed his long limbs and turned his face, while tears of weakness filled his eyes.

"No," he answered after a long time. "I'm too busy thinking about it. It's going to be a long time before I'm strong enough to tell you all about it, but I'll get there some day."

The evening paper was thrust under the verandah rail by the passing newsboy, and the knitting was dropped as all the day's burden of war news was scanned and read aloud to the invalid. With some inches of silver in his skull and a frame of skin and bones, Bob was recovering under chapters of orders and directions from doctors and nurses, but already his eyes gleamed as he heard of the war. Only at odd times, and scantily, did he hear of his own regiment, and it was with curiosity only that he asked:

"What picture is that in the corner?"

"That is the cross put up by the men over—why, Bob, your name is mentioned. Did you know a man named Charles Hawes? Did he—lie down this minute, Bob. Whatever do you mean by trying to lift your head around like that!"

When quiet had been restored and Bob firmly tucked back in position, he closed his eyes and listened as the newspaper in a brief cable despatch sealed the last chapter in the life of the man who had been his friend.

"This is the rough wooden cross erected by his companions in Co. F. over the grave of Private Charles Hawes, who was killed in the charge at ——— while carrying from the field of battle his wounded friend, Robert Glasgow. Private Hawes would probably have received the Victoria Cross had he lived, as he returned to the field in face of full fire from the enemy and following an order given to retreat."

Over this paragraph was the picture of a small wooden cross with Hawes's name, age, and regiment carefully written therein in indelible pencil. Beside the picture was another paragraph:

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"In memory of Private Charles Hawes, who was killed at the front in an effort to save the life of a wounded friend, a memorial service was held on Sunday last at his home church in the little village of Chedding, England. The chief mourner was his mother, who had been supported by her son for some years past. A tablet will be erected in the church to his memory by friends in the village."

Bob's mother crumpled the paper up and stared at the maple tree in the corner of the garden. Then she clutched her knitting and gray woollen strands circled about the flashing needles until one tear escaped and fell to disappear in the ball of gray wool.

"I have my boy," she murmured. "Poor mother! I will write to her."

"I will go and see her—when I go back," said Bob in a low voice with a man's eyes turned to his mother's face. She took his hand, and they were silent, as the gray of evening drifted down and the noises of the street died away.

THE WIND

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ONOWEE, the Wind's voice,
Singing through the heather.
Purple is the line that blends
Sky and earth together.
Onowee, a sprite is he,
Playing in the heather.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,
Whisp'ring to the flowers.
On a lover's art depends
All a lover's powers.
Onowee, a wooer, he
When among the flowers.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,
Calling through sea-spaces,
Sharp with salt and wet with spray,
Buffeting our faces!
Onowee, a tyrant, he,
Lord of great sea-spaces.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,
Sighing, sighing, sighing.
Is it for a flower dead,
Or a summer dying?
Onowee, a child is he,
Crying, crying, crying.

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CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

NOTHING decisive has yet taken place in any of the fighting zones. The *impasse* still continues on the western front, but in the east there are indications that the Russians are once more gaining the upper hand, due to the withdrawal of German forces for the operations in Serbia and the levelling up of Russian muntion supplies. The treachery of Bulgaria and the continued intriguing of King Constantine of Greece were overshadowed for a time in Great Britain by the necessity imposed upon the Government of taking the nation more fully into its confidence regarding the campaign as a whole. Mr. Asquith's statement in the House cleared the air. Sir Edward Carson's explanation, which followed his resignation from the Cabinet, confirmed the impression regarding the practical unanimity of the Cabinet on all the essential questions relating to the war. The resignation of Sir Edward Carson has not strengthened his position as a statesman, although it is generally conceded that he acted from the highest motives. That Sir Edward Carson alone, of all the Conservative members of the Coalition Government, should consider it necessary to resign is accepted by the man in the street as *prima facie* evidence that the Cabinet in the main was justified in the policy it has pursued in the Balkans. Those who know Sir Edward Carson were not at all surprised that he found it impossible to remain in the Government. A man of uncompromising character, his position in a Coalition Government that depends for its existence upon reasonable compromise was bound, sooner or later, to become irksome. Temperamentally, Sir Edward Carson makes an excellent leader in any position where he can assume autocratic powers. It was his fierce uncompromising disposition and the exercise of dictatorial powers as leader that gave him such a commanding position during the Ulster revolt against Home Rule. The political instinct of the British nation finds expression in compromise, and to this fact is due the remarkable progress in social reforms which in other countries are attained only by revolutionary methods. A striking example of the inability of Sir Edward Carson to play the game of politics according to British ideas was evidenced, in 1900, when he led the Unionist cabal against Mr. Balfour's Irish policy. Supported by the late Marquis of Londonderry and the late Lord Ardilaun, Sir Edward Carson fiercely attacked his own leaders and secured for the time being the defeat of Mr. Balfour's policy in Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett was driven out of Parliament, and Mr. Balfour's brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, had to withdraw from Ireland, where he was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, as a result of Sir Edward Carson's campaign against the policy of "Balfourian amelioration". The inclusion of Sir Edward Carson in the Coalition Government was by many regarded as a mistake, as it was

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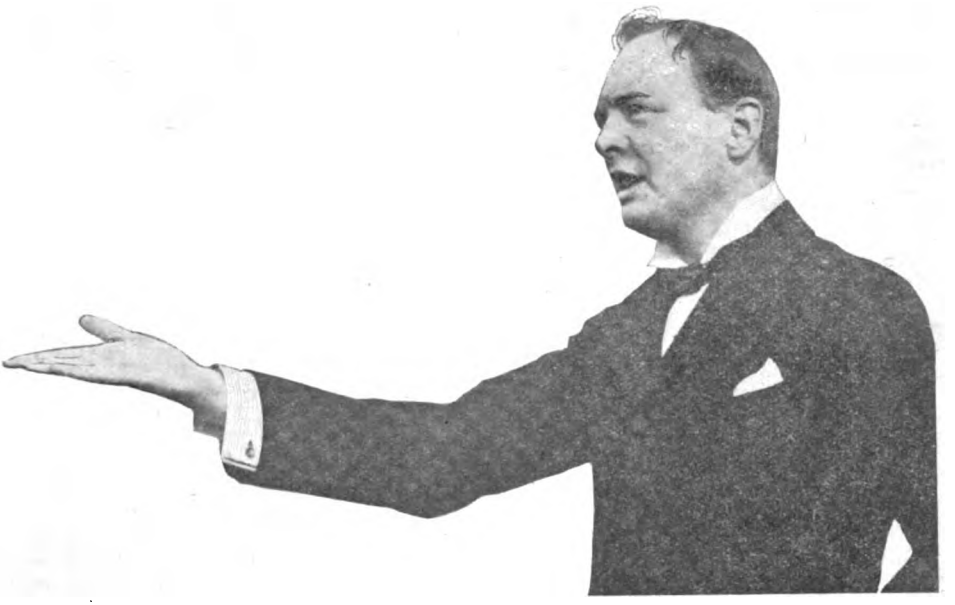

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

"We are sure we shall do much more for the children who come after us, and who, when their turn comes, will look back to us with gratitude when they find they have to tread a smoother, a less stony and a less adverse road."

obviously impossible for such a dominant personality to accept without demur his exclusion from the inner ring of the Cabinet.

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Another resignation that has caused some excitement has been that of Mr. Winston Churchill, who has announced his intention of joining his regiment at the front. His exclusion from the War Council was the immediate cause. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the leader of the Boy Scouts, tells a characteristic story about Mr. Churchill in a recent book of reminiscences. When an officer in the Fourth Hussars, Mr. Churchill took part in a polo inter-regimental tournament at Meerut, India. At the dinner which followed, Mr. Churchill insisted, in spite of vigorous protests, in giving the history of polo. At the conclusion of the speech, one in authority rose and said, "We have had enough of Winston for one evening". The hint was quickly taken by some mischievous subalterns, who pushed Churchill under an over-turned sofa, on which they then sat, determined to keep him a prisoner for the rest of the evening. Suddenly, from an angle of the sofa, the lithe form of the irrepressible Churchill appeared. "You need not try to sit upon me, boys," was his smiling comment, "I am too much like India rubber." The story is characteristic of the man. No one for a moment believes that Mr. Churchill's political career is closed. Sir Edward Carson's power in politics is largely due to the absolute control he wields over the Orange democracy in Ireland. Mr. Winston Churchill has power not only to sway the masses of the people, but also a genius, which Sir Edward does not possess, for parliamentary life. More perhaps than any other member of his family, Mr. Winston Churchill possesses the outstanding qualities of the first Marlborough. When the hour of destiny struck, Great Britain had once again the good fortune to have

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at her command men who seemed to be raised up for this supreme crisis in the history of the nation. When the challenge came, Britain's first line of defence was ready to the last man and ship. This might not have been the case had some of Mr. Churchill's predecessors in office been in control of the Admiralty when war was declared. With all his faults and failings, Churchill, in the eyes of the British people, ranks with Kitchener in his thoroughness and capacity for hard work. He also possesses the bulldog tenacity and courage that appeal to a fighting race. Three years ago, in conversation with a British member of Parliament, Churchill laid down the dictum that a man should fight for the day, not counting the cost or risk. He has studied life in four continents and tasted the mad joys of frenzied war in three, and yet he spoke of war recently, at Dundee, as a "business in which, whoever wins, both sides lose."

* *

Young, bold, and audacious, Mr. Winston Churchill is the Rupert of debate, and has all the *flair* and talent of his brilliant father, combined with a mastery of detail and a genius for taking infinite pains in which Lord Randolph Churchill was conspicuously lacking. With natural defects of speech that would deter the average man from embarking on a political career, Mr. Winston Churchill, handicapped on every side, stands to-day in the front ranks as a debater and platform orator. His speeches at the last two general elections, covering the two contests in which he was engaged, at Manchester and Dundee, were not only masterpieces in lucidity and style, but in point of constructive statesmanship and definition of political dogmas ranked with the palmiest days of grand oratory when Disraeli and Gladstone were protagonists. To Winston Churchill the issues are always "grand issues," and he ever appeals from the parish pump to the bigger newspaper-reading public outside, whose decisions mould public opinion and move the legislative machinery of the State. He is a prophet of far-reaching vision, who approaches national problems with a philosophic mind, and who knows that the present is but a link between the past and the future. Mr. Churchill laboriously prepares his speeches, and finds fault with some of his colleagues for not taking the trouble to carefully prepare their public utterances. He may be heard all day long before a big meeting tramping his bedroom and emphasizing his main points on the furniture, just as Henry Grattan and other great orators of the grand style were wont to do in days gone by. But he is always ready and prompt in debate, and when he rises to address the House of Commons members flock in, knowing that when Churchill is up things will be lively for the Opposition. His acquisitive mind enables him to assimilate quickly all that has been said upon a subject and to give it out again in a condensed and strikingly original form. Like the late Edward Blake, he exhausts every subject he approaches, but, unlike the great Canadian statesman, Churchill wields a magnetic influence over his audience and never reveals the intricate workings of his mind. He deals in conclusions rather than arguments and holds his hearers by his forceful personality and the spell of oratory. His halting, stammering, prefatory sentences soon give way to rapier-like thrusts and the scintillations of a genius which cannot be repressed and which flashes more brightly in the face of obstruction. Unlike his father, he is too wise to rely on his natural gifts for success, and works with the same energy and enthusiasm that he displayed in the Cuban war, at Omdurman (when he charged through the Dervish ambush with the gallant 21st Lancers); in South Africa, when he fought, rifle in hand, to a finish when

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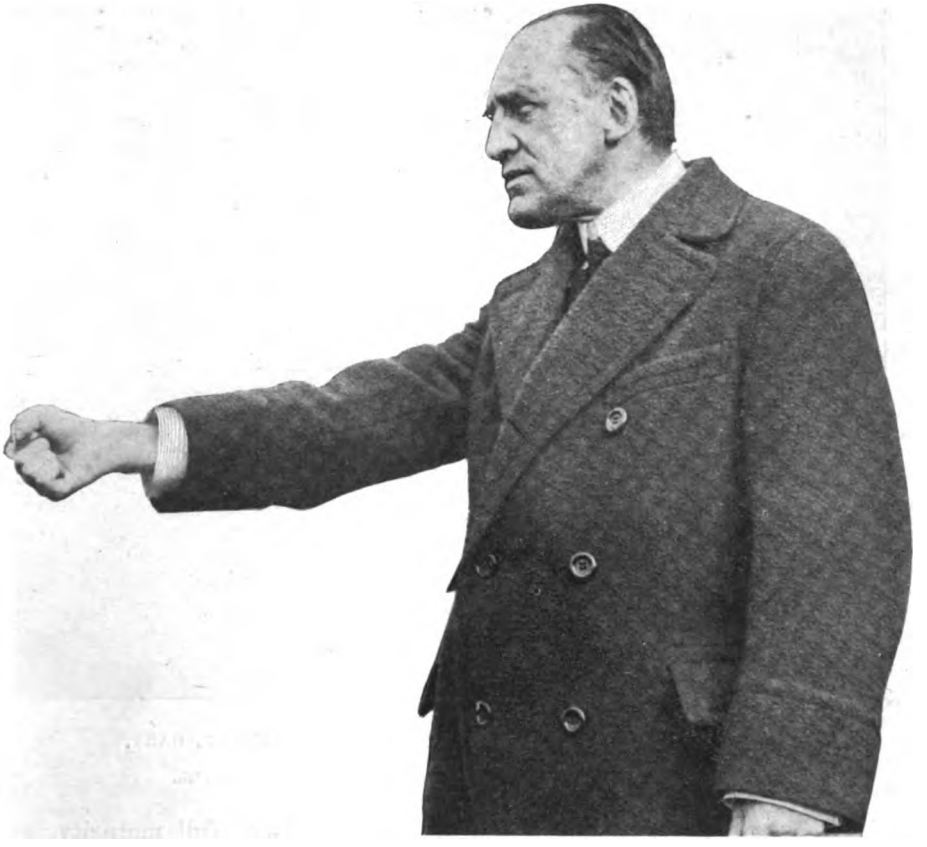

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR EDWARD CARSON, K.C., M.P.

the Boers wrecked the armoured train, and at Antwerp, where he was in the trenches with the naval brigade. His greatest crime has been his youth, and doubtless it is to lend age to his matured wisdom that he affects a modification of the Gladstone collar, and appeared at his own wedding, in the heart of fashionable London, the worst dressed man at the function. It has been truly said of him that his school was the barrack-room and his university the battlefield. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was one of the earliest apostles of Tory democracy. Mr. Winston Churchill, more than any of his colleagues, has the fire and passion of a democratic leader, but he lacks the stability of character inseparable from a great and trusted leader of a party. If he has staying powers, if those brilliant gifts do not burn up the earthly shrine, and if the latent instincts of the dashing, reckless Churchills do not weaken his faith in the common people, Winston Churchill will yet aid in bringing the race into the promised land toward which he is ever beckoning it.

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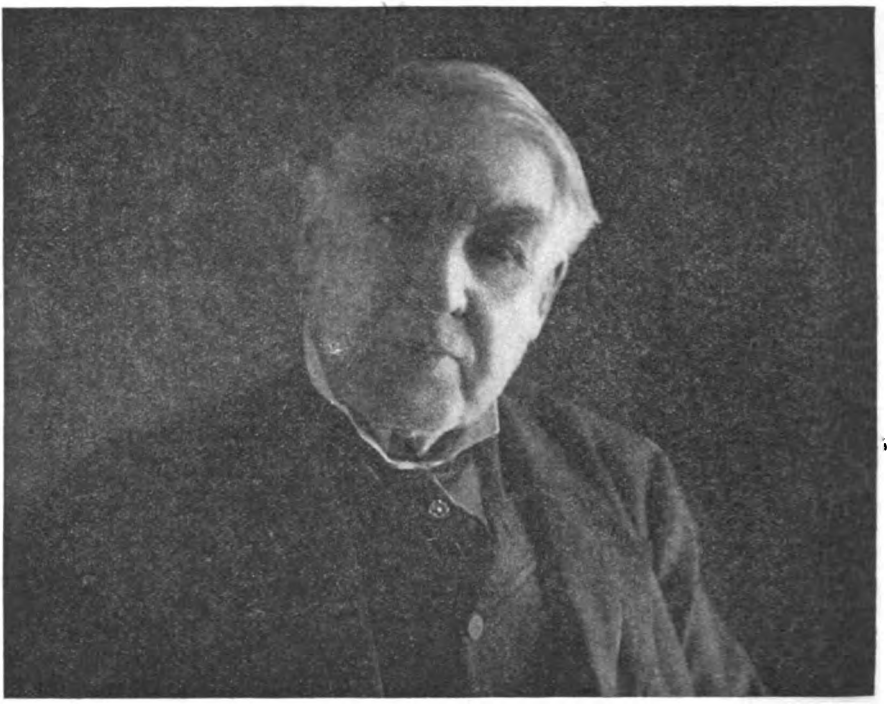

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

For whom a State Funeral was held at Halifax, on November 15th.

Sir Charles Tupper was the last survivor of the men who planned and carried out the federation of the Canadian Provinces. His death at the great age of ninety-four, after a public career of three score years tends to bring to the Dominion that sense of consciousness of maturity to which nations, like individuals, must awaken. The Dominion is no longer young. Some of the glowing predictions and hopes of its founders have been more than fulfilled, for in material wealth there was a vast heritage impatiently awaiting possessors. Perhaps in the passing of a life of long and tireless activity in political development and party contests there are suggestions as to the wisdom of seeking the fulfillment of hopes deeper in significance. The Dominion has reached years of full maturity, and can no longer with safety indulge in reckless irresponsibilities of youth. Sir Charles Tupper leaves the deeper problems of political development and economic stability, which have baffled older nations and will baffle, no nearer a solution than when he first essayed the guidance of public affairs. This is not stated with any suggestion of disparagement. His wonderfully prolonged career pointedly emphasizes the persistent and unrelieved pressure of the problems he now hands on to others. It also suggests the need of devoting the best energy and deepest thought to the designing of improvements on the systems under which Empires have crumbled throughout the course of history.

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The Library Table

MOONBEAMS FROM THE LARGER LUNACY

By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE author of "Literary Lapses" and "Behind the Beyond" has struck a new vein in this his interpretation of what most persons do not regard as madness. Some persons are afflicted with lunacy and yet are never set apart as lunatics. Professor Leacock would call them "larger lunatics". The one who reads the latest novels and attends all the *functions* of his social class might be given as an example. There is, therefore, as usual, a fine vein of satire in this author's observations, and, to display it, we have only to reprint the few paragraphs that follow:

Somehow as they sat together on the deck of the great steamer in the afterglow of the sunken sun, listening to the throbbing of the propeller, a rare sound which neither of them, of course, had ever heard before, de Vere felt he must speak to her. Something of the mystery of the girl fascinated him. What was she doing here alone with no one but her mother and her maid, on the bosom on the Atlantic? Why was she here? Why was she not somewhere else? The thing puzzled, perplexed him. It would not let him alone. It fastened upon his brain. Somehow he felt that if he tried to drive it away, it might nip him in the ankle.

In the end he spoke.

"And you, too," he said, leaning over her deck-chair, "are going to America?"

He had suspected this ever since the boat left Liverpool. Now at length he framed his growing conviction into words.

"Yes," she assented, and then timidly, "it is 3,213 miles wide, is it not?"

"Yes," he said, "and 1,781 miles deep! It reaches from the forty-ninth parallel to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Oh," cried the girl, "what a vivid picture! I seem to see it."

"Its major axis," he went on, his voice sinking almost to a caress, "is formed by the Rocky Mountains, which are practically a prolongation of the Cordilleran Range. It is drained," he continued—

"How splendid!" said the girl.

"Yes, is it not? It is drained by the Mississippi, by the St. Lawrence, and—dare I say it?—by the Upper Colorado."

Somehow his hand had found hers in the half gloaming, but she did not check him.

"Go on," she said very simply; "I think I ought to hear it."

"The great central plain of the interior," he continued, "is formed by a vast alluvial deposit carried down as silt by the Mississippi. East of this the range of the Alleghanies, nowhere more than eight thousand feet in height, forms a secondary or subordinate axis from which the watershed falls to the Atlantic."

He was speaking very quietly but earnestly. No man had ever spoken to her like this before.

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IN PASTURES GREEN

By Peter McArthur. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE many readers of Mr. McArthur's delightful weekly letters from his farm at "Ekfrid" will be glad to know that they can now obtain these letters collected in one volume. Mr. McArthur is precisely what he pretends to be—a farmer. But he is not one of these college-bred, scientific agriculturists, for he introduces into farm life a seasoning of philosophy and a fine vein of humour. He sees the picturesque and

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MR. PETER McARTHUR

Canadian humorist-philosopher, author of "In Pastures Green"

humorous sides of farming. His farm is in the Province of Ontario, not far from London. Here is a portion of one of his letters:

We are a hopelessly unromantic people. We go about even the most delightful of our affairs in a sadly hum-drum way. Take the opening of an apple-pit in winter, for instance. If the "well-greaved Greeks" had anything like this in their lives they would have approached the task with appropriate songs and ceremonial dances. They would have done justice to the winter-ripened apple,

"That hath been
Cooled a long ago in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and provencal song and sunburnt mirth."

Now notice how prosaically the Canadian farmer undertakes the work. After the women folks have been nagging him for a couple of weeks, he begins to feel apple-hungry himself, and some fine morning he takes the long-handled shovel and an old axe and proceeds to open the pit. The snow is first carefully shovelled away from the little treasure-house of autumn fruitfulness, and then the covering of frozen earth is chopped away. This uncovers the protecting layer of straw, which is removed, laying bare the apples. What a gush of perfume burdens the frosty air! Spies, Baldwins, Russets, and Pippins give their savour aright, and if a man had a touch of poetry in his soul he would begin at once to fashion lyrics. But there is no poetry. He simply remarks to himself that they have kept well, fills a bag, stuffs back the straw and piles on the earth and snow to keep out the frost. He then carries the bag to the kitchen and announces that he expects to have "apple-sass" for dinner. Possibly he wipes an apple on his sleeve and eats it while going to the barn to finish his chores, but on the whole he treats the event as if it were an ordinary part of the day's work.

It is a pleasure to be able to record the passing of the dried apple. It was the precursor of the prune as a boarding-house dish, and was once widely used as a substitute for food. They used to have paring-bees, where the young people peeled, quartered, and cored the apples, and then threaded them like beads to be strung up over the stove to dry. While drying they served as "a murmurous haunt of flies." Every farm-house once had its apple-screen, made of laths, which was hung over the stove with the pipe going through it for the purpose of drying apples. Its contents were also popular with the flies, and, as screen-doors were unknown then, you can guess how plentiful the flies were. Dried apples were once an article of commerce, but it is long since I have seen any or have been insulted by having them offered to me at the table. I am told that, although the farmers no longer dry apples, there are factories where apples are dessicated—desecrated, one woman explained—and that they may be found wherever prunes and dried apricots are offered for sale. It may be so; I do not know, and do not want to know. I am sure that dried apples by any other name would taste as leathery and unpalatable. I am content to know that they are no longer used in the country. Sound apples, fresh from the pit, are good enough for me.

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OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS

By Arnold Haultain. London: T. Werner Laurie, Limited.

THIS is a collection of those charming essays that have made the author's name count for something in any just consideration of literature

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in Canada. It embodies his "Two Country Walks in Canada", as well as rambles, philosophically treated, in other parts of the world. The essay is a difficult form of writing to review. All, therefore, that we shall attempt here is the selection of a paragraph that may give some foretaste of what is within the volume:

Then in the silence of night I heard the soundless voice of that Spirit of Eternal Things: that Mystery, impenetrable as the dark, impalpable; revealing itself as one with the shapes it took and one with the impulse they obeyed; in the grass-blade and the leaf, and in the wind to which they swayed; in the ponderous earth that, darkling, reels through space, and in the subtle mind that holds this earth in fee. The vast and the far-off were embraced in the vision, for from the remotest star came rays that united me with it. The minute and the trivial were summoned from their hiding to prove themselves near and akin. Magnitude and proportion were swallowed up in unity; number and computation disappeared in a stupendous integer. Not a leaf shook, not a bud burst, but was moved to motion and to life by forces infinite and remote, antedating sun or star, one with sun and star, older than the Milky Way, vaster than the limits of vision. For in each leaflet of the boscage ran a sap ancient as ocean, and but yesterday, in the history of Time, that whole assemblage was something far other than it is. Bud and leaf were but manifestations of a something supreme—a Force, a Spirit, a God; a mysterious Thing that took hold of dew and sunshine and soil and transformed them into shape and perfume. And sunshine and dew and soil were in turn themselves but mutations of things, chemical elements or movements of molecules; and these again but mutations of things more subtle still—atoms or electros, infinitesimal and innominate particles; till ultimately, surely, we arrive at something immense, immutable. Something there must be behind all change; behind all appearances Something that Appears. And the last appearance, and the sum-total of appearances, must be potential in the first, as in the acorn is contained a potential forest.

*

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT

By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

BENHAM, the principal character in this novel, is the antithesis of the same author's other admirable character—Bealby. For Bealby is lovable; Benham, anything but lovable. Yet Benham loved himself, so much so that he could live apart from his wife. But his wife was so extraordinary a person that many readers would think that one would have to hate oneself pretty thoroughly before one could force oneself to live with her. Benham went about with the idea that he had been born for the precise purpose of living a noble life. His appreciation of nobility, however, was not common. He tried to make at least himself believe that he was fearless. Unarmed and in the dead of night he took a stroll in the depths of an Indian jungle. With dramatic opportuneness he found himself standing face to face with a tiger. And a real live tiger, too, "uncaged, uncontrolled". He advanced. He lifted a hand. "I am Man," he said. "The Thought of the world." Whether overcome by Benham's capitals or from a fear that a closer acquaintance with the young man might prove boring, the monster promptly vanished. Not writing for students of natural history, but merely for the guileless public, Mr. Wells must have enjoyed himself while describing that episode. But there are other episodes equally amusing, and others again, particularly the escapades of the don Prothero, quite unsavoury.

*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE MARKET OF EUROPE

By Princess Catherine Radziwill. (Catherine Kolb-Danvin). Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THERE is an intimacy about this book that is at once attractive and convincing. The author writes as if she had personal knowledge of the ones about whom she writes. There is, therefore, that much in addition to the extraordinary interest of the subject itself. At one time royal marriages were regarded as the most im-

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portant events in the political world, and their negotiation was entrusted generally to the ablest diplomats of the day. National advantage took precedence before private advantage, with the result that many strange and romantic marriages have taken place in the royal households of Europe. The outlook just now, as the author of this volume points to, is extremely interesting and uncertain, for the war has aroused animosities and estranged many marriageable persons who cluster round the various thrones. The probability is that royalty will become more democratic, perhaps not so much from choice as from force of circumstances. Princess Radziwill reviews the situation, and her remarks on some of the royal courtships compose a series of unusually interesting chapters .She deals with the House of Habsburg, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs, the last of the Nassaus; Luxemburg and Belgium; Italy and Servia; Greece and Roumania, and Bulgaria; Spain and Portugal; Denmark and its alliances; Saxony and other German courts, the royal house of Sweden, the Bourbon and Orleans dynasty, and the English royal marriages.

*

THE SPELL OF FLANDERS

By Edward Neville Vose. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a very sumptuous book of travel, profusely illustrated, and handsomely printed and bound. It comes very timely just now, for the eyes of the world are and have been for many months attracted to that unhappy territory. The book is dedicated to King Albert of Belgium. Flanders, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, " has been trodden by the feet and watered by the blood of countless generations of British soldiers". How well his words are borne out to-day! Flanders, it seems almost needless to say, is to-day, precisely, the northern portion of Belgium. It possesses, or at least until recently it possessed. many artistic and architectural monuments. Mr. Vose's book is a pen-picture of this interesting country as it was when the great war broke loose upon it.

*

LITTLE MISS GROUCH

By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Toronto: William Briggs.

PERHAPS this is an amusing love story. At any rate it is the tale of a young woman who disguises herself as a maid, sails for Europe, and is pursued by an ardent admirer. The girl is the kind of beauty that takes one "off one's feet". As a sample of the style of the book we make this quotation:

"But it's not alone for your beaux yeux," he explained to her. "I'm acting for a client."

"How exciting! But you're not going to browbeat me as you did poor papa when you had him on the stand?" said Miss Wayne, exploring the gnarled old face with soft eyes.

"Browbeat the court!" cried the legal light—who had frequently done that very thing. "You're the tribunal of highest jurisdiction in this case."

"Then I must look very solemn and judicial." Which she proceeded to do with such ravishing effect that three young men approaching from the opposite direction lost all control of their steering-gear and were precipitated into the scuppers by the slow tilt of a languid ground-swell.

*

THE NAVAL CROWN

By C. Fox-Smith. London: Elkin Matthews.

THESE are ballads and songs of the war in a vein similar to that which distinguished the same author's "Songs in Sail" and "Sea Songs and Ballads". Here is a stanza of the poem that gives title to the book:

I've sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to sea—
An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to me;
There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave tried to drown—
But I never met the equal of the "Eastern Crown."

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POEMS

By Alfred Gordon. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

IT is not often that Canadian publishers have the distinction of placing their imprint upon a volume of poetry as meritorious as this. Mr. Gordon has the poet's ear and the poet's eye. We quote from "Easter Ode, 1915", which was written for the Easter service of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal:

O Spring! To whom the poets of all time
Have made sweet rhyme;
And unto lovers, above all, most dear!
How shall they hymn thee in this latter year,
When death, not life, doth ripen to his prime?

What pulse shall quicken, or what eye grow bright,
With love's delight,
Now sleepeth not the bridegroom with the bride?
What flowers shall cover, or what grasses hide
The miles of mounds that thrust upon our sight?

April's light showers, that made the sun more sweet,
Seem now to beat
In constant boding of the nations' tears:
Across the pastures, to each mother's ears,
The lambs and ewes more piteously bleat.

The fledglings fallen from the nest awake,
In hearts that break,
A new compassion for their fluttering:
The brown, soft eyes of every furry thing
Seem doubly tender for our sorrow's sake.

The complete Ode is a very fine composition, and it is followed by "Ode for Dominion Day, 1915," in which we read:

Thou hast waxed fat like Jeshurun, but, in soul grown lean,
Hast sold
Thy dreams for gold,
Pricing the priceless, making all things mean.

This lament is offset, however, in later stanzas, where it is written:

For lo! Thy blood is mingled with a martyred land's—
Her pains
Have loosed thy chains:
Free, now and henceforth, thy freed spirit stands!

We should like to quote more freely from this volume, which in form as well as in content is much above the average.

*

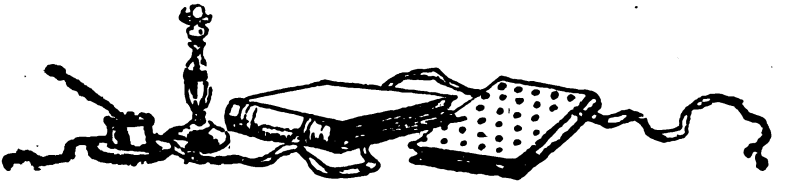
SUNDOWN SLIM

By H. H. Knibbs. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HERE we have a very likable hobo turning first to cowboy and then to rancher. He finds himself in Arizona, where for some time he has been the butt of cowboys and ranch owners, but his pristine worth at length asserts itself, and he marries and settles down. While it is a western story, perhaps not altogether new, it is happily not besmirched with the kind of gush that usually is written about cowboys and cowboy life.

*

—The new volume of biography, "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal," on which Mr. Beckles Willson has been working for more than a year, will be published this month by Cassell and Company. It will be the authorized "life" of this great Canadian statesman.



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It Wasn't Respect

Sir Thomas Lipton has been telling a very good Scotch story.

Some time ago he visited Scotland, when he met an old friend whom he had not seen since they were at school together.

They got to discussing old times, and Sir Thomas suddenly asked:

"And how's George?" referring to an old school friend known to both of them.

"Oh," was the answer, "he's dead long ago, and I shall never cease to regret him greatly as long as I live."

"I never knew you had so much respect for him as all that," said Sir Thomas in surprise.

"No, na, you're wrang there," answered his friend. "It weren't the respec' I had for him, na that; but, you see, I married his widow!"

*

Escaped

Tom: "He certainly rose from the ranks."

Jerry: "So?"

Tom: "Yes, he used to be a cigar-maker."—*California Pelican.*

*

Enough, Anyway

Mary: "The doctor says this illness of mine is caused by a germ."

Agnes: "What did he call it?"

Mary: "I don't remember. I caught the disease, but not the name."—*Judge.*

*

A Way to Save

Cassidy (visiting warship)—"Ivry time that big gun is fired, Dinny, sivin hundred dollars goes up in smoke."

Conley—"Glory be! Why don't they use smokeless powder?"—*Puck.*

Our Turn Next
—*De Telegraaf* (Amsterdam)

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APPLES

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

LET no Canadian pessimist come to London hoping here to find support for melancholy prophesies. But let no optimist come here looking for confirmation for all his bright conjectures for the future.

I have been reading a number of Canadian papers, the latest to arrive at the Canadian High Commissioner's Office in Victoria Street. I have been talking to a number of representative Canadians, newly come from Montreal and New York. And in the papers and the men one observes a sentiment which is curiously different from that prevailing here in London. Canada is optimistic. Canadians are flushed with pride and satisfaction in the wheat harvest. War orders are helping to keep the Dominion employed. Men and women all over Canada have a fixed belief in the invincibility of the Mother Country, and are inclined to sit back and discuss comfortably the terms of peace which they think ought to be insisted upon. Our factories are running smoothly. Canadian Pacific Railway is still paying ten per cent. Our sons—or is it other people's sons?—are enlisting at a satisfactory rate. Coal is about the same price as last winter, and the cost of food is, after all, not much increased. Why worry then, we seem to say.

This is an excellent frame of mind. I am not sure that it is not praiseworthy. But if you bring it to England, hedge it about with great care or you will lose it. This is not the mood of the mother country. There is a touch of grimness here. This is the part of the Empire next to the conflagration, the part that is feeling the heat and the menace of the flames. We are the bucket-passers far down the line. One can go from London to the place where shells are exploding in less time than it takes to go from Toronto to Montreal or from Edmonton down to Calgary. By monoplane from Hendon it is less than an hour! From Montreal it takes almost two weeks. The difference between two weeks and, say, eight hours is the difference between being an incorrigible Canadian optimist and something better.

There is, fortunately—and yet, in

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a way, unfortunately—no doubt in the mind of any good Britisher as to which side will win the war. Many neutral observers give unsolicited support to our point of view. But the greatest menace to the cause of our civilization to-day lies not in Germany, nor in the British habit of grumbling, but in the tendency of large masses of our public to cherish this confidence in our cause and to do nothing more. Between those people in Canada who do that and these people in London who have an unwarranted fit of bad temper there is a *via media* which has to be recognized and must be followed sooner or later. To be as gloomy as London public opinion often seems to be, is to resemble a woman who continually laments the futility of the efforts being made by her husband to extinguish their burning house: She discourages him. To be as optimistic as some of these never-be-depressed newspaper humourists and arm-chair applauders, is to be like the wife who, in the same circumstances, trots off to tea with the curate's wife and entertains the company with vivacious account of her husband's bravery and the certainty of putting out the fire ere long. Good wives neither lament nor simper, but turn in. What is wanted in England is less grumbling and more constructive criticism or, better still, work! What is wanted in Canada is less rehearsal of peace terms and the probable price of real estate after the war and more intelligent appreciation of the necessities of the occasion. The sacrifice of sons, husbands and brothers is not enough. The giving of a few evenings a week to the Red Cross or to knitting socks or taking up collections for wounded war horses is insufficient.

It is stated upon the best of authority that within a short time Great Britain may find it desirable to float another loan in Canada. When that time comes the promptness and the extent of Canada's response will depend to a great extent upon the economy which Canadian men and women practice in the small affairs of day-to-day supplies. The Canadian optimist bases his conclusions on the knowledge that the British Empire has immeasurable resources. But does he realize that these resources are available only in so far as he—and the rest of us—preserves them and offers his share of them when the call comes?

In a recent conversation I heard a British member of Parliament say: "It is time we realized the kind of an enemy we are fighting. Brute he is. Slayer of babies and despoiler of temples he confesses. But his capacity for civilian sacrifice in the interests of his cause has so far outshone ours. I do not refer to the sacrifices of our soldiers but to the economies practiced by the civilian population behind the lines. The German house-wife by her rigid economy, by reducing waste and making the most of her small resources, is helping her ill-fated country to prolong the struggle. She is reducing in a degree the advantage which we have in the way of superior material resources. We, on the other hand, by talking optimism and wasting potato peelings are weakening ourselves."

I did not intend, when I drafted this article, to turn it into a sermon. I wished to convey to Canadian readers a sense of the feeling in England. England realizes what I think Canada does not realize. The Empire is indeed fighting the fight of the ages. A defeat for Britain is much nearer to being a possibility—though I do not admit it is a possibility—than it has ever been before. Empires have in the past had a habit of going to pieces. This has been the rule of history.

This Empire must survive. The *possibility* of an exception must be made a *reality*. In England many men carp at Asquith. He is temperamentally flaccid, they say. One finds people doubting Kitchener—

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though they cannot mention any reason except his failure to watch the supply of ammunition properly. Churchill was cordially hated until he made his explanation and defence in the House of Commons on November 15th; and he merely succeeded, it is said, in shifting the blame to other people's shoulders. The effect of his speech has been to increase the general lack of public confidence in the leaders of the Empire. The Conservatives cherish Carson in their bosoms as the one and only man capable of handling the situation with the necessary decision and force. They support Lloyd George—whom they hated five years ago and who is now reviled by a large section of his own party, the Liberals—and they think Lord Milner and Curzon, of India fame, might make good men for the work of the day. Balfour they say is a "perfect lady"—therefore no war executive. McKenna a neuter sort of man with the ability of an exalted clerk. Bonar Law a voice without a personality, a mind without a will, a noise without any shrapnel.

In short England is to-day without a single figure on which the public may fasten its imagination and in whom it may focus its force. There is no elder Pitt, not even a Gladstone. Even the Conservatives who want Carson as a sort of Dictator do not give him their unqualified support. He has his weaknesses, they say, and needs supplementing. The Liberals, who in the main stand well behind Asquith, are nevertheless weary of his tact. He lacks force, they say. Offer them Lloyd George and they reply, "Of course—force, but no real brains, and no stability." I am not setting down any one man's opinion or the opinion of any one party. These conclusions are based on conversations with Liberals and Conservatives, and with both kinds of Liberals: those who trust Lloyd George and those who do not trust him.

The great fault both sides find with the administrators is lack of decision. They say lack of decision lost Antwerp—and I think Churchill's speech proved this point. They say lack of co-operative decision caused the Dardanelles blundering. They say the same dilly-dallying caused our diplomatic defeat in the Balkans and that the same lack of common brains caused us to send a paltry six thousand men to help Serbia when the Serbians were first in danger, and at a time when a great force of men was urgently needed. One finds General French being assailed as lacking military genius. Ian Hamilton, once a darling, is referred to as the man whom "everyone knew should never have been sent to the Dardanelles. A divisional commander—not a commander-in-chief."

In short Canadians who are accustomed to worshipping England from afar off and accepting Englishmen as the great leaders and their own men as only so-so, find here a situation which in any other country in the world would mean the onset of disaster. It is worse than the usual British grumbling.

This grumbling probably has no real justification any more than our unbounded optimism has any. It has this excuse however. In the first place the lack of a popular figure leaves the public mind unoccupied. I suspect that any faker clever enough to catch the public eye and hold it, and fortunate enough to encounter a series of military successes, could cure all this grumbling. But one cannot believe that the success of the war depends upon the finding of any one man, or that the lack of him explains the faults of the present situation.

The truth of the matter is that we have an aristocratic democracy, allied with a Latin democracy and with a slav autocracy, waging war against the Hun autocracy. We fight on the outside of a circle and are continually forced to consult with one

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another and with public opinion in the Empire and in France as to what shall and what shall not be done. Germany and her tools have no such conditions to meet, no sense of responsibility for human life or happiness. The will of one man is supreme in his realm. There is no credit coming to him for making quick decision. He fights on the inside of the ring. In England alone there were until recently twenty-two men to consult in matters of policy. Then there were almost as many in France to make *their* decision. Then the joint Anglo-French decision had to be made.

Fair judges are not sure that the blame for the Balkan diplomatic defeat rested entirely upon our own Foreign Office. One cannot be satisfied that there were not conditions governing the despatch of men to the aid of Servia which excused the seeming paltriness of our first landing at Saloniki. Finally, it is a matter of doubt whether with one man or with many men in control of our campaign we can hope to avoid errors of judgment. Conditions are such as the mind of man never before conceived. It is excusable, if not to be justified, that mistakes should have been made in the beginning. In a small Ontario town, three brothers kept a store where for years the township did its chief buying. The brothers grew fat and sleek. They were good men. There came to the town a young store-keeper whose motto was "Watch my dust". He was of the "smart Alec" type. He knew more tricks in business than the three brothers had dreamed were possible. He scrimped and hoarded his money till he had enough to start his campaign against the three brothers. By laying a fancy stock, by cutting prices and giving credit he began to undermine the older store's trade.

The brothers retaliated slowly. They too improved their stock, lowered prices and gave more credit. But the "smart Alec" always led the fight. The new moves came from him. The brothers often took too long to decide on the proper means of retaliating. But in the end they won, because their resources were so much superior to the young man's. In his overweening ambition he had overreached himself. Instead of being content to live and let live he had defeated himself. But the recollection of the three brothers with worried faces plodding up and down their garden walk wondering whether they ought to do this or do that or what is recalled by the present mood of England. England could never conduct such a brilliant piece of scheming as Germany's and she is scarcely quick enough to cope with it. But having weathered the initial shock of the German hordes, we have now time to fight in our own way, ploddingly no doubt, with many mistakes, but with victory assured if we mobilize our resources and display proper willingness to sacrifice these resources.

England will never again be the same. I think she will come out of the war greater than when she entered it, greater, at all events, in character. The fine old swashbuckling Britisher has been replaced by something more modest—and more stern. Let no one pretend that this war is not a terrible strain. Hypocrisy is necessary only for lost causes and the German Wireless News service. Mother England's face is thin and the eyes anxious and the mouth drawn over the determined chin. The pedlars of swank are chiefly the people with nothing to do and no real share in the war. I think too many of the critics are from that class too. The cheerfullest people in England are the people with sons at the front, or the people with work to do.

One more point I wish to make, and then to emphasize one already mentioned. The first is the decay of Individualism in Great Britain. Prosperity nearly always leads to so much comfort and ease for the in-

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dividual or the individual family that these units in the community forget their mutual interdependence, their obligations to the community. The disease of the United States—a case worthy of observation—is Sentimental Individualism. It is too often with Americans a case of "I—me—Mine." An appeal to sentiment will prompt all manner of generosity from the American, but an appeal to sense of Duty—plain, unadulterated, unemotional, sexless Duty—gets too little response. We are tarred with that same brush in Canada. England too was stained with it. But the war is correcting the fault. The sacrifice of the individual for the whole state on the battle-field or elsewhere is having its great effect. The average man's sense of values has been readjusted. He no longer places highest the value of his own life and comforts. He has found something higher. He talks less of rights and more of duties. Organized Socialism by the way has either turned pro-war or dwindled to nothing. The working classes—in spite of the rash speech of that M.P. who threatened a railway strike in case compulsion were adopted—are sound to the core. Like all classes in the British Isle they are ready to make every sacrifice if only they are shown the need and the kind of sacrifice, and how to make it.

The point that should be emphasized is the need for economy on the part of those who stay at home and the need for combining works with optimism. Our optimism is of course based upon our knowledge of our resources. But if men forget that they are the custodians of these resources, if they dissipate them carelessly then their optimism is a dangerous affair. Sir George Paish, the editor of the London Statist, emphasized, in a conversation which I had with him recently, this fact: If there is one message which more than another should go to Canada it is this: the time approaches when England may have to ask for a loan from Canada. If then Canada, by present economy and by keeping down her imports of foreign goods to a minimum, can have funds available for such a loan that will be so much more done toward the bringing of a speedy and happy end to this war. Not only men but money may have to be drawn from Canada, money which will afterward go to build up Canada. This is where every civilian has the opportunity to help fight the war. Faith without works is still valueless.

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WAR, WASTE, AND WEALTH

BY S. T. WOOD

ECONOMY as a war measure is an apple of discord among economic philosophers and they are legion. In fact it is almost impossible to set forth an economic theory or opinion anywhere without provoking a wide divergence of views.

The idea of saving money is worth investigation, for money is the root of all evil in economic theory, whatever it may occasion in personal morality. On the death of the late lamented boom there were complaints that money was being locked up in vacant land. That was absurd on its face. Money could not be invested or locked up in vacant land. A. may give B. money for vacant land, but the money is not invested or locked up. It is still available. Prices may go up or down, but money is not made or lost—it merely changes hands. It is indestructible. Everyone knows this, but many forget it when they begin to theorize. Keeping the truth constantly in mind helps toward clearness in the consideration of various suggested methods of saving for the purpose of making money available for investment in Government loans.

Personal and domestic service, in various forms, are suggested as fields for economy, and the possible benefit set forth is the saving of money to lend for war purposes. Money is not saved by dismissing a chauffeur, domestic servant or other personal employee. More money is not thus made available for investment in Government loans. Money is kept in the hands of the employer instead of passing to the employee. The man who dismisses a domestic employee and thus saves his wages does not thereby add to either the money, clothing, munitions or wheat available. It is only as the employee released from personal service obtains an opportunity to work productively that the economy effected by dismissal makes any improvement. A servant may be merely idling and drawing wages, but it does not improve matters or increase the general store by dismissing him. Turning idlers to productive work is the only effective economy.

Our confused mixture of collectivism and individuation tends to cloud thought on the question of personal economy. If the man rendered idle by somebody's economy in dismissing a servant were set to work at a productive occupation that economy would be beneficial. It would lessen consumption or waste while transferring production. But the man now rendered idle is likely to remain so. In that case the economy does not increase the available wealth, though it increases the trials of both the employer and employee.

Concerts and theatricals have been suggested as fields for special economy. To remain away while a performance goes on does not prevent economic waste of effort or increase the money available for war loans. Admission fees merely change hands, and the self-denial or individual economy of remaining away does not

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divert the performers to the factories, workshops and farms. It is not for money but for clothing, food and munitions that the Dominion is sinking into debt. It is as our people work and produce these things in abundance that they become able to sustain the Government with a loan. The personal economy that does not directly or indirectly provide for more productive industry is not a public benefit. Economy is not in itself productive. When it stops productive work, as most of the suggested economies would, it does not increase the surplus wealth available for bearing the burdens of war. The man, for example, who dismisses his chauffeur and runs his own car has the savings available for investment in Canadians loans, but the chauffeur, his butcher, and baker have proportionately less for that purpose. The same is true of the economies on a large scale that tend to close, or reduce the capacity of factories and other industries producing luxuries.

This makes it easier to understand the monetary conditions resulting from the recent boom, and also the conditions apparent to-day. As proof that there was a superabundance of money when almost everyone was complaining of scarcity, it may be pointed out that there was a general increase in prices. Money was plentiful and its purchasing power fell. It is superabundant now, hence its low purchasing power. When money is scarce prices fall. The real evil of the boom from which almost the whole Dominion is now suffering was not the loss, waste or tie-up of money, but the waste of time and labour. Men ceased to work productively with head or hand and imagined themselves possessed of wealth. They diverted labor from useful production to the supplying of luxuries. When they found they could not cut a piece off their land value to feed and clothe the builders of automobiles the truth was realized that the supposed wealth was a delusion. Necessity forced home the fact that land values are liabilities as well as assets. All that was necessary for restoration was for the idle to resume useful productive occupations. The scarcity was not of money. The banks in Toronto were refusing a big deposit of the city's surplus revenue and prices were soaring. There was a plethora of money but a dearth of other useful products of industry.

Under socialism or collectivism, money would not be necessary, and war has forced many nations to adopt collective organization and operation to an unusual extent. Instead of borrowing money or printing fiat money to pay for supplies, some nations commandeer the supplies, not only for the army but for the populace. This can be done on a small scale in a town in a state of siege, or may be applied more generally over a large area. Some nations prefer to keep one remove away from this, and, instead of commandeering food, clothing, shelter and workers to keep up the supply, commandeer the money by means of an income tax and use it to purchase goods and pay rents and wages. But in either case and in all cases it is the useful products that are required, and the supply of them must be continuous through continuous productive labour. Canada's commandeering of wheat does not change the situation, as the owners will be paid. A nation must commandeer and confiscate requisites for war, thus doing violence to all moral obligations regarding property rights, or sink proportionately into debt to the owning and creditor class.

Just here it may be well to correct popular misconceptions regarding the existence of wealth. Great wealth does not, never did and never can exist. The world always must live "from hand to mouth." Continuous consumption follows close on the heels of continuous production. Popular statistics of the wealth of nations are ridiculous, for they are made up largely of debts. They in-

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clude land values, which are the values of franchises possessed by some to take from others. It would be no more absurd to include the franchise value of toll-gates. Most of what is included is made up of various forms of toll-gates or toll-taking schemes and privileges. The late Duke of Argyle went so far as to include, in the wealth of Britain, the investments in consols, the debts of the whole people to a few. He might as well have included the paper currency. Removing popular misconceptions regarding wealth and men of wealth helps to clear thought on the problem of sustenance through periods of stress and waste. Great fortunes have no tangible existence. What seem to be great fortunes are merely great franchises for levying toll on the daily output of productive industry. Goldsmith wrote:

> This wealth is but a name
> That leaves our useful products still the same.

He condensed into a few couplets the economic lesson over which John Stuart Mill struggled through several lucid but laborious chapters.

Many costly blunders may be averted by realizing that money is indestructible, and a very different series of blunders may be avoided by realizing that it cannot be created by printing currency. Canada's chartered banks received at the recent revision a large increase in the privilege of note issue. On the outbreak of the war they were relieved of the obligation to redeem their notes on demand, and the Dominion Government also suspended the redemption of its own notes. Canada's undoubted stability and the certainty of the resumption of specie payment in the near future have prevented the temporarily irredeemable paper from depreciating in proportion to gold, although its great volume in proportion to commercial products of labour has caused it to deteriorate in its power to purchase other commodities. In commercial parlance, gold does not command a premium, but the commercial index is more than forty-nine per cent. above the ten-year average. A large output of currency lessens its purchasing power, so that proportionately more is required to effect the exchanges of products.

While the Dominion Government was willing to redeem all notes on presentation and prepared to meet any demand in that regard which could reasonably be anticipated, it would have been safe to increase materially the currency volume in proportion to the gold reserve. In fact the gold reserve was unreasonably and wastefully large. The requirement is fifteen per cent. in gold and ten per cent. in securities guaranteed by the United Kingdom for the first $30,000,000 issued, and gold dollar for dollar, against all additional issues. When the aggregate issues reached such totals as $150,000,000 it made the gold reserve under the policy of redemption on demand needlessly large.

The Dominion was fortified against a sudden demand for redemption by the law requiring chartered banks to keep forty per cent. of their reserves in Dominion notes. But although a large increase in note issue would have been absolutely safe, provided governmental financiers were restrained by the obligation of redemption on demand, a different line of danger would arise if there was any extensive yielding to the temptation to issue irredeemable paper.

Every government loves to spend and hates to levy taxation, except when it can be done by methods sufficiently indirect to delude the public. The temptation of a public freely accepting irredeemable paper at par is certainly strong. Resistance demands a moral fibre seldom associated with political management except in the minds of ardent adherents. The temptation to flood the country with irredeemable paper is so strong that a word of caution against it is pardonable, even before any sign of

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yielding is apparent. We have seen the evils of an inflated irredeemable paper currency among the people across the line. In other fiscal and economic matters we have followed in their footsteps, stumbling where they stumbled and falling where they fell. Let us escape this trap.

The free investment of the chartered banks in the domestic loan may serve to illustrate the political temptation. The banks give their temporarily irredeemable paper for the Government bonds. The Government becomes indebted to the banks and has the banks' credit in the form of currency to defray war and other expenses. For this the Government pays 5¼ per cent. per annum.

"Why not print our own instead of using what is printed by the banks, and save the interest?" This is the natural soliloquy of Governmental resourcefulness, and must be answered before it becomes either a Governmental subterfuge or popular clamour. Were the currency the only question involved, and were the decision between Governmental issues and bank issues redeemable on demand, the argument in favour of Governmental issue would be strong. But the question of Governmental extravagance looms paramount.

There are always giants in promotion conceiving titanic schemes, plucking at the Governmental sleeve and whispering visionary projects in the Governmental ear. With the seductive possibility of evading the irate taxpayer by the issue of temporarily irredeemable paper, there is an almost irresistible temptation to settle into a policy that would land the whole Dominion in a state of debt, out of which it would have to struggle with the discouraging handicap of an inflated and depreciated paper currency.

It is to be regretted that our educational institutions have in economic investigation abandoned what may be called British intensive industry which found scope in correlating and interpreting facts, and have taken up what is generally regarded as German extensive industry, the collection of undigested facts in limitless volume. They have almost entirely lost the power of mental digestion. As this malady extends through the community, the need of guidance in economic crises increases while the capacity for it disappears.

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OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE LAST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUNIOR

THE two preceding articles of this series have shown the development of industrial research in other parts of the world and the need for it in this country. It now seems appropriate to consider the means whereby such manufacturing interests as now exist in the Dominion may be induced to expand by means of the industrial application of modern science and whereby new industries may be built up from laboratory investigations of the possibilities of our yet unused resources.

A certain amount of research has been carried on in Canada directly by the universities. Valuable as this has been it does not go very far. The function of the universities seems to lie rather in training the men to carry on research later under other auspices, and in endowing them with the vision without which any industry soon begins to run in a rut out of which only some great influence such as a world-war or a sweeping tariff reform will ever stir it. Willing as the universities are to carry on research for industrialists, there are two important factors that militate against their being a very useful factor in industrial advance in this direction. In the first place the manufacturer rarely grasps his problem in such a manner that he can take it to a university and ask that they solve it for him. There is need of some aggressive body that will study conditions in various industries and give the industrialist no peace till he is made to see that his methods are not all they should be, that perhaps he is wasting a useful by-product, that possibly he is using a dear raw material where a cheap one could be substituted with no injury to the final product. This the university cannot and should not do. In the second place, whether intentionally or not, the academic scientist frequently antagonizes the industrialist by his uncommercial attitude. Undoubtedly the fault lies as much in the attitude of the man of business as in that of the man of science, but nevertheless the condition exists and we must invent some way of getting around it.

The scientist, we all admit, has been too prone to clothe himself in a mantle of academic dignity and to shun industry and trade as ignoble pursuits of minds of an inherently baser type. Fortunately such scientists are rarer here in America than in Europe, but there have been enough of them to discourage many manufacturers from seeking the aid of scientific talent in solving their problems. On the other hand the men in control of industries in America have not, except possibly in New England, been largely recruited from university graduates and this has led to an unreasoning contempt for the "highbrow" on the part of the "self-made man". Perhaps this has been partly due to the failure of the colleges to train minds suitable for the

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control of great and growing industrial concerns. As a result of this absence of university graduates in the ranks of the captains of industry there has been a distrust of anything a university man might have to say regarding the conduct of an industry. It was held that his advice would be impractical and unsuited to actual working conditions. Then, too, the resources of the land were so great that to many it appeared that they were inexhaustible, and the careful scientific struggling after the utmost efficiency which characterized the industries of Germany, Belgium, and France was felt to be out of place in America, and unwisely considered a kind of commercial penury that ill befitted the heirs of the immense resources of mine and forest wealth with which Providence had seen fit to dower the New World.

A certain further amount of research has been carried on in the laboratories of various corporations and in private research laboratories maintained by firms of chemists and chemical engineers. The amount of this done in Canada has been insignificant compared with the progress in the same direction in the United States, and the total amount of research done in such laboratories in the United States would not until quite recently have kept busy for a year the staff of some single firms in Germany. It should be mentioned, however, that the awakening in America has been tremendous, and what is now being done in American laboratories rivals anything ever done in Germany in brilliancy of conception and in thoroughness of detail and the total amount will before long surpass that of any other country.

There is, however, a third type of agency that seems peculiarly adapted to conditions on this continent, and though first worked out in the United States, is the product of the brain of a Canadian, Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, a graduate of the University of Toronto. This agency is the system of industrial fellowships out of which has grown the Mellon Institute at the University of Pittsburgh, and which the Bureau of Scientific and Industrial Research of the Royal Canadian Institute is now introducing in Canada.

To quote from one of the publications of the Mellon Institute: "The idea of this unique system of service to industry was first thought out by the late R. K. Duncan, the first Director of the Mellon Institute, after prolonged visits in Europe during 1904 and 1907. Through his visits to the workshops, laboratories and universities of most of the principal countries of Europe, and through his talks with industrialists, Dr. Duncan became impressed with the spirit of co-operation which existed abroad between both industry and learning, and which made for the advancement of both. The Industrial Fellowship System occurred to him as a sane, practical scheme of relationship between industry and learning, which would promote the efficiency of American industry.

Dr. Duncan established, through a grant from a manufacturer of launderer's supplies, the first industrial fellowship at the University of Kansas in 1907. In 1911, Dr. Duncan was called to the University of Pittsburgh to inaugurate the system in the Department of Industrial Research. In March, 1913, Messrs. Andrew William Mellon and Richard Beatty Mellon, brothers and bankers of Pittsburgh, impressed by the evident practical value of the system and the potential service it should render to American industry, established it on a permanent basis through the gift of over half a million dollars. On February 18th, 1914, Dr. Duncan died. He was succeeded by Dr. Raymond F. Bacon who had been Associate Director. In February, 1915, the new and permanent home of the Mellon Institute was dedicated and all its facilities were placed at the service of American industrialists.

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When a problem is assigned to the Institute, the Director selects, after careful inquiry, the best available man who can be found for this particular work. The Fellow, as this man is called, is one who has invariably pursued post-graduate work in a special field and has shown a gift for research. This man, if the fellowship has been given by an operating concern, first spends sufficient time in the factory of the donor to become acquainted with the problem at first hand. In this way he gains a knowledge of the manufacturing conditions that must be met, when the time comes to introduce the results of his research work into the factory. He then returns to the Institute and examines the literature of the subject under investigation, in order to familiarize himself with what others have done on the problem. After this preliminary work, he is assigned a laboratory, and begins what may be termed the test-tube scale of experimentation. When the Director is satisfied that the Fellow has something of value to the donor, a small unit plant is erected near the Institute in which to develop the process on a miniature factory scale. If the unit plant shows that the process has commercial possibilities, the next step is to install the process on a large scale in the plant of the donor.

While the majority of researches that have been placed with the Institute have been those having to do with industrial chemistry, nevertheless the Institute has conducted, and is well-equipped to conduct, researches in engineering. It is well known that one, or sometimes all, of the branches of engineering must be used to work out chemical ideas. The fellowships which have come to the Institute have been on such diverse subjects as the chemistry of bread and baking, problems relating to petroleum, the corrosion of steel, the technology of soap and soap fats, the bleaching of animal and vegetable oils, problems relating to the manufacture of foods, the development of steam-power accessories, the fixation of nitrogen, problems of hydro-metallurgy, the development of pharmaceutical preparations, the technology of glass, the production of nitrogenous and phosphatic fertilizers, and the utilization of mineral wastes.

When the Mellon Institute moved into its new home, the Industrial Fellowship System passed out of the experimental stage. During the years of its development, no inherent weakness on the part of any one of its constituent factors appeared. The results of the fellowships have been uniformly successful. While problems have been presented by companies which, upon preliminary investigation, have proved to be so difficult as to be practically impossible of solution, there have been so many other problems confronting these companies that very soon ones were found that lent themselves to solution; and very often the companies did not realize till after the investigations had started just what the exact nature of their problems were and just what improvements and savings could be made in their manufacturing processes.

Fellowships are constantly increasing in the amounts subscribed by the industrialists for their maintenance and, as well, in their importance. The renewal year after year of such fellowships as those on petroleum, baking and ores goes to show the confidence which industrialists have in the Institute. Again the large sums of money which are being spent by companies in bringing small unit plants to develop the processes which have been worked out in the laboratory, demonstrate that practical results are being obtained. Where there has been sympathy and hearty co-operation between the Institute and the company concerned, the Institute has been able to push through to a successful conclusion large scale experiments in the factory of the company, which in the beginning of the

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fellowship seemed almost impossible.

The results of the fellowships at the Mellon Institute indicate that a form of service to industry has been established, the possibilities of which no man can say."

Knowledge of the crying need for such an Institution in Canada cannot be made too widely known. At present with the comparatively small amount of manufacturing done in Canada, problems a-plenty are awaiting solution. When once the development of Canada's enormous supplies of raw materials and immense resources of power gets fairly under way, nothing but the most efficient organization will suffice if industry is to receive the impetus it should from scientific progress and research.

Now, and not later, is the time to set about this work. To-day industries are being established in America which have previously been the exclusive property of the European countries, especially Germany. As an example of this tendency, take the much talked about aniline dye industry. The war has been the cause of a considerable development in this industry, one typically dependent on scientific research, in the United States, but will it remain there after the war is over? Not unless the remarks of Dr. Little of Boston in his address on "The Dyestuff Situation and its Lesson" are taken very much to heart:

"The plain underlying reason why we have been unable during thirty years of tariff protection to develop in this country an independent and self-contained coal-tar colour industry, while during the same period the Germans have magnificently succeeded, is to be found in the failure of our manufacturers and capitalists to realize the creative power and earning capacity of industrial research. This power and this capacity have been recognized by Germany, and on them as cornerstones her industries are based. As a result, the German colour plants are now quite capable of meeting the demands of the whole world when peace is once restored. Why, then, should we duplicate them only to plunge into an industrial warfare against the most strongly fortified industrial position in the world? Let us rather console ourselves with a few reflections and then see how we might otherwise spend our money to better advantage."

Dr. Little then goes on to show that there is no special virtue in the coal-tar industry as a source of national wealth. It has been written about and talked about until people have got the idea that it represents the very topmost pinnacle of industrial scientific achievement, but the same amount of scientific research applied to some of the industries native to our own soil would bring results equally wonderful and greater in magnitude, for after all there are more fundamental staples of existence than dyes and colours. It is not a slavish attempt now, twenty years or more late, to imitate German scientific achievements that we need; it is the application of the same energy and foresight which they applied to the dye-stuff industry to certain industries adapted to our geographical and economic conditions. He continues:

"The gross business of the Woolworth five-cent and ten-cent stores in 1913 exceeded the entire export business of the whole German coal-tar industry by $11,000,000. The sales of one mail-order house (Sears, Roebuck and Company), in the same year were far greater than the total output of all these German colour plants, and its last special dividend is about twice the amount of their total dividend payment in 1913. The Eastman Kodak Company, with about twice the capital of the largest German colour company (the Badische), and with a Government suit on its hands, earned during 1913 net profits of more than $14,000,000, or two hundred and thirty per cent. on its preferred stock and more than seventy per cent. on its common, while the Badische, 'with the benevolent and appreciative support' of the German Government, earned forty-five per cent. In that year the entire German industry paid $11,000,000 in dividends. The Ford Motor Company, with one standardized product, does a greater annual business than all the German colour plants with their twelve hundred products, and earns four times their combined dividend while paying three times their wages.

"Now that our perspective is adjusted, let us consider for a moment some of the

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things which might be done with the vast expenditure of effort, money, and research required to establish in this country (the United States) this one-nation industry (the coal-tar colour industry).

"We should first of all review our own almost boundless natural resources, and especially should we consider our gigantic and shameful wastes. They offer opportunity for the ultimate development of a score of industries, each of a magnitude comparable to the colour industry of Germany, and for the almost immediate upbuilding of hundreds of smaller enterprises relatively no less profitable. We waste, for instance, one hundred and fifty million tons of wood a year, a billion feet of natural gas a day, millions of tons of flax straw at every harvest; untouched peat deposits fringe our entire Atlantic seaboard; beehive coke ovens flame for miles in Pennsylvania, wasting precious ammonia, and excite no comment, while the burning of a thousand-dollar house would draw a mob. . . . We have heard these things so often that we can go to sleep while hearing them. We need to really sense them, to get before our consciousness a clear conception of what they actually mean in terms of wasted wealth and present opportunity. When we do this—and there is no better time than now—let us apply the lesson of the German coal-tar industry to these far greater problems, and solve them by the compelling agency of sustained intensive research.

"To take one illustration only, the application to the lumber industry of the South of one-tenth the research energy and skill which were required to bring the coal-tar chemical industries to their present proud pre-eminence would unquestionably result in the creation of a whole series of great interlocking industries, each more profitable than that of lumbering. The South would be in a position to dominate the paper market of the world, it would transport denatured alcohol by pipe-line and tank-steamer, make thousands of tons a day of carbohydrate cattle feeds, reorganize and develop along new lines and to far better purpose its languishing naval stores industry, and find new opportunity at every hand. To do these things in one industry, and many things as good in other industries, requires only a little faith, sustained, courageous effort, and the appreciation by American financiers of the earning power of research."

Every word of this last paragraph of Dr. Little's can be applied with as great force—possibly greater force—to Canada as to the South. In the last sentence, however, he touches on the root of the whole matter. Our bankers must be made to appreciate the actual cash value of sustained scientific research. They must be made to see that research is the one and only investment that can absolutely always be depended on to pay dividends. The results may not always be what was anticipated or hoped for, but in any case the knowledge is possessed of a cash value. If the findings are positive they signify earnings; if negative they prevent the outlay of capital, time and trouble in a fruitless undertaking.

A recent writer has estimated that the electrical machinery, apparatus and supplies produced in America alone in one recent year cost $221,000,000. Not quite one hundred years ago on a Christmas Day the great English scientist Michael Faraday called his wife into his workshop to witness for the first time the revolution of a magnet under the influence of an electric current. From this phenomenon in fourteen years research work Faraday laid the sure foundations of all the great electrical development of our age, yet "of all the inexhaustible wealth which Faraday poured into the lap of the world, not one millionth, not a discernable fraction, has ever been returned to science for the furtherance of its aims and its achievements, and for the *continuance* of research".

The United States is at last awake to the necessity of fostering industry by providing facilities for research, and if Canada is to have her fair share of the development that will follow the war she must act at once. We must conduct propaganda to make our manufacturers and capitalists realize this creative power and earning capacity of industrial research. We must remember that after the war we will still be attacking the most firmly entrenched industrial position in the world. German commerce is not destroyed—merely are some of its antennæ lopped off. However, if we are willing to learn, the outlook is bright. We possess re-

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sources, to which Europe has nothing to compare, and with the impetus given by present war conditions, a little faith and sustained effort, and the development of and appreciation by our financiers and business men of the earning power of research we may hope to develop a great chain of interlocking industries inspired and sustained by scientific progress.

The Bureau of Scientific and Industrial Research established by the Royal Canadian Institute, which we have alluded to, will act as a clearing house for scientific knowledge and data. It will seek in a way to create a replica of the Mellon Institute in Canada. It will take the industrialists' problems and hand them over to the universities for solution, and when the need arises and funds can be obtained it will establish a laboratory of its own for problems not capable of being handled by any of the universities.

The Royal Canadian Institute has taken on itself the work of forming this Bureau because in the past it has been part of the purpose and duty of this society, the first body of its kind in Canada, to further in every way possible the advancement of science, and its applications in Canada. In the past it has devoted itself chiefly to the aiding of pure science and has done pioneer work in that direction. It is now commencing to "do its bit" in the great war of applied science against inefficiency and waste. A practical reason for its taking up the work is that it possesses the greatest scientific library in Canada. In the quotations above from the publications of the Mellon Institute, the importance attached to preliminary study of the literature of a subject for research has been touched on; and, to quote Dr. Little again, "We need a multiplication of research laboratories . . . . each of these laboratories should be developed around a special library, the business of which should be to collect, compile and classify in a way to make instantly available every scrap of information bearing upon the materials, methods, products and requirements of the industry concerned".

The Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh is being copied because it is felt that this is the most practical plan for accomplishing the purpose ever devised. According to a recently published set of statistics the growth in number and importance of the fellowships has been steady and large:

Academic year.	Number of Fellowships in operation.	Number of Fellows.	Amounts subscribed for the maintenance of the Fellowships.
1911-12	11	23	$39,700
1912-13	16	30	53,500
1913-14	15	29	59,100
1914-15	24	42	74,350

The institution is thus seen to have grown in less than a decade so that over two score researchers are continually busied with a large number of different problems, the solution of each of which will add much wealth to the nation. At the same time it is a magnificent training school in research for the fellows, who are thus prepared to become the leaders in industrial science for many years to come. The plan has shown itself sufficiently practical to induce two of Pittsburgh's leading and most conservative bankers to lend their name to it, and to endow it largely. The financial returns have already run into millions, while on the human side scores of young men have had a chance to distinguish themselves in the field of applied science, at the same time contributing to the wealth of the nation and the world. Great scientists all over America, England and Germany have been outspoken in their appreciation of the plan.

It may not be easy to duplicate this useful work in Canada, but it is worth trying, and if successful will go far towards assuring Canada's future industrial greatness and ushering in the "era of gracious living" about which its founder loved to speak and write.

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PERSEPHONE

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

PERSEPHONE is wandering
Silently and seekingly,
With my gray heart beside her;
Though I call it, still it follows,
Through the dewy primrose dawning,
Through the amber-tinted noon-time,
Through the misty purple evening,
Through the pearl and silver moon-time.
Everywhere her hair is gleaming,
Like the darkling oaks and beeches
When the Autumn's fingers touch them.
Ah, kind gods, why does it gleam so?
And her eyes are ever changing:
Now they're like the hungry ocean,
Now like deep pools in the woodland,
When they catch the stars and hold them,
While the fairies light their torches.

Persephone is bending
O'er the melting, misty poppies,
Touching them with cool, white fingers,
While they whisper back sleep secrets.
For she is akin to poppies,
'Kin to white dream moths, enchanted,
And to butterflies, bronze-wingéd.

Kind gods, turn her white feet homeward!
Food and candlelight are waiting,
Velvet robes and silken couches,
Ay—and arms that ache with longing.
She has eaten of my pomegranates,
But there are no walls can hold her.

Persephone is wandering
Silently and seekingly,
With my gray heart beside her,
Through the pearl and silver moon-time,
Through the misty purple evening,
Through the amber-tinted noon-time.

Now the poppies burn and shimmer
While Persephone bends o'er them.

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ORIENTAL POPPIES

By Laura Muntz

One of the Canadian Paintings
exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition

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TRAINING MEN TO FLY*

BY GEORGE R. S. FLEMING

THE training school in aviation at Toronto is not controlled by the Government, but is operated by a private company to whom the student pays four hundred dollars for his tuition. Should he enlist in either the Royal Flying Corps (military branch) or the Royal Naval Air Service, the airman is reimbursed to the entent of seventy-five pounds on the completion of his course and arrival in England. It is expected that a student will be trained sufficiently in four hundred minutes of actual flying to pass the Aero Club of America test for a pilot's certificate; and therefore the charge is at the rate of one dollar a minute.

To the uninitiated this charge may seem excessive, but it is really quite moderate, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. Teaching students to fly at one dollar a minute in the air, is not, so far as my experience would lead me to judge, a money-making business. The machines are worth from $5,000 to $7,500 each, require a great deal of attention and are easily damaged. To have a machine completely wrecked is one of the many contingencies. Most students, however, have required nearer 500 minutes before their tuition is completed, but there is no extra charge for the additional time, where in individual cases it has appeared necessary to give it.

The student's preliminary training is in the operation of a hydro-aeroplane, which is a machine designed to ascend from and alight on water instead of land. His first flight will be in the nature of a pleasure trip, as he will not be expected to handle any of the controls until the next flight. The pilot accompanies the student on this as well as on all trips throughout the course.

Before going up the student wonders what the sensation will be. He pictures the possibilities of being seasick, nervous and dizzy. But once in the air—how different it is! The expected sensations do not materialize. Instead, one notices the machine's smoothness of motion as it rides along the invisible waves of the air. Knowing that the speed is about sixty miles an hour the sense of motion is not in the least what one would expect. On an aeroplane, the ground or water is so far away, and so very expansive, that it is hard to keep the eye on a stationary object for sufficient length of time to appreciate the fact that one is moving relatively at all.

Perhaps the predominating sensation of a first trip is the wind pressure in the face. It feels as if a solid wall of wind is trying to force your head backward. If the student has gone without goggles his eyes will weep until streams are coursing down his cheeks. Having descended again to the surface of the water, one is really delighted with the experience.

* Since this article was written the author has left to join the Aviation Corps at the front.

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On the first trip the student is generally taken up to an altitude of 500 or 600 feet and is away from the hangar (aeroplane shed) for about ten to fifteen minutes; in fact this attitude and time may be taken as applicable to most trips throughout the student's training.

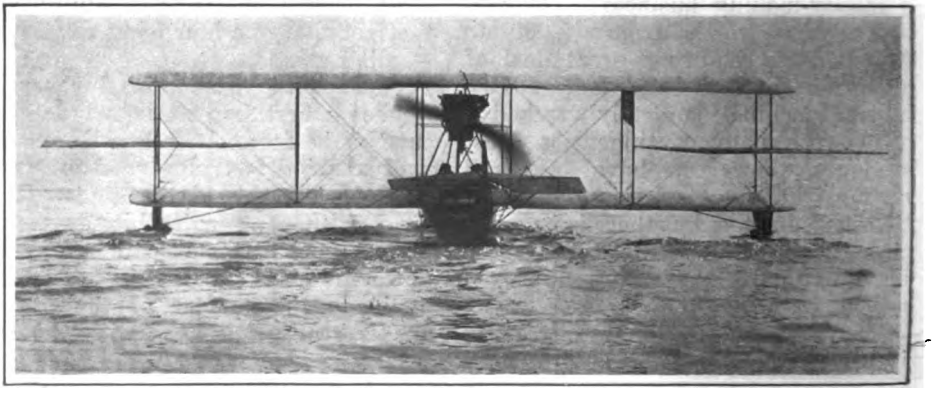
Before his second trip the student will have taken more precise note of the machine itself. It has two sets of wings, one placed above the other, and is therefore known as a bi-plane. These wings have a spread of thirty-five to forty feet. The student and pilot sit alongside each other, immediately in front of the wings, in what might be called a boat, which tapers, back of the wings, into a tail. In the centre, immediately below the upper plane, there is an eight-cylinder gasoline engine. On the front end of it are the radiator and crank handle, as on an ordinary automobile; though on account of the engine being up comparatively high it is cranked by pulling down on the crank handle. Attached to the crank shaft of the engine but back of the planes there is a propeller. It has only two blades, is made of wood, and is about eight and one-half feet long. It is the driving of this propeller at the rate of 1,250 revolutions a minute that gives the aeroplane sufficient speed to remain in the air.

On taking his place beside the pilot for his first instruction trip, the student has the working of the different controls explained to him. The machine has to be controlled in three different ways. It must be steered, like a boat, as to directions, and as to ascending and descending, and the balance sideways must be maintained.

Wires run from the rudder to the ends of a swivel bar, which is controlled by the feet. In order to turn to the right, one pushes forward with the right foot. The upright wheel immediately in front of the student works towards him and from him, as well as turning sideways. The forward and back movement controls the elevator, which forces the machine either up or down. The elevator is really just a horizontal rudder; it is at the tail end of the machine, along with the rudder, but is in two sections, one on each side of the rudder, so that both elevator and rudder may be used at the same time.

The wheel, on being turned like an automobile wheel, controls the side balance. Wires from the wheel are attached to comparatively small planes called ailerons, placed midway between the two main planes, but at the extreme outer ends of the wings. It is in moving these ailerons that a wing will go either up or down. If it is desired to raise the right wing the wheel is turned to the left.

All controls are in duplicate, a set



A CLOSE VIEW OF A HYDRO-AEROPLANE SPEEDING ON TORONTO BAY

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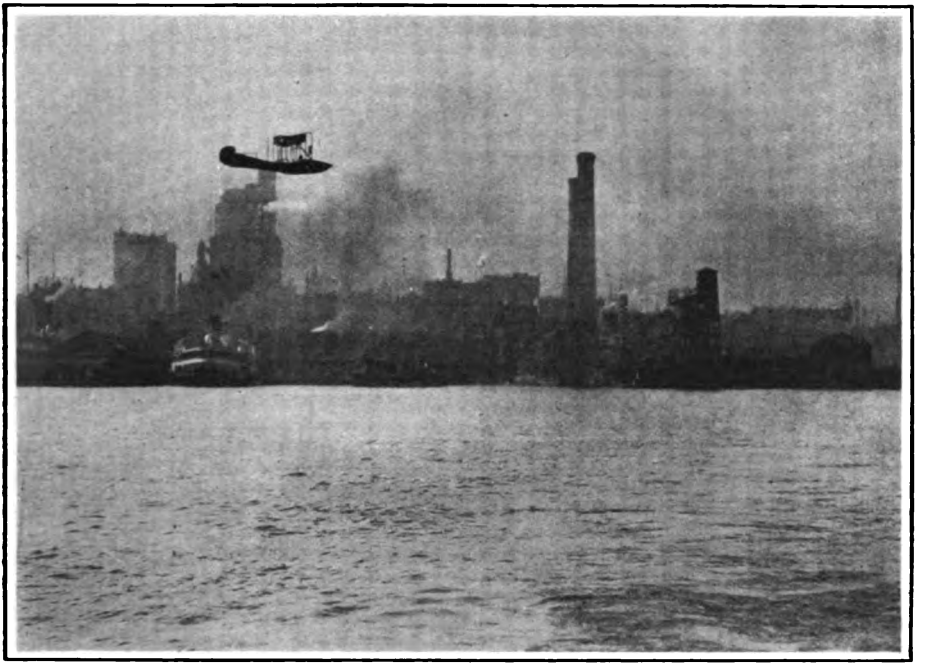

A HYDRO-AEROPLANE PASSING OVER TORONTO BAY

being in front of both pilot and student. In this way the pilot can let the student work one control while he attends to the others. Also when the student turns a control the wrong way the pilot can over-control him and correct him.

Having carefully explained to the student the workings of the controls and that the student will be expected to control only the elevator on this trip, the pilot cranks the engine, and the machine starts off along the water. When its speed reaches about forty miles an hour, the pilot works the elevator so that the machine gradually rises out of the water. He will keep it within ten feet of the water until it reaches a speed of about sixty miles an hour, at which speed the machine must be travelling before attempting to climb.

Having reached an altitude of about 500 feet the pilot signals the student to take hold of the elevator control. The student is supposed to keep the machine from ascending or descending. Perhaps the machine will have a tendency to go down; the student immediately pulls the wheel towards him. Then the machine may start to climb, so he will push the wheel away from him; now the student feels he is really doing something, and is surprised at how easily the machine responds to the control. Having satisfied the pilot that he understands the controlling of the elevator the student will be shown on the next trip how to use the rudder.

The occupants of a hydro-aeroplane are not strapped into the machine, but wear life-preservers, for the greatest danger is from the machine sinking in the water should there be a bad descent.

There are ten students to a class, with a pilot and machine definitely assigned to them. In good flying weather a student may get two or even three trips a day, though he will be very lucky if he averages one trip a day.

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THE HANGAR AT LONG BRANCH

On his third trip the student will be allowed to steer (moving the swivel bar with his feet), but on receiving the pilot's signal to make a turn he will involuntarily turn the wheel, particularly if he has had experience in driving an automobile. Of course, moving the wheel in order to steer is the wrong thing to do, as turning the wheel controls the side balance. The pilot, however, through his experience with other students is expecting the wheel to turn, so is ready to over-control the student. Naturally the student feels very foolish at his mistake, but he soon learns to use his feet for steering, and finds that it is not as easy to keep the machine pointed at a particular object as he had expected.

In case any trouble develops while in the air, the pilot immediately descends. If it should be a case of the engine stopping, it is quite impossible to start it again while in the air. One might suggest having an automatic starter, but the extra weight would make it quite impracticable. Another impossibility is to reverse the engine.

The student may be allowed to work all three controls on his next trip, and then the following generally happens. First, one wing will start to droop, and the student just gets that nicely levelled up when he notices that the machine is pointed down. He raises the nose, but by this time he is away off the course he was steering. When he finds this out he is working the controls so erratically that the pilot has to interfere and straighten things out. On returning to the hangar, the pilot explains that the student will have to learn to work all three controls at once, instead of one at a time. This means that instead of thinking the movement for each control, the student will have to learn to move them subconsciously, as there is not time enough to think out each operation by itself. Of course, working the controls properly can only come with practice, so that it is necessary for the student to have many trips before he can control the

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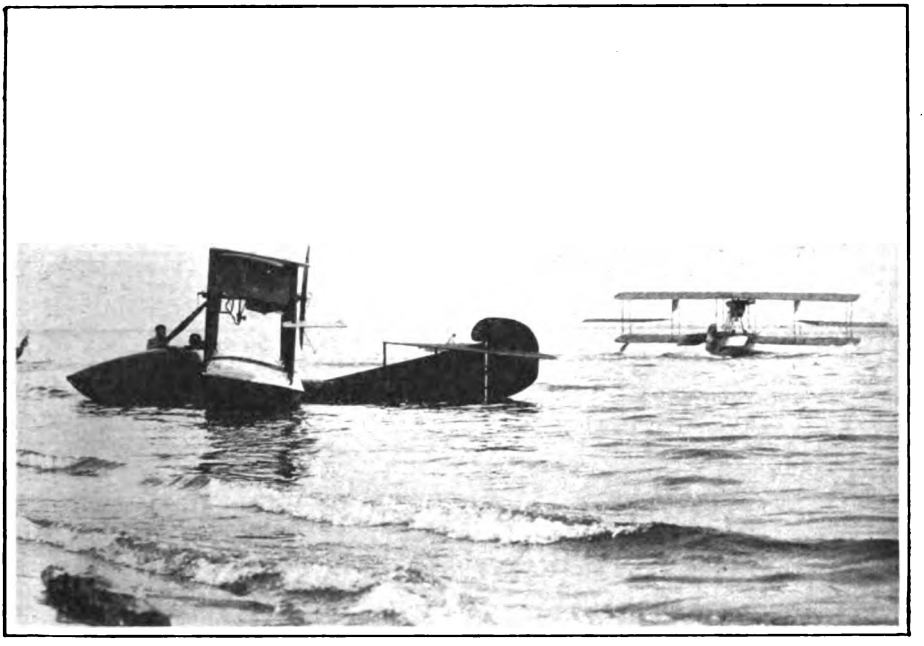

TWO HYDRO-AEROPLANES ON TORONTO BAY

machine satisfactorily up in the air.

While turning in the air the outer wing must always be higher than the inner, to prevent side-slipping or "skidding," since the centrifugal force due to turning always has a tendency to force the machine towards the outside of a curve. The amount higher that the outer wing should be than the inner depends upon the sharpness of the curve and also on the direction of the wind. If the wind is coming toward the outside wing, that wing is not raised as high as if the wind was towards the inside wing. Therefore it is always necessary while in the air to know from what diretion the wind is blowing.

When the student has reached the point in his training where he has full control of the machine in the air, and just as he is beginning to think that he knows a great deal about flying, the pilot informs him that the air work is really of very little importance compared with making a good landing. So on his next trip the student will try the landing practice.

The pilot explains that it is always desirable to face the wind when making a landing, for in that way the machine has more relative speed, and thereof one has more control over it. On the next trip the pilot makes a landing to show the student how it is done. It all seems simple enough. Immediately the engine is shut off, the wheel is pushed forward in order to make the machine dip and is held in that position until on approaching the surface of the water the wheel is pulled back very little, and the machine glides along level with the water, about three to five feet above it, until through reducing speed and its own weight it gradually settles into the water.

The student then tries to make a landing, but the chances are that he will pull back on the wheel too soon, and be sailing level anywhere from twenty to fifty feet above the water. Of course, this is altogether too high in order to complete the landing, so the pilot speeds up the engine and

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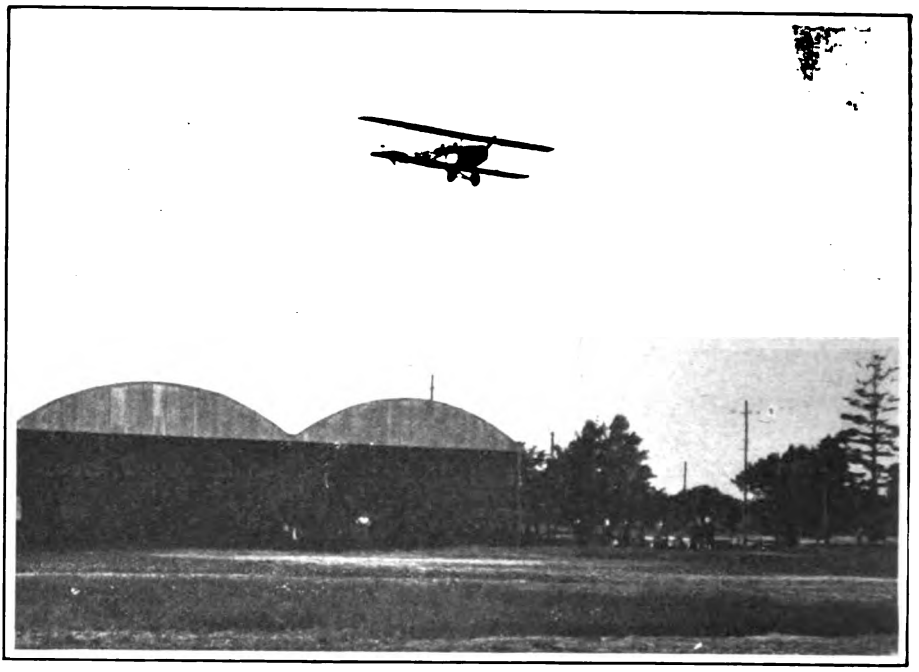

AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO LAND AT LONG BRANCH

the machine ascends to about 300 feet for another trial. This time, as the machine approaches the water, the student will perhaps wait too long before raising the elevator, and if the pilot had not interfered at the last moment, the machine would no doubt have been wrecked. Now the student realizes that making a landing is not as easy as it appeared. However, with subsequent trips the student begins to "feel" the machine, and it is only then that he gives it the correct amount of control. He also finds that the elevator is not the only control used in making a good landing. Perfect steering and side balance must be maintained throughout the descent; for should the end of a wing touch the water first it would most likely result in the whole wing being smashed.

After the student has been about 180 minutes in the air, divided into about fifteen to twenty trips, he is usually ready for graduation from the hydro-aeroplane to the land machine, in which his training is to be completed. But before being graduated he must be able to show the pilot that he can control the machine satisfactorily in the air over a figure eight course, and also make three good landings in succession. On being able to do this, he is allowed to transfer to the land flying school at Long Branch, which is under the control of the same company.

Before continuing with the student's training it might be well to refer to a few misconceptions. When the engine is "shut off" preparatory to making a landing, it really does not stop, but continues running at a very much reduced speed. In fact it is always desirable to keep the engine running; since in case of a bad landing the pilot can always speed up immediately, and sail into the air instead of completing the landing.

It is quite impossible for an aeroplane to remain stationary in the air. The only set rule in aviation is

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AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO RISE AT LONG BRANCH

"keep up the speed". The average machine cannot fly level or even stay in the air at all with a speed less than forty-five to fifty miles an hour. Of course, this speed is registered in relation to the air. It is possible to imagine and is quite feasible that if a machine could stay in the air against a fifty-mile breeze, it would remain stationary with respect to the ground.

While in the air, and the engine is running full speed, the noise makes it quite impossible to hear the voice, and that is why the pilot has to signal his instructions to the pupil.

Perhaps the most remarkable sensation connected with aviation is the feeling of safety while up in the air. It is only while looking up at an aeroplane from the ground that one feels nervous about any accident occurring.

But to return to the student's training. On his arrival at Long Branch Rifle Ranges, where the flying field for land machines is situated, he will be assigned to one of the three classes. Before going up on his first trip he will perhaps notice the main distinctions between land machines and water machines. These distinctions, and particularly the method of control, refer to the machines used at Toronto. Naturally there are many different types of aeroplanes.

The land machine has a wider spread of wings, and the ailerons instead of being between the planes are attached to the back edge, and at the extreme ends of the upper plane. Instead of the heavy boat there is a light running gear of two wheels with pneumatic tires. This reduces the weight of the machine considerably and enables it to fly at eighty miles an hour, or twenty miles an hour faster than the hydro-aeroplane. The engine is at the front end of the machine with the propeller in the same place with respect to the engine as the crank handle is on a hand-cranking automobile. In fact, turning the propeller is the only method used to start the engine. The student sits in front of the pilot, instead of alongside of him, and is immediately behind the engine. The controls, however, are in duplicate and work in the same way as in the hydro-aeroplane.

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The student's preparatory flight in the land machine is considered merely a joy ride; he is not expected to take any responsibility with regard to the controls. It is just as well that it is so, as flying in the land machine brings many new sensations. The wind pressure in the face is not only greater than in the hydro-aeroplane, due to the increased speed, but is increased by the back-draft off the propeller, which is equal to an additional speed of fifteen miles an hour. So that the total wind pressure is equal to that due to a speed of ninety-five miles an hour. Although it is quite possible to go without goggles in the hydro-aeroplane—and some of the students take four or five trips that way in order to stop the eyes watering under similar conditions, it is quite dangerous going without goggles when the engine is in front, as in the land machine, where oil and gasoline in small quantities may be blown into the eyes. The reason a wind shield is not used is in order to keep the head resistance to a minimum. How small this head resistance is may be gauged from the fact that the cross wires between the struts, etc., offer about one-quarter of the total head resistance. Due to the exhaust, the heat from the engine is quite noticeable; but of course this heat is soon overcome as the aeroplane reaches levels above 1,500 feet.

The expected sensation of flying over land, after being familiar with flying over water, does not materialize. Perhaps the most surprising feature about aviation is the number of sensations which fail to come up to expectation. It seems impossible to guess accurately how one will feel under any new condition.

On his pleasure trip the student will naturally be interested in the view that spreads out before him, as the machine rises into the air. To the south is the expansive lake, to east and west stretch beautiful farms, and bordering them, comparatively small woods; to the north, more well tilled farm land, and in the immediate northeast two beautiful golf courses. The farmers' fields seem like squares on a checker board; and the ground as viewed from above gives a delightful impression of softness. Of course one knows that the impression is false; in fact it only takes one landing to realize how terribly hard is the land lying hid in that velvet glove.

Immediately before the next trip, the pilot will explain to the student the course which he wants followed, as the student is going to be allowed to control the machine. They are no sooner up about 300 feet than the pilot taps the student on the shoulder as a signal for him to take over the control. How easily the controls work! It seems as though just thinking to move them is sufficient! However, this necessitates a greater degree of accuracy in their manipulation.

To anyone thinking that there are no bumps on the air roads, one experience with puffy winds would be enough to disillusionize him. The worst feature about the bumps is that one cannot see them and does not know where the next one will be found. When the air is at all steady the motion seems like being in a sail boat, you feel the machine riding the invisible waves; indeed in the operation of an aeroplane, many of the mariner's difficulties present themselves.

The student will require about half a dozen flights before being allowed to try a landing. On shutting off the engine the machine is pointed toward the earth at such an angle as is necessary to keep up the speed. When about fifty feet above the ground the machine should from there on, describe a vertical curve—a curve as you look at the machine from the side. When about three to five feet above the ground it should straighten out and be kept at that level until it gradually settles to the earth. Should the landing be completed the machine bumps along the ground until it gradually comes to rest. In case of

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a too sudden contact with the ground, the engine should be speeded up before attempting to complete the landing.

Having shown a degree of proficiency in making a landing, after several additional trips, the student will be trained in stopping the machine near a given mark. Not having any brakes on the machine it requires good judgment as to when to shut off the engine in order to make the mark. Suppose the machine is up 400 feet in the air, it is necessary to be more than half a mile away from the mark before starting to make the landing. Naturally the distance away from the mark when the engine should be shut off, depends on the height. So for each landing the student has to judge both his altitude and distance, and do it very quickly as all the time he is travelling at a speed of eighty miles an hour or over 100 feet a second. Some idea of how accurately the machine must be controlled when making a landing may be gained from the fact that once within about ten feet of the ground the movement of the elevator control a half a second too late or too soon, or a quarter of an inch too much, may make all the difference between a good and bad landing. And at the same time there are other things needing attention, so that one has not solely the elevator control to think of.

After about twenty flights the student is generally ready to try his examinations for a pilot's certificate, which is one entirely of flying the machine. No written test or knowledge of the engine is required. The tests are held by the Aero Club of America, who are represented by an Official Observer appointed by them. The student has to go in the aeroplane alone, and the test consists of three separate flights. During his last flights with the pilot the student has sat in the rear seat, which, being the regular pilot's seat, is the one in which he will fly his test.

The first flight is over a figure eight course, but it is necessary to cover this course five times before making a landing in which the machine must stop within 164 feet of a given mark. If the student thinks after he has shut off the engine that he is not going to reach the mark, he may speed up the engine again any time before touching the ground: but he may not do this having once touched the ground. The second flight is a repetition of the first, mainly to show that landing near the mark was not merely a matter of luck.

The third flight is known as the glide. During it the student need not go over the figure eight course, but may take his own course as long as he reaches an altitude of more than 328 feet before making his landing. However, having once shut off the engine, he may not use it again to make his landing, either before or after touching the ground; but it is necessary to stop near any given spot. Should the student not complete a flight according to the rules, he is made to fly it over again. The distances are in odd amounts owing to the original distances being measured in metres—100 metres equal 328 feet.

On this first flight alone the student will perhaps be a little nervous, until he finds that he is getting along all right, and then his former confidence returns. But it seems to be usually the case that the student does not make all his landings as well as he would like to, or even as well as he did when the pilot was along during practice flights, though the pilot may not have touched a control. Perhaps the excitement due to his being on trial may be responsible for this.

When the student has completed his test the authorities at Ottawa are notified, and generally within a week or ten days he is on his way to England to do his bit for the Empire. An additional course there of about two months' duration is necessary before going on active service.

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THE ELEVENTH GOOSE

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

SAY, Jenkins, tell me what you think of that," and Thompson waved his cigar in the direction of a painting that hung near the piano.

Jenkins had come in a moment or two before and was preparing to settle himself for a smoke.

"You mean this bit of landscape?" he answered, walking over to the wall and striking a match on his heel. "I never was much of a judge of this sort of thing, but I guess it's all right. It looks natural enough—trees and mountains and a sunset on the water; but all sort of commonplace, seems to me."

Thompson swung back on the sofa and hugged his knee. "I'm sorry for you, Jenkins," he said quietly. "Life must be a dreary sort of waste to fellows like you who can't discriminate between a chromo and a work of real art. Why, man, that's a genuine Corot."

"A what?"

"A Corot—done by Corot, the famous French artist. You don't mean, Jenkins, you've never heard of Corot?"

"How do you spell him?"

"C-o-r-o-t, of course."

"Oh, that's the chap, is it? Trouble is, these Frenchmen sound different than they look. If you don't pronounce the 't,' what's the earthly good of tagging it on to the name? And I suppose, because this is a 'genuine Corot,' you paid a pretty penny for it, eh?"

"Yes—and no. It was a big price for me to pay, but it was dirt cheap considering the value of the canvas. It was one of the Vandegraft collection—sold at auction last week—and I got it knocked down to me at a ridiculously low figure. I don't see what the other buyers could have been thinking about."

"A bargain-sale picture? And yet I must say, Thompson, it's got some good points about it, especially this flock of wild geese here. They are quite effective, 'pon my word, silhoutted against this red sky. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. ten. Just ten of 'em. Wonder your old friend didn't make a round dozen of 'em while he was about it."

Thompson flecked the ashes from his cigar. "Count them again," he said. "You missed one."

"Is that so? I must be getting near-sighted," and Jenkins, with the aid of his finger, carefully counted them over. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,—and that's all, so far as I can see."

"Then you can't see straight," commented Thompson. "I counted them only a few days ago as a matter of curiosity, and they footed up eleven."

"Well, that may be; but there are only ten now. One of them must have flown away, I guess. That's one of the disadvantages of such fine paintings—they're too natural." Jenkins struck another match and proceeded to light his pipe. "Maybe your missing goose has got into the woods at the other end of the land-

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scape," he continued, between puffs. "Perhaps you can shoo him out; I'd like to see him."

Thompson smiled good-humouredly. "Why, certainly," he answered, "I'll get him out for you, with pleasure," and picking up a pencil from his desk he walked over to the picture. "Perhaps you're not accustomed to counting French geese."

"Perhaps," assented Jenkins.

"Well, there's *one,*" pursued Thompson, placing the rubber end of the pencil on the leader of the flock; "and there's two and three; four, five. six, seven, eight, nine, ten—ten—"

"Well?" inquired Jenkins, taking a pull at his pipe.

"I must have missed one," explained Thompson, and forthwith he repeated the count. The result was the same—ten.

Jenkins smiled. Thompson scowled and puffed smoke for a moment or two, without audible comment, as he gazed at the picture. "It beats me," he declared at length. "When I counted those geese last Saturday there were eleven of them, as sure as I am standing here this minute."

Jenkins dropped lazily into a Morris chair and stretched his legs. "I tell you what it is, old man," he said; "you'll have to get a wire netting and fence those birds in."

His host was counting—"seven, eight, nine—*ten!* Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!"

"And the devil," added Jenkins. "It's just as I tell you, Thompson; if you want to squander your money on these realistic masterpieces you've got to take the consequences. Now, first thing you know, it'll begin to rain and that lake will spill out on your carpet."

Thompson tossed his pencil on to the table and resumed his seat. "That's all very funny,"—he replied soberly,—"all very funny, but, seriously now, Jenkins, I tell you there were eleven geese in that flock when I counted them before."

"That's all right old man—I'm not doubting your word. They're your geese and you ought to know how many there are. Perhaps number eleven'll come back some day—you can't tell. But all jokes aside, Thompson, I like that picture—I really do. I was a bit too close to it before. It shows up fine from here. Yes, sir, that's all right—that's a great piece of work—it grows on you."

Jenkins struck a match on the sole of his left shoe and proceeded to relight his pipe. "Good-tasting tobacco," he remarked, as he shook out the match flame, "but the infernalest stuff for going out." He twirled the match into the fireplace and settled back comfortably. "By the way, Thompson, have you met Miss Beveridge?"

"Beveridge?" queried Thompson, —"Beveridge? Never heard of her. Who is she?"

"Neighbour of yours upstairs—has the flat right over this. And so you haven't met her yet?"

"No, I have not had the pleasure. I don't know that I've ever seen her, unless she is the young woman I've passed in the hall once or twice—tall and willowy, light hair, large brown eyes, and one of these soft, velvety, peach-like complexions?"

"Perfect, Monsieur Bertillon—perfect! Upon my word, old fellow, she must have made an impression!"

"Pshaw! that doesn't follow," evaded Thompson. "She's a girl of striking appearance, and I just happened to get a good look at her—that's all. At the same time, though, I wouldn't mind meeting her."

"And I have an impression," supplemented Jenkins, "that she would like to know you a little better."

"Know me a little better? Well, that's a compliment, certainly. I would not have flattered myself that she knew me at all."

"You can't always tell about such things," and Jenkins ignited a match noisily along the lower ledge of his chair.

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"No, I suppose not," admitted Thompson, with conscious indifference. "At all events, Jenkins, it shall be your happy lot to bring about this mutually desired acquaintanceship."

"Sorry I can't oblige you, old man—but the truth is, I'm not in a position to do it."

"Why not? What's the trouble?"

"No trouble; only we don't happen to be acquainted."

Thompson tilted his head against the wall and slowly exhaled a mouthful of smoke toward the ceiling.

"What's the joke?" he asked drily.

"No joke, old man. Some day, though, perhaps I'll tell you something—unless you should meet *her* in the meantime."

Thompson silently declined to betray his curiosity.

"But, that's neither here nor there," concluded Jenkins; "so let's have some music. How's that new piece by Strauss you were talking to me about the other day? Is it any good?" and with this digression Miss Beveridge passed out of the conversation.

Had Thompson been less consciously interested in the subject, he would not have submitted thus readily to her dismissal; but, being a bachelor and scenting love for the first time, he fought shy of Jenkins's raillery and sought to disarm suspicion by a show of indifference. He felt bashfully annoyed at himself for the pertinacity with which his thoughts reverted to this young woman, whom he had noticed for the first time scarcely two weeks before. He had probably seen her but three or four times in all. On each occasion it was no more than a passing glance, but each time he had caught, in her face or in her figure, some added charm—some further realization of his bachelorhood ideal of feminine perfection. It was with a feeling akin to resentment that he learned her name through his friend Jenkins. In a vague sort of way he had expected to discover it himself.

As a matter of fact, Jenkins had a way of making him feel uncomfortable. There was a flippancy about Jenkins—a certain sense of irresponsibility—that often went against the grain of the more serious-minded Thompson. On this particular evening he was especially annoyed at the bantering way in which Jenkins accepted his statement regarding the number of geese in the picture. To a man with Thompson's reverent regard for a work of art, such jocular comments as those indulged in by Jenkins fell far short of being appreciated.

But, aside from this, Thompson was both vexed and puzzled. It vexed him to think that he, a reputed art connoisseur, should stand convicted of having indulged in the childish curiosity of counting the number of geese in the painting. But, having done so and having convinced himself that there were eleven of them, he could not be otherwise than puzzled to discover that one of the birds was missing. Had he not fixed the number eleven so firmly in his mind as the result of his first numeration, he would at once have ascribed the discrepancy to a miscount in the first place, and dismissed the matter from further consideration. But this, under the circumstances, he found impossible. He was as sure that there were eleven when he counted them the week before as he was that there were ten when he counted them this evening.

Scarcely had the door closed after Jenkins when Thompson again examined the picture. Three times he counted the geese—carefully, slowly, anxiously—and each time the result was—ten. There was no possibility of further doubt—there were ten geese in the flock and ten only.

To spare himself the unpleasant conviction that he was a lunatic. Thompson reluctantly conceded that he must have made a mistake the week before.

But this concession to his sanity

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in no wise relieved his mind of its perplexity, and during the ensuing week he had geese on the brain to the exclusion of all else save Miss Beveridge. Once he met her at the front door of the apartment house and hailed with secret delight the opportunity it gave him to stand aside and raise his hat to her as she passed in. This little act of courtesy she had acknowledged with a bow and a scarcely audible "Thank you," but her eyes had met his frankly and smilingly. Then, a day or two later, he discovered her going up the stairs ahead of him. He had determined when he next encountered her to make himself acquainted, under the pretext of expressing a hope that his piano did not annoy her, though, as a matter of fact, he seldom played on it. Unfortunately, however, his plan was frustrated by a rude boy, who came bounding down the stairs and bumped into him so unmercifully hard that there was nothing to do but relieve his injured fellings by collaring the lad and shaking him well and plentifully, to the accompaniment of some straightforward advice on stairway etiquette.

It was only his diverting thought of Miss Beveridge, with her glorious eyes and the inflaming atmosphere of her personality, that saved him from growing silly over the matter of his missing goose. And even with this restraint upon his naturally morbid propensities, his mind persisted in referring to the subject, and every little while he was startled to find himself mechanically counting the flock of geese, which remained forever in a state of quiescent flight across a sunset sky. Each time the flock consisted of ten, and each time he was candid enough to admit that he was himself a goose. This was the only explanation he had to offer for his conduct, for when a man, born with a moody and romantic disposition, becomes the victim of a crotchety obsession, he is not to be judged by the every-day standards.

Dating from the night of Jenkins's last visit, the painting became invested with an unholy fascination for him. It bothered and worried him. He sometimes regretted that he had ever purchased it, and more than once the suggestion of selling it flashed across his unwilling mind. He found it next to impossible to longer enjoy its beauties as a landscape picture. Whenever he looked at it, his gaze was irresistibly centered on the flock of geese. All else was subordinated to this one feature. What had been designed as a mere detail became now the focal object of the painting. He blamed Jenkins for it. That was some comfort. It was just like Jenkins, who knew infinitely more about gunning than about art, to emphasize the geese out of all proportion to their surroundings. If the question of the number had not arisen, this bit of stupidity on the part of Jenkins would never have affected him; but now, alas, he saw only geese in the picture, every line and every shade of each individual bird having become indelibly impressed on his brain. And, worst of all, there remained the haunting sense of certainty that one goose was missing.

It is a question, therefore, whether Thompson was really very much surprised when the eleventh goose made its reappearance. Naturally, it startled him somewhat, for he had no rational expectation that such a thing would happen, but in a certain sense he accepted it as something that was due him, whatever might be the mystery. At all events, the miracle occurred.

He was lounging in his Morris chair, consuming an after-dinner cigar, when his glance rested upon the tantalizing Corot. Whether his sight had grown uncertain, whether it was his imagination, or whether there really was a difference, he was on the instant unready to decide. Whatever it was, he was conscious that in some indefinite particular the picture did not look the same.

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With straining eyes he approached the painting and counted hastily with his finger: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—eleven."

He repeated the count—repeated it three times. The eleventh goose had returned.

With his thumbs in his trousers pockets and his cigar tucked in a corner of his mouth, Thompson paced meditatively back and forth across the room. At the end of five minutes he stopped and again faced the picture. He had made no mistake—eleven geese were flying across the sunset sky.

Thompson pitched his cigar into the fireplace and stepping over to the telephone on his desk, rang up central with impatient emphasis.

"Let me have Main two-sixty-two," he ordered. "Hello, is this Mr. Jenkins's residence? Tell him, please, that Mr. Thompson wishes to speak to him. Hello, is that you, Jenkins? Can you step around and see me this evening? What? I want to show you something—want to speak to you about something. How's that? No, it's about that Corot of mine. When you were here last week you remember you counted ten geese in the flock? You're absolutely sure there were ten, are you? And you remember at the time I told you I had counted eleven a few days before? Well, come around this evening and count them again. Yes, there are eleven; but I'm not asking you to take my word for it; come count them yourself. What's that? Oh, quit your nonsense; I'm serious about this. If you've got any rational explanation to offer, let's have it. What! Miss Beveridge! Why, what in thunder has she got to do with it? No, I haven't met her yet. Well, supposing she is? Oh, that's all right enough, but what in the name of common sense are you driving at, anyway? Oh, you will, will you? I don't half believe it; but come around anyhow. About half past eight."

As he hung up the receiver, his door bell announced a caller.

"My laundry," he thought, feeling for his change.

As he opened the door the rose-shaded light of the room illumined in soft relief the form and face of a young woman. The expectation of encountering a frowzy lad with a laundry bundle did not at once permit Thompson's faculties to adjust themselves to the actual situation, and it was not until the lapse of an appreciable second that he realized he was standing face to face with Miss Beveridge.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she faltered, lowering her eyes before Thompson's bald attitude of surprise—"I—I would like to speak a word with Mr. Thompson."

"At your service," responded Thompson nervously. "Won't—won't you walk in?" and with a bow and a little wave of the hand he stepped aside.

"No, thank you," she declined quickly. "If he will kindly come to the door—I shall detain him but a moment."

"Why, yes, certainly—I beg your pardon," returned Thompson, flustered and bewildered. "Why, certainly. You are Miss Beveridge, I believe?"

"Yes; and I would like to speak to Mr. Thompson, please."

"Oh—why—pardon me—I am Mr. Thompson."

"You!" Miss Beveridge drew back with a start. "I mean Mr. Thompson—Mr. Charles Thompson—the gentleman who has this apartment," she hastened to explain.

"Well, that's me," pursued Thompson, thrown off his grammatical guard by the perplexity of the conversation. "I am Mr. Charles Thompson, and this is my apartment."

Miss Beveridge stared blankly into Thompson's bewildered face. "I must have made a mistake—there is some misunderstanding," she apolo-

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gized uneasily, the deep flush of her cheeks emphasizing her embarrassment. "I'm looking for the Mr. Thompson," she went on hastily, "who owns a landscape by Corot."

"With a flock of wild geese in it?" inquired Thompson.

"Yes—that's the picture."

"Well—why, pardon me, Miss Beveridge," he floundered, "but that's my picture; I own that picture. See, there it is," and flinging open the door, he pointed to it on the opposite wall.

It was the evidence Miss Beveridge had called for.

"I don't understand it at all," she declared in a tone of hopeless confusion, as her glance rested on the painting. "That surely is the picture and this is the same room; but you are not the same man."

"Not the same man?" echoed Thompson, groping for a mental foothold. "I don't think I quite understand."

"Oh, I am quite sure you are not the same man," she insisted. "The gentleman I saw here before was quite unlike you in every way."

"You saw him here?—in this room?"

"Yes."

"And he told you his name was Thompson?"

"Yes—well, no—that is, he didn't say so in so many words. When he loaned me the picture, I asked him to whom I was indebted for his kindness, and he—"

"When he loaned you the picture?" broke in Thompson explosively.

"Why, yes! You surely don't mean you know nothing about it?" and Miss Beveridge caught her breath as with sudden alarm.

"Really, Miss Beveridge," he responded bluntly; "I don't know what you are talking about—I really do not. Won't you please explain what all this means? And don't let me keep you standing; pray be seated, if only for a moment."

"I hardly know how to explain—how to apologize," she answered, entering the room and seating herself uneasily on the edge of the nearest chair. "I am so confused and bewildered, and mortified; I don't know what you must think of me; I have made a dreadful mistake in some way."

"I'm sure it can't be anything so very dreadful," he reassured her, as he seated himself sidewise of the piano stool and threw his arm carelessly over the back. "You say that some one calling himself Mr. Thompson loaned you my picture?"

"Yes. I got on to this floor by mistake one day, about two weeks ago. Your door happened to be open as I was passing and I caught sight of this Corot hanging here. I was so surprised to see it again I stood stock still and simply stared at it."

"To see it *again?*" repeated Thompson curiously.

"Yes. You know, of course, it was in the Vandergraft art gallery for a number of years. It is one of my favourites, and old Mrs. Vandergraft used to let me come there and copy it."

"Then you are an artist?" he degressed.

"I am not sure," she answered modestly. "I only copy the works of others."

"To do that well is an art in itself," he assured her.

She acknowledged the implied compliment with a smile, and went on: "I was at work on a copy of this Corot when the collection was sold. It was a great disappointment to me, because I wanted to finish it from the original. I had a copy of it in my studio that I had made about a month before for a lady in Philadelphia, and, of course, I could have finished the second copy from that, and that is what I should have been obliged to do if I had not happened to see the original hanging in your room, and if the owner of it—at least the one I supposed to be the owner

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of it—had not happened to come in just at that moment. It was one of those impulsive things I do sometimes and regret afterwards, but, without stopping to think, I had the audacity to introduce myself to him and ask him if he would loan me the picture for a few days until I could finish the copy. He seemed to be perfectly willing on condition that I would replace it for the time being with my finished copy."

"Was he a short man, with a light moustache and rather curly hair?" asked Thompson.

"Yes; and I think he wore glasses."

"I thought so."

"Then you know who it was?"

"Oh, yes, very well. His name is Jenkins."

"And had he any right to do what he did?"

"None in the world."

"Why, how perfectly outrageous!"

"Yes, perhaps so; but all depends upon the point of view. Jenkins probably thinks it is all a very good joke, and dreadfully funny. For my part, I don't feel I ought to blame him for loaning you my picture, for he did only what I would have been most happy to do; and besides that, had it not been for his joke I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you this evening."

The roses in Miss Beveridge's cheeks deepened for a moment as she answered: "It is extremely good of you, Mr. Thompson, to take it all so good-naturedly and so graciously; and I scarcely know what to say to you—how to express my thanks and apologies." She rose and extended her hand. "At all events, I hope you will let me feel that I am forgiven—that you bear me no ill will—by some time returning this 'visit' of mine. I shall be very glad indeed to show you my studio."

"And I know I shall find it most interesting," he responded, shaking her hand and bowing gallantly. "It is a privilege of which I shall be delighted to avail myself at the first opportunity. Oh, by the way," he added abruptly, as she was about to pass out, "you have not yet told 'Mr. Thompson' what it was you wanted to see him about."

"Why, how perfectly ridiculous," she laughed—"to come on a special mission and forget all about it! It was simply to tell 'Mr. Thompson' that I had the janitor bring his picture back this afternoon, and to again express by obligations and sincere thanks for his kindness."

Thompson turned about and faced the picture, "And so it was your copy that was hanging there during the past week?" he said reflectively; "and I never knew it."

"I am afraid the compliment is not deserved," she confessed. "It is probably only because the two pictures happened to be framed alike that you did not notice the substitution. If you had examined my copy I am sure you would have discovered at least one glaring disssimilarity. Why, I was perfectly horrified when I compared it with my new copy this afternoon to discover for the first time that I had failed to complete the flock of geese."

"You don't tell me!" remarked Thompson.

"I can't understand how I ever allowed such a mistake to occur. I had only ten birds in the flock and there ought to be eleven."

"Is that so? And are you sure. Miss Beveridge, you did not have eleven at first? I have a friend who says he knows of a case where a bird was painted so realistically it flew away," and Thompson smiled sweetly as Miss Beveridge took her departure amid blushes and a laughing response.

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THE ROCKIES FROM A CAB WINDOW

BY FRANK GILBERT ROE

APART from those case-hardened mortals—usually, I am afraid, commercial men — in whom familiarity has bred, if not contempt, at any rate indifference, we can scarcely conceive of the traveller, as he speeds through the fleeting panorama of the Rockies, not lamenting the hard fate which from time to time dangles before his eyes such fascinating and tantalizing glimpses, only to ruthlessly snatch them away again, as the train, from which a moment before we could see stretching away for miles this playground of the gods, suddenly turns and creeps along beneath the overhanging cliffs of some river gorge or plunges into the depths of a forest. A favoured few may enjoy the advantages of an observation-car; but this carries with it one supreme defect. The traveller can but see the road by which he has come. Could the order of things he reversed, and the observation-car travel at the head of the train, preceding the engine, we are of the opinion that many who now suppose themselves to have a tolerably close acquaintance with our transcontinental routes through the Rockies would be astonished at the freshness and novelty which many familiar scenes would present. As in life, the forward look is best. For even where nature has been so prodigal in that which attracts and impresses, as in the Canadian Rockies, so that it seems invidious and ungrateful to acknowledge any preferences, yet even here, amid the multitude of sights, there are those which present no essential distinction from numbers of others and on which we scarcely bestow a second glance; and again there are others so unique, so outstanding in their appeal to us, that when first we see them afar off we recognize something extraordinary; and we strain our eyes eagerly for each new glimpse of them, until at last we are abreast of them, and then finally and regretfully we leave them behind. Of these sensations, the traveller who has but the resources of the car window at his command can know little or nothing. The unique and the commonplace—if we may be pardoned for the phrase, in a region where nothing is commonplace—are alike shut out from his vision until he finds himself confronting them; and there in one brief instant, while the senses are still reeling from the shock of their first appearance, he has to essay his small effort at discrimination, ere he is whirled away from giant and pygmies alike, to repeat the experience a mile farther on.

Much riding through a portion of the Rockies in locomotive cabs has impressed upon the writer the unapproachable superiority of this means of seeing the mountains as they are to be seen from the railway; and

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while this experience is denied to all but a few, a short account of some of its advantages may be interesting, not merely to those who have never travelled through the Rockies in any manner, but even to more or less old acquaintances. For there must be many, as far as the Grand Trunk Pacific Rockies are concerned, who may have travelled that way on more than one occasion, and have yet never had an opportunity of observing the approach to the eastern gateway of the mountains; as it is—at present—only in certain seasons of year that this portion of the journey can be made in daylight.

The journey from Edmonton *via* the Grand Trunk Pacific is not characterized for a considerable distance westward by any very remarkable features. As far out as the Stony Plain district we are passing through one of the oldest settlements around Edmonton; a fact which is evidenced by the neat and well-tilled appearance of the country. Some nine miles west of Stony Plain the train stops for water at Carvel, on the edge of a beautiful little lake nestling in deep woods. This spot, which is itself the summit of the two steepest grades on the division between Edmonton and Edson—a fact only too well known to the enginemen, though the passengers have scarcely suspected it—possesses, or would possess if he knew it, an interest for the traveller second only to the Great Divide at the summit of the Rockies. For this is the Height of Land: we have reached the eastern edge of the broad plateau, some twenty miles across, which is the watershed of the two great river systems of the Northwest. The streams to the eastward feed the Saskatchewan, which ultimately debouches into Hudson Bay and the Atlantic; those to the westward find their way, *via* the Pembina River, into the Great Athabasca, and finally, by way of the Mackenzie, into the Arctic. Considered geographically, apart from the scenic point of view, this place is of equal importance with the Great Divide itself. A few miles farther on we reach the lovely Wabamun Lake, along whose wooded shore the line runs for more than ten miles. Another dozen miles or so, and we cross the very deep but narrow and heavily-wooded gorge of the Pembina. Here we again meet the Canadian Northern, which is to be our companion, more or less, all the way to the summit, and beyond.

It is worthy of note that hereabout we pick up the trail which Milton and Cheadle followed on their memorable journey in the summer of 1863. From Edmonton they diverged rather more to the north than the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific; in fact, they travelled very nearly what is now the Canadian Northern main line from Edmonton. Westward from the Pembina the country becomes wilder and rougher, although even here many farms may be seen in various directions; most of these, however, are still quite new, dating only since the advent of the railway.

All this time we have been steadily climbing, and are more than four hundred feet higher than at Edmonton; although the line has been so skilfully laid out that very few passengers (as the writer has more than once personally discovered) are aware of the fact. The Rockies, however, are still far off, and it is not until after passing Keston station, a distance of eighty-five miles from Edmonton, as we emerge from the deep cut overlooking the huge expanse of Chip Lake, that we can distinguish the peaks against the western sky; and then only if the weather conditions and the light are entirely favourable. It was not until after many journeys westward that the writer discovered that they could be seen before reaching Mackay, which is some eight miles farther on, on the crest of a high ridge. From this point to Edson they are at some places to be seen with ever-increasing distinctness; and at others

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are entirely lost to sight as the train travels through the woods of spruce or pine. In these toll has been levied in the shape of hundreds of thousands of ties, which may frequently be seen piled in long stacks.

Before reaching Edson the only prominent natural feature which attracts the traveller's attention—if he be so fortunate as to be awake—is the confluence of Wolf Creek with the Macleod River. Although the line is within two or three hundred yards of the actual junction of the two streams, the engineering difficulties necessitated two separate bridges; and between the two a cutting of enormous depth has had to be made in the huge promontory which divides the two deep gorges of the streams. There is something very weird and uncanny in the peculiar appearance presented by these on a bright moonlight night in winter, which is extremely fascinating.

Hitherto, with perhaps the single exception of the early view of the Rockies, the man in the cab has had little advantage over the passenger at the car-window. There have been very few really romantic spots, where the line, curving this way and that, constantly presents some surprise to one gazing ahead; and these, curiously enough, have been in the first fifty miles from Edmonton. For miles the train has sped along straight stretches, where from one station the switch-lights of the one ahead might sometimes be seen, with now and then a slight curve in the alignment, and a constant succession of long climbs and short descents as we proceed westward. Although, as we have remarked, these are almost imperceptible to the passengers, they are none the less real; as a ride on the engine would speedily show, even to the novice. In the last forty miles of the journey between Edmonton and Edson the net rise in altitude is as great as in the first ninety; and at Edson we are eight hundred feet higher than at Edmonton.

From Edson westward the character of the line changes rapidly. The mountains here are distinctly to be seen; and this is the first place on our journey at which they commence to assume that appearance of "nearness" which at Calgary so frequently affords amusement at the expense of the unsuspecting stranger. From here, too, it seems as though for the first time the mountains are our definite objective, and that we have some prospect of getting there.

Hitherto we have merely been travelling with very little to indicate to the passenger that there even were any mountains.

But we have still another sixty miles to travel before we actually enter them; and the first section of this consists of an unbroken climb of thirty-six miles. Gazing ahead as we leave Edson, the line for a few miles presents no great difference from the appearance of the last sixty or so, when we suddenly swing round a curve, and we see beneath us once again the swirling torrent of the Macleod, which here on its journey north or northeastward from the mountains turns south again on the huge detour which led us to think when we crossed it, a dozen miles back, that it was then coming direct from the south. At the point where we are now meeting it, it executes its "Polk-face" with such fierceness and in such a short distance that the inner side of the curve seems to be a mere point sticking out into the stream; and at flood-time we have seen the impatient waters pouring across the flat as though they would carve for themselves another and more direct channel, as in due course of time they may.

Far off to the southwest, we can detect the windings of the deep valley of the river; and down another wide valley from the northwest a small creek rushes to pour itself into the larger stream. This striking spot, which was noticed by Milton and Cheadle on their jour-

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ney westward, is known as the "Big Eddy"; and one of the largest and most remarkable bridges on the whole system is that by which the railway crosses this chasm. Built of huge timbers, and on a curve sharp enough that one may have a splendid view of the whole train, it towers to such a height that human beings seen on the river bank look like flies; and some idea of its length may be gathered from the fact (which I learned from the engineer of the locomotive which hauled the track-layer) that the laying of the longitudinal timbers—"decking"—on which the ties rest, and of the ties themselves, occupied no less than two weeks. The nervous traveller is usually rather glad to get over such structures; but it is needless to add that these are not only strongly built, but are carefully watched by the company, and are perfectly safe. At this point, the Canadian Northern, which we have already crossed twice since leaving Edmonton, and which has been to the south of us for nearly fifty miles, crosses under us —through a section of the bridge— to the north, on which side it remains for some ninety miles.

Leaving the bridge, we again plunge into the woods, and for some miles the scenery is of a more or less prosaic character. Bickerdike, where an important branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific turns southward to the valuable and extensive coal fields in the head-waters of the Brazeau River, and Marlboro' are passed; and we emerge from the low hills and valleys, some of whose bogs and morasses remind us of the trials of Milton and Cheadle, and doubtless of many others, out on the Macleod once again.

The engine has given abundant evidence that we have been climbing all the time, although there were places where even an experienced engineman could see no hill—a not uncommon occurrence. But it becomes clear as we gaze down at the stream far below; and we even seem to be farther than ever from the water, even after making allowance for the fall of the stream. At this point a magnificent panorama is spread out before our eyes. Looking up the valley of the Macleod, as much as its tortuous windings admit of our looking, we occasionally catch the shimmer of waters in the sunlight. In the foreground we see a huge rounded hill or rather ridge covered to the summit with the heavy dark green of the spruce and pine, over which tower the Rockies, their gray peaks here and there covered with their mantle of snow. Looking around a little more to the right, the mountains seem to thin away in the distance; and the spectator's eye is caught by what at first seems like a sort of hiatus in the prospect before him. Instead of those gradations between foreground and background, to which we are accustomed, until finally we reach the horizon, we see the aforementioned ridge, standing out so clear and sharp in its greenery that we almost think we could pick out individual trees; and beyond that, nothing for miles and miles, until in the far distance there is a blue hazy-looking line of what appears to be timber again. It is as though we were looking beyond the edge of the world, or across some vast subsidence, the timber-clothed verge of some incredibly huge extinct volcano. The westerner, who is familiar with the mountain streams of Alberta, would probably conjecture that between himself and the distant scene there was a river somewhere; and so, indeed, there proves to be.

It is from this point that the spectator from the cab first begins to reap the peculiar advantages of his position and to learn what manner of thing a mountain railroad is. As we proceed, the line for some miles winds around the face of the hill, climbing and ever climbing, with the river rushing and swirling far below. On

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its banks are piled stacks of saw-logs, looking like boxes of matches heaped up, and which poor eyesight fails to perceive at all. We again leave the river bank and plunge once more into the dense timber, the line still twisting this way and that in the incessant search for the easy grade. As we watch the curving to right or left, where a few feet on the one hand would have meant a deep cut, or on the other hand would have necessitated a high fill, owing to natural inequalities which are perfectly visible to us where the axemen have cut their wide swath along the right-of-way, we think to ourselves with much complacency that after all it doesn't take much to be a railroad surveyor; that if we had had the same job on hand we should have gone just where he went; it is all so very plain and obvious; where else could the fellow go? And then all at once it comes upon us with startling force that the clearing which enables us to perceive the obvious and the self-evident did not exist for him; it was the effect of his decision and by no means the cause; and we find ourselves lost in amazement at the stupendous difficulties of the task and at its wonderful achievement. The problem itself was one of colossal magnitude, regarded from the professional standpoint alone; but when we add thereunto the privation and dangers they encountered by all those engaged on the work we think the palm should go to the surveyor. And as we shall have occasion to notice later, the work was not merely done! It was done incomparably well.

But although we were not aware of the fact, we have at last reached the crest of the ridge, and spread out below us is the wide and deep valley of the Athabasca. There cannot be said to be any plateau; at one moment we are working steam heavily to breast the grade, and the next, steam is shut off, as the engine shows manifest signs of running away, and we are "drifting" down the long twenty-mile hill to the Athabasca, and of that twenty less than three necessitates the working of steam. We are now with many twists and turns, and frequent high but short trestles over the numerous creeks which help to feed the Athabasca, descending gradually to the lower levels of the valley.

It is curious to note that in climbing along the Macleod River bank we were on the northern bank, with the sunny southern exposure; and the track runs along a bare treeless precipice. Here the case is exactly reversed. We are on the southern bank, with the much less sunny—and in places totally sunless—northern exposure, and the slope is heavily timbered. This contrast is an invariable feature of all our Alberta streams, and the two spectacles present an Ebal and a Gerizim. Indeed, something of the kind is quite probably the real explanation of the phenomenon of the Mount of Cursing and the Mount of Blessing.

As we are running through the dense timber west of Roundcroft station, straight ahead through the cut we see a mountain of most peculiar shape; and the reader of Milton and Cheadle's book will feel little doubt from their description that this is none other than the famous Roche Miette, the Miette Rock. Although we are yet nearly forty miles distant (by railway) this huge escarpment, the most prominent among a host of peaks from its peculiar shape, can be seen with remarkable distinctness. On the landward side there is a gentle rising slope, which so far as steepness is concerned can offer no difficulties to the mountaineer who has attained to the main ridge, and leading to what would seem to be a perfectly flat top, which terminates on the side fronting the river in an absolutely perpendicular face, which at a distance looks as clean and sharp as if cut with a knife.

I have seen this precipice at all hours of day and night, and under various conditions; but the

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first occasion, when it stood out against the loveliness of an evening sky in August, is one that I shall never forget. As we emerge from the thick forest near Pedley station to more open ground where fire has long ago destroyed the timber—perhaps the very fire that got away from Milton and Cheadle and nearly proved their undoing—we get a fine view of the Rockies at closer range and without any intervening barrier; and we find ourselves speculating just where and how such a wall of rock is to be pierced by a railway.

Another eight miles of descent along the side of the valley, and we get our first glimpse of the broad Athabasca as it rolls onward toward the Arctic, just before reaching Hinton. Still descending, we continue our journey, crossing Prairie Creek on a very high bridge, of which a splendid view may be obtained immediately after, while rounding what is the sharpest curve east of the summit; and shortly after leaving Dyke, the next station beyond Hinton, we enter the gorge of the Athabasca. Occasional headlands of rock jutting out, some of which have had to be blasted, making a gloomy defile through which the train roars with threefold noise, warn us that at last we are actually in the mountains. Here the river is still far below us, a point to which I shall allude later.

Meanwhile we are travelling, at times with the mountains plainly in view, and at other times as completely buried in the timber along the river bank as though there were no mountains anywhere near. As most travellers are aware, these rivers carve out a valley for themselves which is anything from one-half to a mile, or even more, in width. A certain portion of this is the river-bed proper; and the remainder is usually timbered flat, which is on one side of the river or the other, according to the vagaries of the current. So long as the flat is on the same side of the river as the railway, the railway builder's task is no very hard one; but when the flat crosses over to the other side of the river, then he has to blast out a shelf for his track; and if this is impracticable, he has to follow the flat to the far side of the river. The track along these flats is in straight stretches of a mile or even two miles in length; but when the scene changes, and the river bank has to be followed more closely, there may not be a train-length of straight track at once. As we speed down one of these straight sections through the timber, with an unbroken wall of forest directly ahead of us, and fine mountains looming above it, the new-comer finds himself wondering how the train is to get out of the labyrinth; but what seems liks a square corner proves to be a spacious curve.

Shortly after entering the gorge of the Athabasca, at Mile Post, 986 miles from Winnipeg, and 760 miles from Prince Rupert, a large signboard on the north side of the track informs us that we have now entered Jasper Park; and we find that the next station has been christened Parkgate, in honour of the fact. The writer, who has had an extended and most unpleasant experience of Parkgate, Alberta, has often smiled at the mental contrast between this place and a certain Parkgate in England, no great way from Sheffield; and in the very heart of what Scott, a century ago, described as "that pleasant district of merrie England which is watered by the river Don"—but which is now given over to collieries and iron foundries. We might add that "Parkgate would have had a very familiar sound in the ears of Milton and Cheadle; for the district around the English Parkgate is the ancient demesne of the Fitzwilliams; and the present Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of some of the very collieries referred to, is none other than Lord Milton's son, and has given abundant proof that he has inherited his father's love of adventure.

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At Parkgate, we leave the woods and run out on to the shores of Brulé Lake, which is not properly a lake, but a widening of the Athabasca. This place has a very extraordinary notoriety on the Grand Trunk Pacific, by reason of the peculiar and incessant winds which blow there at all the seasons of year. In the spring and summer, when the waters are high and the sand-flats are submerged, one notices that it seems to be rather windy around here, and that is the end of it. But in the fall and winter, when the waters have receded and the flats are bared, the sand swirls up in blinding storms, and a snow-plough must be kept constantly employed to keep the track clear.

It is almost always warm in the vicinity of Brulé Lake. The writer has seen it blowing a chinook and positively oppressive when it was thirty-five below zero at Edson. When snow falls the snow is first of all thawed by the wind; and then the same wind speedily dries the wet sand, and it blows again. Every fourth or fifth day it seems to drop, and it is then a delightful spot. But about midnight or so, we are awakened by the accursed sound; and our sleeping-place, our food, our bedding, our clothes, our hair, and everything that is ours is permeated with sand.

The unfortunate enginemen stationed at this place find their engines constantly "running hot", through the sand blowing into the bearings; and the coal on the tender is by no means improved by a liberal addition of the same. The track has to twist around the shore in so many directions that sometimes it assails you from the right, and again from behind; but it is always the very same wind. This extraordinary phenomenon is not mentioned by Milton and Cheadle; and we must suppose they had the exceptional experience of not encountering it. At the season, moreover, when they passed the spot, the sandstorms, as I have said, are unknown; and consequently the wind, even if they felt it, would attract less attention. Paul Kane, the Canadian artist, who in his wanderings over the continent passed this way about 1854, speaks of it, and remarks that the Indian and Hudson Bay traditions agreed that it was never still. At the present time, with rare exceptions, the snow-plough throughout the season has to precede every train passing this place, for a distance of five miles or so. Whether stationed there for his sins, or merely passing by, the writer was always glad to get away from Brulé Lake.

As we swing round the curves along the lake shore we get our first view of the mountains at close range; and those on the western shore, as seen faintly by the first glimpse of dawn, have more than once struck the writer by their curious resemblance to some old gray mediæval castle. If it is daylight, and the sun is shining, the many colours of the rocks, in various shades of red, yellow, gray, brown, and blue, with here and there the dark green of some tree which has managed, heaven only knows how, to gain a foothold and maintain an existence, are a beautiful sight.

But if their colours excite notice, what of their shapes! Here and there we see the traditional council peak of our childhood days; but it is only one amidst a wealth of various forms that defy description. No two are alike. They seem as though the great architect had thoroughly enjoyed the work, and scorning sameness, had brought them forward in one place, and pushed them back in another; here a frowning height and there a deep and sunless chasm. And the innumerable angles, at which the various strata repose! In one place they are as level as though a builder had laid them there block by block. In another, while still of perfectly proportioned parallels one above another, they are at a gentle slope to north or south, as though the foundations had settled unduly; and in

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some of these cases the sloping strata continue right up to a sharp peak, while in others the last few courses, as it were, have been left unfinished, and we have a perfectly flat top, the actual area of which it would be impossible to guess at, at such a distance. Apropos of this question of distance, we may say that at Brulé Lake there is a cave, the mouth of which, as seen across the lake, looks like a spot on the hillside; but which is stated to be sixty feet in height!

In other cases the strata are inclined at various angles from thirty degrees below the horizontal to the perpendicular. In many instances these present the exact appearance of having been poured out of some titanic vessel or other, just exactly as a cart might dump a load of bricks; for we may see that while the outer portions of these upheavals (or results of upheavals) are in almost or entirely vertical strata, the angle gradually decreases and approaches nearer to the horizontal near the centre; while the outside of the heap is smoothly rounded off, in just the manner in which an ordinary rubbish-heap becomes smoother and rounder after the rain and winds of a few weeks. In some places the entire front of such an "outpouring" has subsided, or has been cut away, and the manner of its formation is as plainly visible as though we had been present at the event; for it seems impossible that such huge blocks can have assumed such positions by other than a violent volcanic action. In this respect, however, the writer, being no geologist, is open to correction. In yet other instances, there has been a subsidence of a very confined and local character; something of the nature, I believe, of what geologists term a "fault". Here the continuity of the level strata is rudely broken by vertical sections of rock having slipped downward bodily. That these were originally on a level with the rest seems certain from the fact that the various strata, which can be plainly seen, preserve exactly the same proportions of thickness as those on either side. The upper key-board of a large organ, with five or six keys being played at once by the foot, gives one some idea of the singular appearance which these "faults" present.

When we add that the various phenomena we have feebly attempted to describe are not merely repeated, *ad infinitum*, in the peaks in our immediate neighbourhood; but that at every small river or creek which empties into the Athabasca we can see a vista of miles and miles of mountain range stretching away in every direction, it may help us to form some dim conception of the immensity, the vastness, and the infinite variety of this region.

Meanwhile the huge Miette Rock looms larger and larger in the foreground, as we speed on now through a patch of timber, and now, by a couple of overhead truss steel bridges, over the brawling Fiddle Creek. We are now in the very heart of Jasper Park; and it is no uncommon circumstance for the passengers to catch a glimpse of the game, such as big-horns, bear, or elk, which appear to have fully realised their immunity from danger; and display very little of the customary timidity of their kind at the sight of man. Passing Miette Hot Springs station, which takes its name from the springs in the vicinity, which will ere long rival, if not eclipse those at Banff, we swing round the base of a hill and find ourselves at Pocahontas, right under the enormous rock itself, out of whose very bowels coal in vast quantities has now for some years been mined, principally for locomotive use. One peculiarity of this huge projection, due probably to its enormous size, and to the windings of the line in approaching it from either direction, is that for the last two or three miles before actually reaching it we think we are already beneath it; and we still con-

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tinue to think so for a distance after leaving it.

Shortly after leaving Pocahontas, the timbered flat, to the vagaries of which we have already alluded, leaves our side of the river, and between Pocahontas and Hawes some of the wildest portions of the line, involving some very heavy rock-work, are to be found. Around the shore of Jasper Lake, which is another widening of the Athabasca near the site of the old Jasper House, the line is laid on a narrow shelf blasted along the face of the rock. As may be expected, this is tortuous and crooked to the last degree; and there are places where, looking back from the engine, we cannot see farther than about the third coach. The rocks at this point are of such a stupendous height that from the cab or coach window one cannot see the crest; here again we are in the vertical strata we have already mentioned. When seen at such close range, especially where it has been torn by the explosives of the railway builder, the rock presents some curious features. In places where the direction of the line has chanced to coincide with that of the strata, these latter have split in perfectly smooth sections, and present an appearance curiously like some of those retaining walls of dressed masonry which the traveller on an English railway may see, for example, when entering London by some of the various routes, the only thing lacking, so far as the stone is concerned, to complete the resemblance, being that the London picture is smoke-begrimed, and the Jasper Lake stone is of a golden sandstone tint—albeit much harder. At other points again the direction of the strata is at an angle of about forty-five degrees to that of the line; here the rocks have been blasted backward just far enough to give clearance, and then another thickness has had to be attacked, which gives a curiously serrated saw-toothed effect as we rush by, the same, I believe, that military men term "en echelon". At times, as I have said, the rocks are so close that we almost think we could touch them; and again, they will recede for a few yards so that we can look upward to where "the aching berg props the speckless sky", and note their general contour; and also the many beautiful colours, both of the mosses and of the rocks themselves, which lighten up the prevailing gray in a very striking manner.

As we bid good-bye to Jasper Lake, just before reaching Interlaken—a name which will be familiar to the mountain tourist in Switzerland—we may see once again indications of the same peculiar wind that afflicts Brulé Lake. Among the attempts that have been made to explain this phenomenon, it has been suggested that at Brulé Lake the wide—more than usually wide—valley is directly in line with some mountain pass through which the chinook sweeps with tremendous velocity from the Pacific. Presumably this would apply to the south end of Jasper Lake also, either because of it being in the same direct line, or by reason of the similar widening of the valley, or both. Whether there be anything in the hypothesis at all is beyond the writer's capacity to decide. In both cases, however, it is the sandy beach, with its resulting sandstorms, which causes it to be noticed, otherwise it probably would have attracted little attention.

Between Interlaken and the Athabasca bridge we find ourselves once again travelling through the heavy timber. As we swing round the first curve west of Interlaken station we see over the dark green belt of the pines a most striking peak, which is at once recognised by the reader of Milton and Cheadle as the "Priest's Rock", a description and an illustration of which they give in their book. This peak is an exact pyramid in shape, and as seen from the railway it stands quite alone; there is no

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other peak either behind it or on either side to detract in any way from the peculiar appearance it presents. It is eternally covered with snow—or at least the writer at all seasons of the year, and under every condition, has never seen it otherwise—and looks as though the peak itself were solid ice; and no traveller who sees it, and especially on a sunny day, could fail to be struck with the sight: the white pyramid standing out against the deep blue of the sky, and built, as it seems, on the dark green belt beneath. The first time the writer saw it was when he had not read Milton and Cheadle for many years, and did not recollect their allusion to it, so that he was in no way prepared for it; and he then imagined that despite the difference in surroundings the pyramids of Egypt would produce a similar sensation.

In the case of an ordinary mountain peak, however grand it may be, the crest of the mountain is but the culmination of the profound impression which the stupendous whole has made upon us. But in the case of the pyramids there is no foreground, no approach; they rise out of a flat plain, and this is precisely the appearance of the "Priest's Rock". I may add that I have drawn the attention of several to this peak; and in more than one instance this is exactly the impression it produced. At various places along this portion of the line, we have seen bits of the trail over which the supplies for the grading camps were freighted in. In many places the trail was not a very serious affair; but the traveller may see one spot around the rocky fringe of a small lake that would turn a nervous man's hair gray, and which gives some idea of the perils and difficulties of the work. Shortly after this we pass through a deep cutting in the rock along whose base the river sweeps, and come out on the huge overhead steel bridge which spans the Athabasca. The traveller will doubtless remark with surprise that whereas most of the bridges hitherto crossed have been high structures, over more or less narrow and deep gorges through which the rivers cut their way, this bridge, over the largest river of all, is at low level, and not more than fifteen or twenty feet above the stream. I have thus far attempted to describe the purely natural features of the line over which we have travelled; this brings me to a few remarks from the engineering standpoint.

The reader has possibly noticed that during the journey through the mountains there have been no allusions to those heavy grades which he would quite naturally expect to encounter while "climbing to the summit". We have not alluded to them simply because there have been none to allude to. We have already remarked that from Edmonton to Edson there is a net rise of eight hundred feet; and on the first thirty-six miles out of Edson west, up the heavy grade we have described, there is a rise of no less than 575 feet. This seems heavy, but it must be remembered that it is one continuous grade from top to bottom; there is no "giving way"; and consequently the average of about sixteen feet per mile—less than one-third of one per cent.—is the actual grade also; and such a percentage is a remarkably low one.

We have described the sharp and sudden, almost startling, manner in which the downward grade begins at the top of the hill at Obed. The descent continues in a marked degree all the way to Dyke, where, as already stated, the line enters the gorge of the Athabasca, and the mountains may be said to commence. It is a remarkable fact that Interlaken, only three miles from the Athabasca bridge, is exactly at the same altitude as Dyke; and the line between these places is marked by only slight undulations. The traveller may well ask in wonderment

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how such a result has been achieved, in view of the fact that we have been travelling up a river valley, which, as in the case of all mountain streams, descends with a considerable fall as the river proceeds on its course.

The explanation of this lies in the fact that the crossing of the Athabasca is made at low level, whereas we first enter on this comparatively level stretch of thirty miles at a great height above the water. Thus we have really—relatively to the stream—been descending; and this has enabled us, while "climbing" against it, to maintain an absolute level. The result of this skilful engineering is, that while there are no grades westward to the summit which are steeper than many to be found on the prairies, a large portion of the line is by no means as steep. Much has been said and written about the low easy grades on the mountain section of the Grand Trunk Pacific; but the writer, at any rate, never realized its significance until he actually made the journey over this portion (by night, as it chanced) for the first time, and noticed how easily the engine was working over what he naturally supposed would be the stiff climb to the summit.

The most capable engineers, however, would be powerless to construct such a grade if the pass itself were not a remarkably low one. Thus we find that Obed, at the watershed of the Athabasca and the Macleod, is nearly one hundred feet higher than Jasper, at the entrance to the Yellowhead Pass; and is only one hundred and sixty feet lower than the summit of the Pass, the Great Divide itself! Under such conditions one can scarcely wonder that Milton and Cheadle had passed the summit before they were aware of the fact.

There is another feature of this section of the line which we believe plays a considerable part—at times perhaps even unconsciously to the traveller—in enhancing its scenic beauties. Every traveller on an English railway has noticed and admired the orderly well-kept appearance of the line, with its cuts and fills so balanced, apparently, that there are no unsightly heaps of clay left lying on the land adjacent; and no huge pits from which the material has had to be obtained for some enormous fill. In each case the surplus has been made to supply the deficit. This may be possible in a country where distances are short, and where an abundance of material is not to be had for the taking. But where mileage runs to thousands of miles on a single stretch of main line the cost of such methods would be prohibitive; and the traveller in consequence has often to lament such disfigurement as I have mentioned, particularly on the prairie landscape. In the mountains, however, there is an almost entire absence of this. In those places where there has been any superfluity, it is of rock; and in the heavy rock-work around Jasper Lake, for example, it heightens the interest of the scene to look out on the water side and see the enormous fragments of rock which have been blasted from the face of the cliff, and which now act as buttresses to the grade. But wherever any high filling has been required, the thin layer of soil has proved quite sufficient; and the broad and solid embankments over which the train speeds without a tremor have really been built after the steel was laid. At such places as these, temporary trestles—somewhat fearsome structures in their day—were erected; and over and around these the permanent earthworks have been built. Apart from their solidity, and the splendid roadbed which this mountain portion possesses, they give the line a remarkably neat and finished appearance, from the æsthetic standpoint.

After crossing the Athabasca bridge, the line swings round sharply to the left, and proceeds up the

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western bank of the river, which is here flowing almost due north. Looking back, we may see the smooth and one would have thought impenetrable wall of rock on which the eastern end of the bridge rests, and against whose almost vertical face the river washes. On either side a multitude of peaks, in endless variety, seem to pierce the skies. A few miles farther on we find ourselves running past the old site of Henry House, near which is a station of the same name, in the "beautiful little prairie" which attracted the attention of Milton and Cheadle; and which since their day has been for many years the home of a well-known local celebrity, Mr. Swift, whose children had never seen a railway until the Grand Trunk Pacific broke in upon them.

The Swift homestead is the only private property in Jasper Park. To the non-geological observer, at any rate, this "beautiful little prairie" presents every appearance of having in past ages formed part of the bed of the river, somewhat like the widening-out which we have mentioned at Jasper and Brulé Lakes. What seem to have been in successive periods the beaches or levels of this "lake" are plainly to be seen, with huge pebbles indicating the contour of the shore. The line passes along the highest of these levels, and the others (along one of which the Canadian Northern, which here crosses under us again, may be seen) descend in succession down to the present level of the stream. The soil, which on the river flats of the prairies would be the very richest of alluvial silt, such as the famous Red River Valley in Manitoba, and precisely the same as the Nile has for ages deposited on the plain of Egypt, is here pure sand: and even on the surface, the grass, though it gives a green appearance at a distance, is so scanty that the sod it has formed is scarcely worthy of the name. The trees also bear a stunted appearance, which seems to testify to the barren nature of the soil. As we swing round the base of the high perpendicular cliff, a mile or two south of Henry House, we may see the actual process in action of the age-long course of attrition which must have played so important a part in forming the peculiar configurations of the mountain peaks, and in furnishing the sedimentary deposits which the rivers have carried down their courses. Passing within close view of the base of this huge mass, we can see the deep channels which the melting snows and the wind-driven storms of ages have furrowed in its surface; and there are numerous places so deeply worn and undercut that the imagination sees them, at no very distant period, fall away and produce a considerable change of contour, the successor and the fore-runner of many others.

From Henry House to Jasper, the grade becomes heavy; and yet even here, in the very heart of the mountains, we only rise one hundred and thirty-three feet in the final eight miles of this division; whereas less than twenty-five miles after leaving Edmonton we encountered a rise, in the climb from Stony Plain to Carvel, already described, of not less than one hundred and forty feet in rather less than eight miles to the hill-top east of Carvel station. This comparison strikingly illustrates the easy character of the road.

Shortly after rounding the huge cliff I have described, we enter upon two or three miles of very heavy rockwork, which contains many more interesting illustrations of the various peculiarities I have attempted to describe and which need not again detain us. As we run around the face of the hill we get a splendid view of the windings of the Athabasca; and our present height above the stream, as compared with it at the bridge, enables the traveller to form some idea of our climb of the last few miles, which he would otherwise have scarcely suspected.

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Leaving this, the train emerges into a sort of huge amphitheatre, the surface of which presents the same appearance as that I have described near Henry House; as though it, too, had at some time been the bed of the river or lake. Directly ahead of us are the steep timbered slopes of Mount Geikie; and over the hills on our right, Pyramid Mountain, with its bright and varied colours, and its glittering peak, seems almost overhead. And away in the south-west, or almost south, so near apparently that we can see very distinctly the peculiar sectional appearance of the strata, yet said to be the almost incredible distance of thirty-five miles up the Athabasca Valley, is Mount Hardisty. In the centre of this rich and varied panorama stands the town of Jasper, the gateway of the Yellowhead Pass, and the headquarters of the Commandant and other authorities of Jasper Park.

It had been the writer's intention to continue the journey up through the Yellowhead Pass and over the Great Divide, as seen "from a cab-window"; but space forbids. If he has been able to convey a portion of the impression which these scenes have made upon his own mind, or to cause any reader to wish to see them with the eye of flesh, he will feel that he has not written in vain.

A LINCOLNSHIRE MAIDEN

By FRANK CALL

ALONG the eastern beaches,
Where brown the sea-weed grows,
And over broad, salt meadows,
The green tide ebbs and flows.

Above the low-roofed houses
Two ancient towers rise,
And stand like giant druids
Against the wind-swept skies.

Through mist or rain or sunshine,
Their prows festooned with foam,
The fishing-boats go outward
Or, laden, turn them home.

. . . . . .

She watches by the window,
And tearless are her eyes;
She sees not church or tower,
Or sea, or wind-swept skies.

She heeds not tide or tempest,
Or sun or mist or rain;
Afar her spirit wanders
Toward the Belgian plain,

Where over shell-scarred cities
The mad, red tempest raves;
And poplars sigh and shudder
Above unnumbered graves.

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"SCOOP"

THE STORY OF A CANADIAN WHO FELL AT LANGEMARCK

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

"SCOOP," as the name would indicate, was a reporter. He was the last reporter that one would pick out for a soldier. He was neither tall nor strong—a mere wisp of a lad of nineteen when I knew him first, two years ago. Fond of out-door life, bent upon action when indoors, restless when idle, always making up his mind to do something, and when thwarted turning to something else with unabated enthusiasm.

They called him "Scoop" in the rival newspaper office because he was ever trying to dig up news and get it into print before they were aware of its existence. He delighted in what he termed "putting one over them".

I have seen him standing on the edge of the sidewalk in the main street with a bored expression upon his face, as of one who was born for exploits, and had been thrust into a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, who never did anything worth exploiting. There was evident disgust in his heart at the inane propriety of the people of his native city. I have seen him rush into the office. half an hour before the paper was off, in a fever of excitement, where he would seize the typewriter and with a glance of wild glee in his eye he would whisper, "I've got a scoop".

I was editor in chief of the journal, but I had little to do with the reporters. "Scoop" had the habit of coming to my desk when I was alone, and he would talk confidentially to me about the future. He was always talking about the future, what he would like to do, and what he had made up his mind to do. He was a modest lad and invariably deferential to me, asking my advice on his work and letting me into his big secrets. He repeatedly told me that he had an offer to go out West. He could not forget the West, it seemed to be calling him every time news was scarce.

He found some relief from the *ennui* of his quiet life in out-door sport; he was fond of running. I remember seeing him in a race one holiday, and I was struck with the frailty of his body; he was thin and chestless. Where he generated that eagerness which characterized his actions I could not imagine; it certainly did not arise from a superabundance of flesh.

He was fond of canoeing, and in this connection I recall how one Monday morning he came in complaining of a cold, and he began to tell me how he had got it. It was late in the fall, and his people had forbidden him from going on the river. He stole out one Sunday morning and taking the canoe he paddled down the stream. In the early dawn the little craft upset, and "Scoop" found himself in deep, cold water. He kept his head—was he not made for such emergencies? I doubt if he was ever happier in his life, excepting, per-

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haps, upon that fatal day when he came at death grips with the Germans at Langemarck. He was not a great swimmer, but he determined to not only save himself, he would not go ashore without the canoe. After prodigious efforts he brought the canoe and himself to land, made off homeward in his dripping garments, and got into bed before the house was stirring.

One more incident I must relate as it may throw some light upon the peculiar make-up of this soldier scribe. I have said that he was always trying to dig up news; one day he was looking on at some excavating operations when an "item" was literally dug up in the shape of human remains. "Scoop" seized upon one of the skulls and bore it triumphantly to the office. He placed the hollow-eyed thing on his desk and stowed the jaw bones and teeth away in his drawer. I was interested in the relic and concluded that it was the head of some Indian who had been killed in battle and buried on the spot. "Scoop" seemed fascinated with it and threatened any one who should dare to bear it off. I remonstrated with him for what I called "indignity to human remains", as he had painted a face on the top of the skull. He laughed in a boyish way, and in trying to impress him I said: "How would you like your skull to be knocked around like that?"

I determined to be rid of the ghastly thing, and one evening I carried it down to the basement. There was a good fire in the furnace, I opened the door, and with a word of reverence gave the warrior's head to the flames.

Strange to say, when I read the account of Scoop's death, the first thing I thought of was this rather gruesome passage in my relations with him.

I will leave the rest of the story to be told in the words of Barney Quinn, who was with "Scoop" when he sank to the earth on the field of Langemarck, with a German bullet in his hungry brain.

"Am writing this in a barn some distance from the firing line. Just got back last night from the trenches for a rest and, believe me, we need it. The fellows are singing some of those heart-touching songs and it sure makes me sad and lonesome when I think of all my chums lying on the battlefield, maybe not buried yet. Not one of my old chums is left. "Scoop" and Ward, Billy Gibson, George Minorgan, and Boswell were all shot around me. When I look back two weeks ago to-night, when we were called out to drive back the Germans, it was a merry and happy bunch that marched to meet them. Frenchmen were coming back in droves, suffocated with the fumes of the gas. But ahead we went confident that we could stop the two German Army corps that were coming through the French lines. Our Highlanders got there first, and believe me they did give it to them proper.

"We ran across the fields with bullets flying all around, but only two went down. Then at dawn our company was ordered to take a trench the Germans had just dug. We were eager to get at them, but before we had gone far half of our men had gone down, still not a man turned back. When we were at a distance of about 100 yards or so from the German trenches we got the order to retire. Scoop and I dropped down behind a couple of dead Highlanders. It was too light now to retire, so we got our tools out, and still hiding behind the dead men, dug a hole for ourselves. We then started to snipe the Germans, and, believe me, we were mad. No matter where you looked there were dead and dying. It was something awful. I can remember every little thing.

"There were about three machine guns and about a thousand rifles playing on us, and how those that

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got out did is a mystery to me. Had my hat knocked off by a bullet first thing. Then Boswell went down on my right and a little later George and Billy on my left dropped out without a word. A little farther, and Scoop and I were the only ones left in our section. We had dug ourselves in, as I said.

"We were firing over the dead Jocks in front and I guess we did some damage, because all of a sudden a sniper ran into the woods on our right front. Poor Scoop said, "There goes a sniper—dig deeper. Quick." Well, Dot, in a minute a bullet ripped down the middle of his hat and knocked the wire out and cut a dreadful gash in his head. He never said a word. I was so mad and nearly crying that I forgot all about the sniper and tried to fix him up, but 'twas no use, so had to put him up on my right. Gee, but I felt funny for a minute with a parapet of dead all around me, and my pack was just riddled with bullets. I kept my head down for a while and dug my hole deeper, then as the Germans were still running from their trench to the wood, a distance of about 200 yards I began to fire again and feel sure I avenged my chum's death. Just imagine what I felt like, fifty yards from the Germans, with all those poor dead and dying fellows around me. If ever I said my prayers in earnest it was that day, as I lay there in that hole all day firing now and then and praying for night. As soon as it came, believe me, I *did* run to our trenches a couple of hundred yards back with bullets singing all around. I did not get out any too soon either, as the Germans tried to advance again."

AUTUMN SILENCE

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

HOW still the quiet fields this autumn day,
The piled-up sheaves no more retain their gold,
And ploughman drive their horses o'er the mould,
While up into the hills and far away
The white road winds to where the sun's last ray
Mantles the heavens in a scarlet fold
Of glorious colour, of radiance untold,
And then the twilight turns the red to gray.

How still the quiet fields this autumn eve;
And yet we know that here, in other lands,
Red war still causes mothers' hearts to grieve,
And lives are spent as countless as the sands.

O God, we ask that Thou wilt put to flight
The shadows of this quiet autumn night.

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HABITANTS WATERING HORSES

From the Painting by
Franklin Brownell

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

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OUR HOMESTEADERS

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

BY every right and rule the homesteader is to be numbered among our national types, with the voyageur of the Ottawa, the wilderness adventurer, the down-east farmer, and the fisherman of Gaspé. If they are Canadian characters, distinct and unique, so is he; and if they have contributed in their place and time to the making of our Dominion, he also, and as bravely as they. He should not be left unsung, though he be later born.

There is no doubt as to what a homesteader is. Our land laws define him, and our common usage differentiates him from all others of a like calling. He is a farmer, necessarily and inevitably; but while a farmer may be a cabbage-patch gardener or a country gentleman, a homesteader is of certain fixed proportions and kind. He is the holder of a homestead, which at once removes him from all other lists and puts him on the Government's card-index as a standard-size, Crown-land farmer.

In the original sense of the term, a homestead was a farm, anywhere and of any size, that was occupied by the owner as his place of abode; but now, in Canada, it is a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in one of the Western Provinces. It has been measured, mapped, numbered, and granted by the Government; and on the holder's part it has been filed, occupied, improved, and in due course will be patented. All this is implied in the word itself; has a different meaning from that first given it.

Homesteading in the modern sense began in the United States, where laws for the pre-emption of the immense areas of unappropriated lands were passed by Congress about seventy-five years ago. The Homestead Act of 1862 provided for free grants of land, for their own use and possession, to soldiers who had served in the civil war. Canada and other British colonies, notably New Zealand and Australia, later adopted the homestead plan on much the same basis as that of the American States.

The Canadian system is simple. Public lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and for twenty miles on either side of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia, are administered by the Dominion Government's Department of the Interior, as belonging not to the Provinces themselves but to the people of Canada. They are first laid out in quadrilateral townships, each containing thirty-six sections one mile square. Sixteen of these sections in each township, if good agricultural lands, are available for homestead entry; two are held for school purposes, and two are allotted to the Hudson's Bay Company, under an agreement of long standing; the rest are for sale or railway grant. A quarter-section is the homestead unit; that is to say, that area of land may be applied for at the district land office by any person who is the sole head of a family, or by any male who is eighteen years of age, and will be granted to such a person as a free

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A HOMESTEADER TRANSPORTING HIS GOODS
BY HAND-SLEIGH

homestead, but subject to certain regulations, chief of which is that requiring him to live on the land, and to cultivate it, for at least six months in each of three years. The title remains in the Crown until the homesteader has fulfilled the conditions: when he has "proved up" the quarter-section is his.

The West is the only part of Canada in which the federal Government is doing a public lands business. The eastern Provinces administer their own lands, on practically the same lines, but in terms of "free grants" rather than homesteads. Thus limited to the West, the homestead system, as such, has almost the virtue of a copyright, and localizes the homesteader within definite geographical bounds. It is no secret that the prairie Provinces covet the control of their own lands, in conformity with the other Provinces, but that is a question of state politics, with which the development of the homestead system and of the homesteader himself as a national type, has nothing to do.

In the forty-three years since the system was begun in Canada, about 460,000 entries have been made. Naturally enough, most of these have been within the last two decades, for there is a close connection between homestead entries and immigration. The rate is now from thirty to forty thousand entries a year, which means an annual settlement upon Crown lands of from eighty to ninety thousand persons. To date a little more than one-sixth of the total area of the three Provinces has been homesteaded or disposed of under special grants.

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A HOMESTEADER TAKING IN A LOAD OF SUPPLIES FOR THE NEXT SEASON'S USE

not including that allotted to the railways, schools, and the Hudson's Bay Company. The figures are, approximately, 75,000,000 acres out of a total 466,000,000 acres, of which total only 184,000,000 acres have yet been surveyed. There is still room for the homesteader. The choicest lands of the southern wheat belt have, it is true, been taken, but there yet remains in the north a great area of the finest mixed farming country, which gradually is being thrown open for entry.

What the homestead system means to the census of the West may be worked out by simple arithmetic. The 460,000 entries thus far have brought about 1,300,000 persons to homestead lands, and if their holdings represent one-sixth of the total area of the three Provinces there will be a population of at least 7,500,000 people in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta when all the land is taken, and that apart from the urban population. With no other system of colonization would so large a result be conceivable: but the homestead system can do it.

Because population is of greater importance than acreage, the settlement of people is the outstanding feature of Western homesteading. Its human interest transcends its real estate significance. Already it has contributed, as nothing else could have done, to the incoming of needed thousands and to their own social betterment. The scheme is essentially human.

Free lands in Western Canada have lured people from everywhere. It is unfair and untrue, however, to

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THE HOME OF A THRIFTY DANISH HOMESTEADER IN ALBERTA

call the West, as some have done, a dumping-ground: it is nearer the truth to call it a clearing-house of the nations. From the four corners come all sorts and descriptions of people, and sooner or later, under pressure of new conditions, they become Canadians. Homestead life is a wonderful leveller, and breaks down or builds up precisely as occasion demands.

The figures of a single year will state the case. In 1913, a rather light year, there were 33,699 homestead entries. Of these 7,451 were made by Canadians, 8,895 by United States immigrants, and 5,595 by British folk from the Mother Country. The rest represented thirty-six different nationalities, mostly non-English-speaking, and included such remote and unsimilar peoples as Icelanders, Hindus, and South Africans, to say nothing of a great and greatly mixed multitude from central Europe.

The coming of the people, drawn on by the promise of free homes, is itself a chapter of human history, fit to company with the exodus of the Mayflower pilgrims or even with that of the ancient Israelites. One need not think alone of overseas immigrants, for whom moving-day means a passage on troubled waters to a new world: the moving of some of the American-born homesteaders is almost equally spectacular. Sometimes a prairie schooner is as eloquent in human interest as an immigrant steamship. Shall not a full measure of recognition and approval be given, for instance, to that party of fifteen settlers who journeyed from Nebraska to Central Saskatchewan, in the summer of 1914, in four canvas-covered wagons? Their overland journey was fifteen hundred miles long, by a hard trail, and with them they brought the cherished keepsakes that were to make their new homesteads home-like. There have been hundreds of such flittings, and the prairie schooner—slow, cramped, and clumsy, but permitting of pleasant camp-life diversions along the way—still comes and goes.

Next after this stage in the homestead system, but sometimes before it, is the entry at the Land Office. Homestead entries can be made only at the Dominion Lands branch offices for the districts in which the land is

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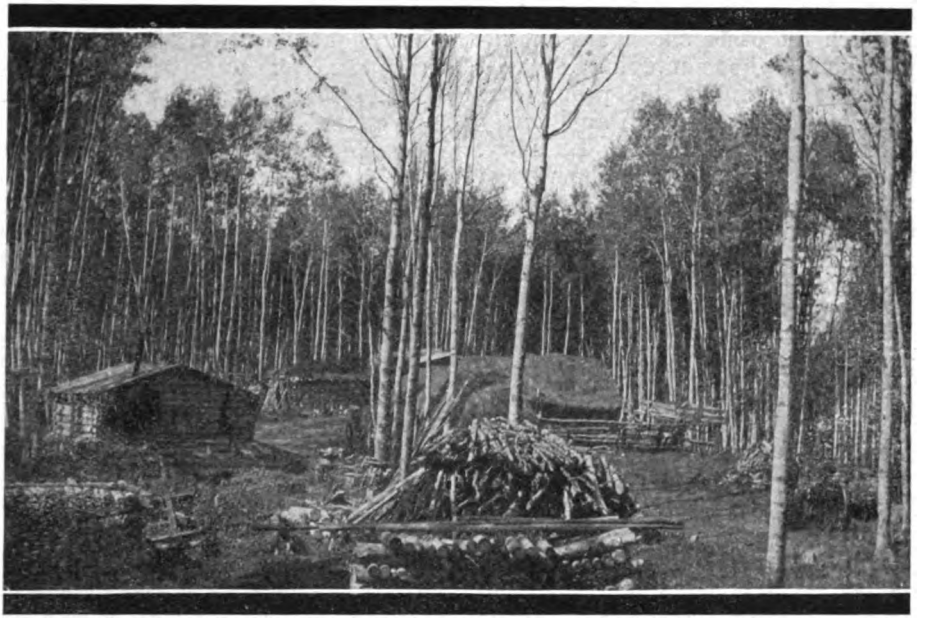

A HOMESTEAD IN THE BUSH

located, and it is a case of first come first served. If the number of quarter-sections thus offered in a certain district is small, or if they are of a particularly desirable character, there is likely to be a rush for them, and a land office rush is a thing to be remembered. It is of the same order as a stampede for gold. Rivalry for first place is keen, and the contestants, some of whom have probably come from long distances, line up at the office door like the hungry land-seekers that they are. They earn the Dominion's free gifts, sometimes, by long and tedious waiting, standing in line all through the night preceding the allotment, or even for several nights and several days.

Nearly every land office has had its rushes. At Swift Current, a year or two ago, one man camped in front of the office for twenty-one days and nights, keeping his place with jealous care in order to get the land he wanted. Sitting up for a homestead after this fashion, in cold weather, is almost comparable with the Klondike stampedes that London tells about.

All conditions of men and women appear before the land agents, and what happens to them there usually changes their after life. There is romance at the land office, as in the case of the bachelor and the young widow who filed on neighbouring quarter-sections at the same time, compared notes on leaving the office, and in due course were married; there is pathos, as at the Edmonton office last winter, when a widow who had come from Toronto to file on a homestead for her children's sake, and had stood in line for two days, was jostled from her place by a rival, and afterward restored to it by some better-spirited men who found her quietly sobbing by the door; there is pluck, like that shown at the Winnipeg office last spring, when a veteran of eighty-five years, as brave an adventurer as ever he was, made an entry, intending at that late day to begin homesteading.

It is, however, in the actual occupation of the lands thus secured that the greatest interest arises. From the standpoint of national develop-

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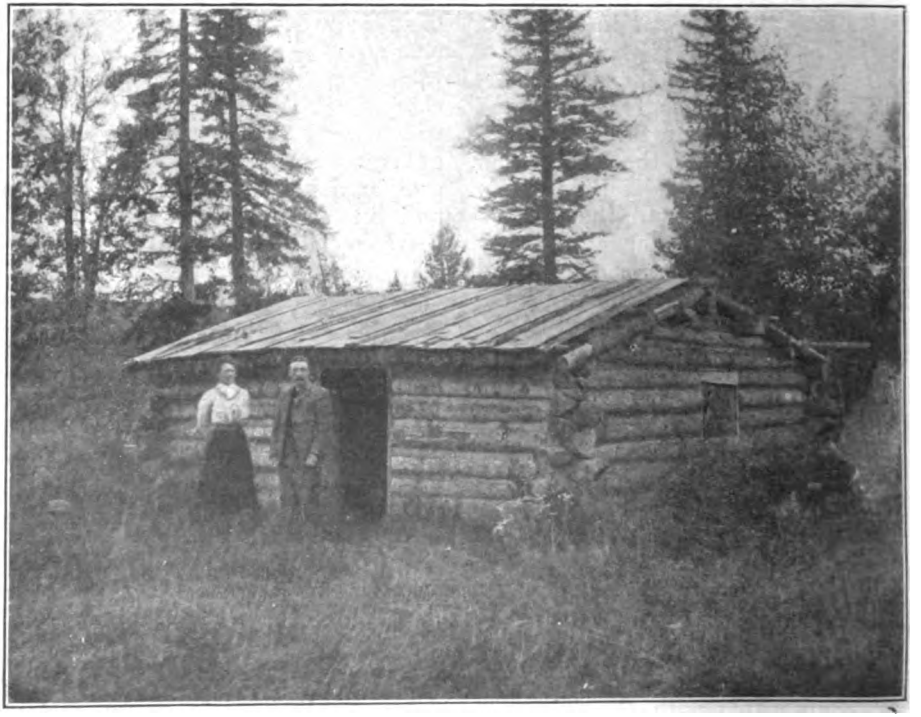
ment, that is the culminating stage to which the other stages are but introductory: the surveying of the land, the coming of the people, the choosing of a homestead, and finally the making of a home. Industry, courage, heroism, go into homestead life in Canada, and out of it come public service and the spirit of nationhood.

Not 460,000 entries at the land offices, but 460,000 homes, in which men and women are playing a brave part—that is the real result and purpose of the homestead system to date. It matters not, for the moment, where those men and women came from, with what trouble they got here, or how much of human history lies behind them: the point now is that all over the West they are home-making. Dotted—not clustered, but dotted—through the three Provinces are these nearly half-million homestead homes, which may be likened, as you will, to frontier posts of empire, signal-stations of civilization, training-schools of citizenship. There is, for some strange reason, a general desire to describe homestead life in figured terms like these: but, surely, it is enough to say that Canadian homes are being made on what till now were empty lands. Conditions vary as between prairie and bush country, but whether they are islanded in wheat or poplars the homestead dwellings are homes that know the meaning of toil, and sacrifice, and ultimate reward. People on the land—that's the triumph of the homestead system.

The West is filling in, to be sure, and already some homestead settlements have grown to towns; the pioneers are no longer splendidly isolated; wagon-trails have given place to iron roads. But the West is so large a country that in its half-a-continent's width there are still places



THEIR FIRST HOME

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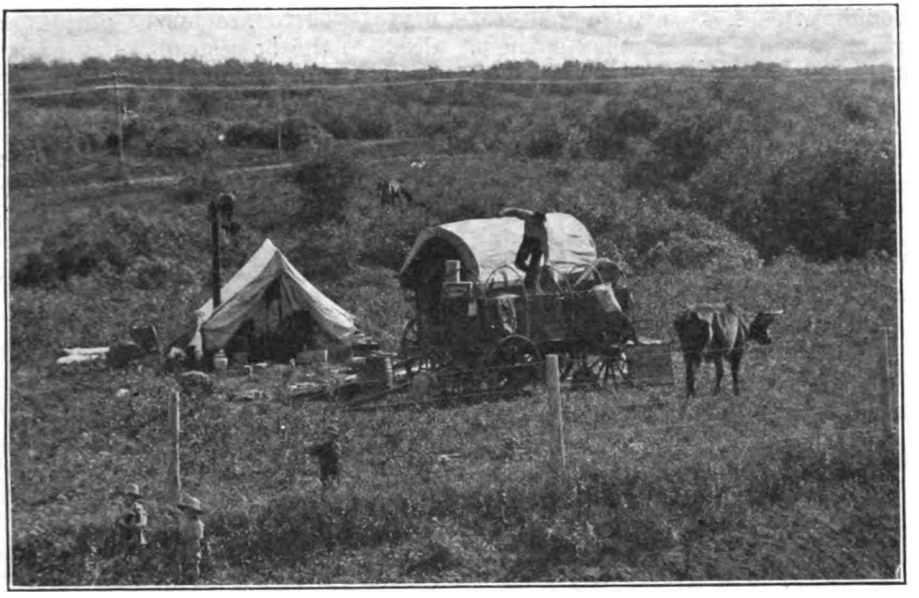

HOMESTEADERS FROM THE UNITED STATES COMING IN BY MEANS OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

where homesteading is as frontier-like and adventurous a thing as ever it was. For many years yet we shall see history repeating itself, and pioneers will still be making homes under frontier conditions. What happened in the now well-filled farming country of Manitoba thirty years ago is at present going on in the new north of all the Provinces. Let us, then, consider the case of Lew Chapman, who was the first homesteader in a certain district of Western Alberta, and is now, after ten years of waiting and toiling, on the way to prosperity. His ten years' record is in general typical of the bush-country homesteader: it is, at any rate, not at all exceptional.

Chapman came west from Nova Scotia, and because the wooded lands were more like home to him than the bald prairie, he filed on a quarter-section in the heart of the bush forty miles beyond the nearest railway. It was good land, he knew, and to a man farm-trained down East the clearing of a few acres of poplar bush each year was not a forbidding prospect. So he made an entry, got his grant, and moved out. Moving meant for him pushing a barrow, with his meagre outfit in it, over forty miles of trail. Several such trips he made, and sometimes, when the trail was very bad, he packed his freight, even to a stove, on his back.

When he had built a two-roomed log shack, he sent for his wife, and the two of them spent their first winter alone in the wilderness, ten miles from a neighbour. In the spring he cleared some land—a small piece, because he had only an axe with which to do it, so poorly furnished was he. His first year's crop was rye and potatoes, and when winter came again he had made at least a good beginning on his home in the woods.

But in that second winter Chapman fell grievously sick of a fever. All through December and January, and into February, his wife doctored him, alone, and kept the wilderness home together. A wildcat came prowling around, and she shot it. When supplies gave out, she walked twenty miles for more. But she

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brought the sick man to his feet again, in time for another spring's sowing.

Those first two years were hard, and in sheer loneliness, privation, and toil Chapman and his wife paid the cost of pioneering. It was not till the third year that he had a full crop from his land, for the taming of wilderness soil takes time. When finally a good crop rewarded his industry, he could not get it to market. But in the following spring, some more settlers having meanwhile come in, the Government made the forty-mile trail into a public road, and Chapman's marketing problem was solved. Little by little, things improved for the homesteaders. Their clearings grew, the log dwelling was enlarged, neighbours came nearer; and now, after ten years, the pioneer homestead is a thrifty, well-stocked farm, in a busy and sociable countryside.

The bush-country homesteader is longer in making a start than the prairie homesteader, who has but to scratch the surface of his land to get a crop. But the farmer in the bush has the advantage of the plainsman in fuel and water supply. On the prairie these two items often constitute a problem, and the difficulty of getting them is sometimes a serious handicap. For men like Chapman there is no such problem.

Prairie and bush homesteaders alike, however, are affected by that universal condition, the social life of a frontier country. The supply of human company is sometimes a matter of almost as great importance as the supply of fuel, and for lack of it some men and more women have gone crazy. It is nothing, according to the standards of the West, that neighbours should be several miles apart, but when the nearest house is, say, ten or twelve miles away, or when for any reason a man or a woman is kept closely to his own place for weeks and months, the isolation is very apt to depress and unnerve. There are lonely places, indeed, in the homestead country, and it is little wonder that there have been tragedies as a result: the wonder is that there have not been more.

But to offset this unpleasant picture is one in brighter colours and much truer to type. Homestead life is social whenever sociability has a fair chance. Distances are discounted when at the other end is a tea-meeting, a party, or a dance, and neighbourly visits from house to house are more frequent than one would suppose—more frequent, in fact, than in average city houses. There is hard work on the homestead, but there are also good times, and hearty hospitality has usually the right of way.

Always the homesteader must consider ways and means of getting supplies. If he lives near a store, it is a simple matter: if not, it may try his ingenuity, endurance, and credit. General stores of a surprisingly good sort are scattered through the country, but, even so, some homesteads are miles away from the nearest trading-place. Shopping under such conditions becomes a carefully planned procedure, recurring at necessarily frequent intervals, and gone through with as methodically as the spring ploughing. It runs into large figures, too. The volume of trade done by the average country store in the West is far beyond that of a similar establishment in older Canada. What it amounts to by family is not readily ascertainable, for there is the widest difference in the domestic economy and general management of one homestead and another, and between the tastes and habits of, say, a Ruthenian family and a family Ontario-born. Human nature expresses itself as variously in the homesteads of the Canadian West as in any city, and not only the homes, churches, and schools, but the stores as well, reflect it.

There is a difference, too, in the way beginnings are made. Hundreds begin as Chapman did, with almost

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A GALICIAN HOMESTEAD IN NORTHERN ALBERTA

nothing but their hands and a will to work. They are the men who, for one reason or another, have not got on in the place they came from, and the homestead means to them a new start in life and a new chance to make good. But there are others who have made the move only that they may add to success already achieved—men who have come with money in their purses, and who can very well afford to wait for their ultimate gains. Under the homestead system there is a welcome for both the rich man and the poor man. Both will help to develop the country: the rich man more quickly, since money makes money, but the other, it may be, quite as satisfactorily.

In any case, it is desirable that the homesteader have some savings with which to meet his initial expenses. There have been penniless homesteaders, it is true, but how they have pulled through has ever been a mystery: for outlay must precede returns. One of Chapman's present neighbours is a Swede, who landed in New York with nine dollars; and another, who came from Dakota, had but seven dollars after paying his homestead fee at the land office. The Swede worked his way from New York west, and had money when he reached Alberta; the Dakotan hired himself to a lumber company, and made wages during his first winter; Chapman himself began homesteading under greater handicaps than either, and won out, as many others have done, by sheer pluck and industry.

A beginning may thus involve next to nothing, in a money sense, or it may represent a spectacular outlay of several thousands. A house to live in, a barn, a cow, a team of horses, some tools, the first year's seed, the family larder—these are the overhead expenses, from some part of which there is no escape. True, a log house may be built in the Alberta bush for the cost of one's own labour, and out on the Manitoba prairie a ten-by-twelve shack can be put up for fifty dollars; but stock and tools and family upkeep make heavier bills. Nowadays, homesteaders are advised to bring at least five hundred dollars with them, and with that nest-egg fund the way is reasonably open to a successful future.

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As an illustration of what a homestead beginning may lead to, there is the case of the Honourable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. Thirty years ago, Mr. Motherwell homesteaded a quarter-section at Abernethy, on the barest of Saskatchewan prairie, and moved in by ox-team over two hundred and fifty miles of trail from Brandon. There was not another settler in the district when Mr. Motherwell built his first home, a typical prairie shack, which he replaced in due time with a better building. The third stage in the evolution was a large stone house, built fifteen years ago. In the meantime the homestead had become a fully improved farm, and its bareness had been relieved by the planting of a belt of cottonwood trees, Farmer Motherwell, as he is known locally, being therefore one of the pioneer foresters of the West. To his original homestead, on which he still lives, he has since added eight hundred acres by purchase, and to his experience as a practical farmer has been added his official career as the farmers' Minister since 1905.

There have been hundreds of other records equally significant. Many Galician immigrant homesteaders, for instance, to take a case at the other end of the scale, have accomplished the double task of breaking empty lands into good farms and themselves into good citizens. They have been glad of the opportunity, and have measured up to it. The story of the Russian immigrant who, on reaching his homestead in northern Alberta, and being told that it was his, picked up a handful of the soil and kissed it by way of expressing his appreciation, is fairly typical of many foreign-born settlers to whom a free home in Canada means more than we, the native-born, can possibly conceive. Homesteaders of many races, bringing to their new gift-homes customs and capacities that were shaped in another kind of life, have mixed together, and under the same systematic influences have worked out a common destiny. Homesteads make citizens of foreigners.

Some failures, of course, there have been. The homestead system is not an infallible remedy for all ailments, and some of the men who have tried it have found that it was not meant for them. There have been misfit homesteaders, who did not stay out their time, but abandoned their holdings for someone else to cancel; others have stayed on who would better not have done so, and if the whole history of Western homesteading were known there would be dark pages among the bright ones. But all these have been the exceptions. The system, as a whole, has proved to be a pronounced success.

To the homesteader and his wife, then, let there be given a place on Canada's honour roll, as living examples of national industry and spirit. They are worthy of it. Their patient labour, unflinching courage, and persistent faith are things that make national types—and nations.

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ALDERSON'S WIFE

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

IT was not until after some months of acquaintance that I fully realized how uneven Alderson really was. One is not prone to analyze a man whom one likes—that is reserved for others. He used to sit in front of the fire at the country club, stretching his long slim legs and rambling from one subject to another. It was perhaps the very deftness of his speech that concealed his ineffectiveness, and one does not dig very deep at a country club.

Suddenly it struck me that he was a stationary person, graceful enough, but yet stationary. Other men picked up points and developed, but year after year he saw things from exactly the same angle. Apart from his profession of the law, he dabbled in literary societies and got some reviewing to do from an old college friend, and one could spot the reviews without looking for a signature.

It was my wife who cabined him in a phrase—"sensitively self-satisfied." She knew Ruth Alderson better than most women seem to want to know each other and consequently knew Alderson much better than he imagined.

"It's the things that are not said that are most enlightening," she murmured one evening. "The curious fact is that that house is dominated by the weaker of the two."

"Do you find that surprising?" I hazarded with a chuckle.

"Not altogether, but with us"—She glanced at me with an inexpressible comradeship—"we both know it, and Mr. Alderson doesn't."

"And Mrs. Alderson does?"

"Undoubtedly. I came away with a feeling that it was a frightful waste of splendid material.

"Yes?"

"She's perfectly fine—and perfectly helpless."

"But why helpless?"

"Don't you see? He can't stand even suggestion. She was quite frank about it. What he accomplishes now—and that's little enough—is due entirely to his belief in himself, but if he were to imagine the truth he'd go to pieces at once."

"I don't quite see that."

"Ruth does, and she ought to know. Can't you visualise him? Sublimely pathetic in his egoism and yet so super-sensitive that he would collapse without it."

I was silent for a moment, demanding of myself just how much Alderson mattered. It seemed, by and large, that there were so many more inviting fields for one's interests and perhaps one's energies. Life had its percentage of ineffectives and I wondered what was the quality of whatever scrap of divinity might lie in him to differentiate him from the rest. Then I realized that my wife was gazing at me.

"You are thinking of course of her?"

She nodded. "Yes of course, and that makes him matter too. One can't get out of it. That's the worst of marriage."

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"The best of it," I put in humbly.

She glided across the room, balanced herself on the arm of my chair, and began playing with a scanty top-knot which it is the effort of my life to preserve.

"How much?" I said with a shudder.

"Nothing, dear; nothing but your interest and sympathy.

I gulped with astonishment. "You surprise me, and—and—why should I be interested. I don't want to be interested, I've other things to do."

"You will, I know you will, just on her account. And I want you to meet her."

It was therefore with no surprise that I did meet her quite accidentally two weeks later. I felt my wife's gaze fixed on me, as I scanned what was a rather remarkable face. It suggested a personality within—one that moved quite easily and freely and independently of any physical attribute. Her eyes were very dark and lustrous and seemed to mirror for successive fractions of time every possible emotion and sensation. The face was oval, with a straight fine nose, rather large nostrils, and a mouth that seemed as restless as the eyes. For the rest, she had a slight figure, trim shoulders and long, narrow hands.

The moment she looked at me, I felt that most men would be open books to such a woman. She did not express subtlety so much as a terrific and vivid insight. She knew that I knew, that was patent. How much more she knew, would never be betrayed by that roving glance or a line on that smooth face. Conscious of this and of a certain sense of comparison which, if she were at all analytical, must be constantly in her mind, I floundered through the formalities of post-introduction conversation. "I'm surprised we have never met before," I concluded.

This she disregarded. "You know my husband. He often speaks of you."

"Yes, I'm sorry I don't see more of him."

"That's kind of you. You see, he's so busy that it's hard to find time for anything else."

"Then he's a fortunate man, especially in these difficult days."

"Is there much of what you call luck in business, at least in the business of law? Do some men just happen into a good thing? The reason I ask is"—she went on calmly—"that though my husband works very hard, he doesn't seem satisfied with himself."

"No good man is."

She flashed me an inscrutable glance, "or woman?"

"It's exactly the same thing."

"Thank you." She hesitated, then continued evenly. "I'm glad you said that, because when a man's dissatisfied it's called ambition, but in the case of a woman it's discontent."

"And you aren't satisfied?" I parried.

I was sorry the instant I said it. You see, she had taken me on, knowing that I knew, but believing that I had at least sense enough to keep off the grass.

She flushed, then caught at my evident contrition and—leaning on that as security against further missteps—said under her breath. "I don't want anyone to think I'm discontented." Then, raising her dark eyes to mine—"You see that what is often very feasible for a girl is—well—impossible for a married woman."

"I can quite see that."

"So many things make it unfeasible."

"Mrs. Alderson," I said formally, "will you do me the honour to believe that I am very much at your service? I think I need not speak for my wife."

A dull glow mounted slowly into her cheeks, but only her eyes thanked me. "And what might be very simple for some married women would not be so for others."

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"That's quite true also," I replied.

"I'm afraid it's all rather foolish of me and I'm only beating the air. You see, I feel as though I could—could—" Her voice died in a cadence.

"You look as though you could do anything."

Her expression did not change in the slightest. She seemed impervious to everything that did not bear on the matter in hand.

"You write?" she said slowly.

"In a small way—essays and special articles."

She nodded gravely. "I know. I read them and like them but—"

"Yes, please?"

"You don't write as if you had to. There's a difference."

"You mean I read like a dilettante? I think so myself."

"No—" she protested. "I think you write charmingly, but—you don't mind my speaking like this?"

"I like it."

"Is there such a thing as a frenzy for writing?"

"You mean a feeling that one must write at all costs or else burn up inwardly?"

She looked at me queerly. "How did you know that?"

"Because I have longed for it. Some people have it."

"Who?"

"The best and greatest—only."

There was a moment's silence in which our glances wandered apart. When they met again, her face had turned pale, but her eyes were glowing.

"I'm glad to know that," she half whispered.

That evening on the way home, I was conscious that my wife was waiting for me to talk. This consciousness comes to all married men, and is quite unmistakable.

"I agree with you," I said presently. "She's mentally lonely and wants to write."

"What an excellent thing."

"Perhaps. Yes, I think it is. She's the sort that might surprise one."

My wife sat back in the car and sighed sympathetically. "He doesn't know."

"It's just as well," I ruminated. "I don't believe she could write if he did."

"Will it be over her own name?"

I shook my head. "Not if she's wise. She doesn't strike me as wanting any personal kudos. If she can express herself to herself, it should be enough.

It was three months later, that my eye fell on a short story in *The Planet*, our leading magazine. It was signed "Deborah." The plot was negligible but the treatment was amazing. There was a virility about it that suggested a mind that had suddenly visited the earth and saw it fresh and glistening, without the dust and grime of ages. The English was peculiar but intensely strong. The atmosphere of the thing and not its denouement made one gasp.

"Mrs. Alderson," I said.

My wife nodded. "Of course. What do you think of it?"

"It's the best thing *The Planet* has got hold of for years. When she finds herself she'll be international."

"And the effect on him if he finds out?"

"Will be just what he deserves."

Alderson's column of reviews came out the week after. In the paragraph devoted to *The Planet*, he wrote:

"A somewhat unusual story appears in this number. It is anonymous, but evidently the work of a woman. It is not without merit but departs entirely from certain generally accepted standards. It has tenseness, if tenseness is a virtue, but presents such interpretations of life as might be held by a young and inexperienced person. We should advise the author to study literary construction and style."

My wife listened as I read. "And to think that people will form their opinion from that," she exclaimed indignantly.

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"Not those who read the story. You see every author must decide whether he will write to please the critics or the public. It's a matter of preference and not taste."

"And you?" There was a note of humour in her voice.

"I write to please myself."

"The thing that puzzles me," she remarked going off at a tangent—"is what she's leading up to."

"Why not lead up to herself?"

"She couldn't. She may as you say, express herself, but although she is extremely clever she does not yet realize that all she does must have a direct relation to him. She writes with one part of herself, but even that she has offered to him though he wouldn't take it."

"But you don't see—"

"I see this—that when a woman has lavished herself utterly and withheld nothing that was hers to give, she is anchored for all time with mind and body and spirit. She stays with her gifts. Don't think of Ruth apart from her husband, she isn't that sort."

"Even though he slams her stories?"

"Wait and see."

I did wait, and from that time on our affairs seemed inextricably involved with those of the Aldersons. It was true that I was deeply interested in Mrs. Alderson's progress, but I failed utterly to fathom the process by which my wife gradually enveloped me in a delicate, filmy web that entangled their circumstances with our own. It seemed foolish and unnecessary, but when I voiced a protest it appeared that there was nothing to protest about. It was all tenuous, impalpable and elastic, but a living reality nevertheless. Then one day I met Mrs. Alderson again.

"Congratulations," I said, taking her long, slim hand.

"On what?"

"Deborah is making a name for herself. It's good stuff."

"Ah, you like it then—why?"

"Because it's sincere and uncalculating—therefore refreshing."

Her lips moved nervously. "You have not—"

"No; except to my wife. She knew anyway.

"Yes. She knows everything. You've seen the reviews?" she added calmly.

I laughed. "Reviews, good or unfavourable, are the opinion of an individual."

"Yes—that's it—an individual. We're excellent friends, as you know, but we've never met on that ground. I suppose it wouldn't work anyway."

"It would be hardly fair—to either. Things are much better as they are—You can see that."

"Of course." She smiled as though some memory amused her, then went earnestly on. "But tell me what's the matter with my work—for there must be something the matter."

"Well," I hesitated, "your analysis is remarkable and your situations most dramatic, but from my point of view your treatment is a little hard and uncompromising. You know, however, that *The Planet* wouldn't touch it unless it were first-class."

She glanced away, but I could see her long fingers twisting and untwisting the corners of her silver bag. "Go on please—it's the greatest possible help."

"But it's only the opinion of an individual," I continued, "and I don't know that I'm qualified to criticize your stuff at all. What I feel is that you can impress and almost stun your public, but they will turn to you with fear and fascination and not relief. Forgive me for what I say, but really your work is so—"

"To what extent must people feel what they write?" she demanded, interrupting me swiftly.

"I don't know. The greater their art the more they feel and they certainly should think it—too."

"Can one feel intensely about

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something and at the same time persuade oneself that it's not true?"

"Undoubtedly — we all do that. "It's the compensation awarded to intelligence, isn't it?"

She smiled brilliantly. "Goodbye, I'm late for lunch already—and —thank you for more than you know."

Naturally enough, I watched closely after that and was not surprised when a certain modulation crept into her work. It was as strong as ever, but more human. The eyes of Psyche began to show through the visor of Athene. The reviewer noted the change and approved mildly. I could visualize his lean face and uncertain mouth as he wrote, and his wife's non-committal glance as he read his opinions aloud.

For some months she dropped out completely, till Deborah reappeared in *The Planet* with one of the most remarkable stories I ever read. It depicted a very ordinary man, hidebound in tradition and indifference, who by the sheer violation of his own judgment made a success out of a palpably aimless life.

It was notable that Alderson made no mention of it in his columns, although it was the most striking thing in that number of *The Planet*. It appeared that either he hesitated to say what he thought, which was rare for him, or else he was so impressed as to be baffled. At any rate, I could not imagine that the thing was already at an end.

Weeks later I met him at the Club and we agreed to play nine holes. Ordinarily I can beat him three up, but after he made his first drive I questioned my chances. At the sixth we were level. The seventh I won and the eighth was halved. By this time I was conscious that his game had entirely changed. He now swung freely and with a new assurance. His approaching was steady, he got underneath the ball, and his putting had lost its old convulsive stroke.

I got my usual moderate drive from the eighth tee. Alderson hit viciously, but sliced, and his ball fell in the rough. He lay a hundred yards from the hole, and midway was a clump of fairly high trees.

Now the safe thing was to come out again on the fair green, but Alderson to my surprise settled himself for a big lift over the timber. He swung free and with a clean scoop cleared the trees by five yards. The ball fell dead a few feet from the hole. He went down with his next.

"Good work," I said heartily. "You have improved."

"Yes, I think I have."

"Been with the pro?"

"No, I tried to get at it a new way. I was pretty rotten."

"Evidently, but—"

"It's rather foolish perhaps, but it seems to work. You see, I follow in my mind just where I want the ball to go. I always wondered before and I'm feeling extra fit to-day."

"Your game shows it."

"No, it's not altogether that. You see"—he hesitated and then blurted —"I got the solicitorship for the United Metals yesterday."

I stared at him. "You did!" That post was the lawyer's plum in our Province.

He nodded. "Yes, it came about in a queer way. They mine copper on a large scale over there, and for their smelting plant they need silica-quartz—you know. Well, just across the border line was a gold property that was only paying expenses. I got an option on that and sold it to them. They will use the waste quartz as it comes from the old mill and make the place pay as well as securing their flux."

"And then?"

Alderson swung his brassy at an offending dandelion. I could hear the club whistle, then the yellow disc, nipped from its stalk, jumped ahead. "They seemed to like the way things were handled, and offered me the job. I've got something else on too." He paused and added impersonally—"I

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wonder I didn't do it before. It is simple enough if you stand off and look at it. I just woke up to the fact that I was letting the other fellows do all these things."

I ferreted for a reply. He had, it seemed, been re-made, and almost overnight. All the imagination which heretofore, transmuted into sensitive brooding, had turned inward, would now carry him far. His vista appeared to lengthen even as I pondered.

"Can you retrace the sequence of your thoughts back to where all this started?" I ventured. "It's rather remarkable, if I may say so. I—I somehow thought you were analytical rather than constructive."

"Yes, I think—hello! Our respective wives are waiting for tea."

I glanced swiftly at Mrs. Alderson as we mounted the terrace. She was talking rapidly and looked exquisite. It suddenly occurred that she looked too happy to write well.

Alderson ordered tea before I could speak and we settled down in big wicker chairs. My wife's eyes caught my own, but for once I failed to read them.

"You didn't finish," I said.

"The question was what led up to the United Metals affair?"

I nodded. "You don't mind? It's extremely interesting and dramatic."

Mrs. Alderson, chin in hand, stared out over the course. All expression seemed to leave her face, but behind that was a tenseness of attention. To me she seemed to be hanging on what her husband should say, stiffened into a lovely marble lest she be diverted by mundane things.

He took out his pipe and filled it very deliberately.

"It's rather difficult to tell, but I think it started with reviewing. I found it hard at first to do justice to what I did not like. And—"

Mrs. Alderson moved slightly. Her husband lit a match, and I could catch little flecks of flame in the bottom of his brown eyes.

"And then I began to realize what a lot I didn't know. That depressed me for a while, during which I was sorry for the authors I reviewed. But the thing that really started me was an anonymous story signed Deborah."

"That's rather interesting," I hazarded, noting a faint tinge on Mrs. Alderson's pale cheek.

"Yes, very. I tried to find out who she was, but the editor was as dumb as a clam. This story showed me the power of an idea, or in other words of imagination. You see, up till that time, whatever imagination I had was conscientiously throttled. I was afraid of it. Mind you, the story did not give me an idea, but it made me rise up in self-disgust and smash the shackles of my brain. Perhaps you saw it?"

"Yes." I said briefly, "I saw it. Please go on."

"Well, that particular article seemed written quite unconsciously straight to me, by some woman I never heard of. It was so directly personal that I couldn't even review it. It would have been desecration. After that it seemed that nothing was impossible and that the world was full of things and situations designed expressly for my own particular use. It looks now as if the only matter to be considered is the method of doing big business. Curiously enough, I have already ceased to consider the possibility." He swung in his chair. "Sounds beastly egotistical, doesn't it? We're leaving next week to spend the autumn in Montana in the mountains. I have to look over some properties there."

I glanced again at his wife. "Have some tea. Your husband has forgotten all about you." The lace at her throat had begun to move stormily, but her face was as quiet as ever.

"I wonder if I'll ever know that woman," interjected Alderson thoughtfully.

His wife looked at him with inexpressible promise in her eyes. "Somehow I think you will," she said softly.

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A JOAN OF THE WEST

BY NORMAN P. LAMBERT

MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG, during a recent political campaign in Manitoba, was characterized not inaptly as a modern Joan of Arc. Five hundred years ago, the Maid of Orleans, in response to a vision, donned the warrior's coat of armour, took up the sword and led the forces of her country against the hosts of the enemy in the cause of freedom. Armed with a facile pen and an eloquent tongue, instead of a sword and a battle-axe, Mrs. Nellie McClung to-day in Canada is leading forces of rapidly-increasing strength against the traditional foes and obstacles of certain social reforms. She, too, is being led by a vision; one which has grown in magnitude as her work has extended and increased in influence. It is the vision of a young nation which will give equal economic and political opportunity not only to all men, but also to all women. And associated in such a state is the picture of a new and enlarged democracy, purged of the evils of the liquor traffic and the impoverishing effect of a growing industrialism.

It is not too much to say that the woman who visited Toronto and other centres in Ontario in October and November, and left the impress of her gospel, written indelibly, on the mind of the old East, is at the front of the very vanguard of those forces which have swept the plains of the West and are now advancing upon the Eastern Provinces with the demand for equal suffrage and prohibition. In those days of the West, some three or four years ago, when

Mrs. McClung and the original "Danny"

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the flood of immigration was at its height, and the country was fairly seething with commercial activity, and before the Western people had begun to consider such issues as prohibition and woman suffrage, Mrs. McClung through the pages of her first books revealed a deep hatred of the traffic which since has been doomed by the Legislatures of the Western Provinces. When the issue of temperance became a vital part of the legislative programme in Manitoba, she stepped out from behind her ink-pots, spurned the pen for a time, and appeared suddenly and effectively in the role of a public speaker.

In the Manitoba campaign of 1914, following the big, earnest temperance convention in Winnipeg early in that year, she addressed a hundred meettings, and unquestionably exerted a greater influence in the election of July of that year than any other one person who took part in it. Later in the same year, Mrs. McClung moved from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and in Alberta she immediately took up the work that had engaged her energies in Manitoba. In both Provinces, her efforts bore fruit. In July, 1915, the people of Alberta declared themselves to be in favour of a measure of complete prohibition, and next July their expressed desire will be gratified. The Government of Manitoba is pledged to test the opinion of that Province on the temperance question by means of a referendum vote in March, and if Alberta's example is followed, as undoubtedly it will be, prohibition will come into effect in Manitoba in June, 1916.

Closely related to her passionate desire for the abolition of the liquor traffic from Canada is Mrs. McClung's thought of woman suffrage. Men, she contends, have not made a success of government so long as they permit an evil like the liquor trade to flourish. "Woman's duty" she declares repeatedly, "lies not only in the rearing of children and the care of the home, but also in the world into which those children one day must enter." Mrs. McClung has five children of her own, and four of them are boys. She believes that she has something to say about the public conditions under which her sons and daughter should live after they leave her home. And in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba Mrs. McClung and every other woman presently will have the right, in provincial affairs at least, to exercise her influence through the ballot. It is worth noting that the cause of woman suffrage has advanced most in that part of the Dominion where temperance has progressed, and Mrs. Nellie McClung has been the picturesque figure in the forefront of both movements.

Mrs. McClung's visit to Eastern Canada a few weeks ago was of more than usual interest and significance. She had been in Toronto several times before, but never as a public speaker, never exactly as the sponsor of a national idea for the women as well as the men of Canada. Her associations in the East had been limited previously to the smaller circle of literary friends. But this time she came with a message for no particular group, but for all who possibly had read her wholesome Western stories about "Pearly" and "Danny" and the "Pink Lady". It was a breezy, fresh message with a note of optimism and hope, straight from the Western prairies. The East has been in the habit of talking to the West about some things, but the positions were reversed in the presence of the lady from Edmonton, and the East accepted, with agreeable surprise at the spontaneity of its own approval, what was said to it so logically and entertainingly. Mentally digestive processes were set in action, and some day Mrs. McClung may turn her pen to a story and call it by a similar title to that of her first, "Sowing Seeds in the East".

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It is not necessary to dilate upon Mrs. McClung's views of the suffrage question. They are contained in her latest book, "In Times Like These", which, by the way, marks a successful and timely digression on the part of the author, from the path of fiction. The point of her speeches on the subject, delivered in the East, was embodied in the following expression of faith: "I believe that both sexes were brought into the world to work together". Nothing could be more Western in its point of view than that. Woman's position in Western Canada for the greater part, is that of the partner with full rights of partnership, and the western laws relating to property are beginning to take actual cognizance of the fact. There is little or no competition between the sexes in the Prairie Provinces. In the agricultural life of that part of the country, woman is regarded as a distinct economic factor, and her status in the community has always been recognized in spirit, if not always in the statute books of the Provinces. Wherever that recognition of woman's right has been broken, it has been due largely to the damaging and unfair effects of such social evils as the liquor traffic. Woman has performed a great and important part in the development of Western Canada in the past. She has been very much in the minority so far as the total population of the Prairie Provinces is concerned, and she still is, and will be, for many years to come. That may have something to do with her present elevated status, but it is more likely that the suffrage is being given to the women of Western Canada entirely as the result of the radical and progressive ideas which seem to spring out of the new and untrammelled West and grow into practice in that world of experiment and action.

No person knows Western Canada better than Mrs. Nellie McClung. She is one of the real pioneers, having reached the prairies with her parents as a small child, by way of the United States, because there was no other way of travelling to the West in those days, from her birthplace in old Ontario. The family settled in the Souris Valley in Southern Manitoba, and she was ten years old before a school came near enough to her home to afford the advantages of a daily course of education. At the age of fifteen she had secured a teacher's certificate, and soon afterward began to earn her own living as a teacher.

Then she met her husband, and as she says with pride, "the day I married him I did the best day's work I have ever done". The little hero of Mrs. McClung's first book, "Danny",, was found within the family circle in the youngest bairn, now Master Mark, a laddie of some four years. Mrs. McClung's training and environment, therefore, have been much the same, for the greater part, as that experienced by many other native Canadian women. Her talents and abilities are purely native in their character—the fine bloom of the Western plains. She interprets the spirit of the West in her manner and in her every word. She is the West. When she sought the more public sphere of the platform lecturer and election worker, she did not speak alone in the interests of Nellie McClung. She was, as it were, the voice of many women, "crying in the wilderness". One day in the midst of her Manitoba campaign, I well remember her exclaiming in conversation, "You know, I feel by doing this thing now, that I am blazing the way for a multitude of women to come after me". And she stands to-day in the West as the sponsor by popular selection for a multitude of silent women whose tongues may not be heard until the next generation. She tells the splendid story of one of her experiences in the recent campaign for prohibition in Alberta: how at a small, hum-

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ble station which happened to be a divisional point on the railway, and the place to take a hasty lunch *en route,* a party of women from the near-by village sought her out in the hot, dusty car to provide her with a delicate and tasty repast, and incidentally to assure her of their devoted support in the cause which she was fighting for them and their children. "We cannot do very much," they said, "but we have bound ourselves to remember you each day at noon in a short prayer which will ask that you be kept from being tired or disheartened." And Mrs. McClung in relating the incident, vouches for the answer to the prayers of her Western sisters, for, as she says, "I was never once tired or once disheartened". There is revealed in that story a simple, devout faith, which cannot be missed by anyone who has come in contact with the narrator.

Mrs. McClung, strengthened by the visible evidence of the good results which her endeavours have done so much in effecting in the West, has spoken to the East of two great reforms. While in Ontario, she urged that Province to adopt a full measure of prohibition, and argued for a complete franchise for women in Federal, as well as Provincial, affairs. The impression which she left upon many portions of conservative old Ontario will be permanent. No Canadian woman has spoken to both parts of the Dominion as she has spoken. Women from the motherland have come to Canada to advocate the cause of suffrage, but their words have not exactly fitted the case on this side of the water. The need was for the awakening of a consciousness of reform from within, and not so much for advice from without. Canada in this matter as in others was intended to work out her own destiny, and the need was for leadership. Western Canada has supplied a leader in Mrs. Nellie McClung, and in these days of trial and suffering, one is inclined to regard the West as a source of new democratic power within the nation, a country where future leaders will be born.

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THE REAL STRATHCONA

VIII.—A PARTHIAN CORPS FROM WESTERN CANADA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

LONG before the Hudson's Bay Company transferred Rupert's Land to Canada, the wild freedom of the prairies had attracted the Indian trader, the adventurous hunter, and sportsman, as well as the scientific explorer and the world-traveller and sportsman, to the vast plains of Western Canada. A most entrancing literature is found in such books as Milton and Cheadle's "Northwest Passage by Land"; Captain Butler's "Great Lone Land," and "Wild North Land," in Palliser and Hector's Reports, in Franklin's, Richardson's, and Rae's Accounts, and in the accurate descriptions of Lefroy, Hind, and Dawson. The western regions have become to many a land of romance. Many an old trapper, gold seeker, or mere "squatter" took up this life as his own and was held by "the lure of the wild". The writer has known many of these men. The story of the wild tribes of the West—Crees, Sioux, Blackfoot, and Stonies mounted on horses scoured the plains as buffalo-hunters and were only kept from destroying each other by Hudson's Bay Company influence. Among these mixed and varied elements a new danger came when the adventurous pioneering white settler came to till the soil or establish great "ranches" of horses and cattle. Moreover, the controlling influence of "The Company" was gone. The Indian or white horse-thief, the reckless and characterless whiskey-trader, and even the selfish, drunken, or greedy rancher threatened to make the region a scene of disorder, violence, and rapine. In 1873 the safety of the country called for better law and better administration of law. Donald A. Smith, as Hudson's Bay Company commissioner, a parliamentary representative, and especially as a Northwest Territories Councillor, pressed hard for some machinery for preserving the peace. Somewhat unwillingly, Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of the Dominion, living in peaceful, well-governed Ontario, naturally hesitated to establish a large military body for the peace of the Territories. Donald A. persisted in showing the danger. The Premier at length agreed to organize a force to be trained and divided into detachments and placed at salient points. The force was to be confined to the Territories (chiefly the Saskatchewan and Alberta of to-day). Colonel French was appointed organizer, and as he was leaving the Premier's office, Sir John cried after him: "French, they are to be purely a civil, not a military body, with as little gold lace, fuss, and fine feathers as possible!" The Premier controlled the new body from his own department. Looking back over the more than forty years we have seen the Royal Mounted Police to be as agile horsemen as the Parthians of old and as efficient, moral, and adaptable a body as we could have

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desired. They have been drilled practically as a sort of light cavalry —but they have been police and not soldiers. After taking their part in the rather serious rebellion of 1885, the Mounted Police reverted into a purely civil body. When Britain, sixteen years ago, became involved in the troublesome and unfortunate South African conflict, Canada enlisted regular soldiers and sent them to the Cape. This action was highly appreciated by the Mother Land. The persistence of the Boers, however, led Canada to send no less than six thousand troops. Two months after the first Canadian contingent had gone to the war it was decided to send a mounted corps, of which the Mounted Police would form a part. Two such regiments were formed—one from eastern Canada and the other from the West—the former was to be called the "Royal Canadian Dragoons," and the other the "First Canadian Mounted Rifles". A distinguished officer of the Royal Mounted Police, Colonel Herchmer, was placed in command of the Western regiment. Second in command was Colonel S. B. Steele. Together the two officers succeeded in a short time in organizing a crack regiment. They were "expert horsemen, and good shots; several were experienced scouts". The staff and the majority of the officers were from the Mounted Police. On their way East they were fêted in Winnipeg, and were reviewed by the Governor-General, Lord Minto, in Ottawa. Their enthusiasm was unbounded. Shortly after the regiment reached Halifax to embark. Colonel S. B. Steele was recalled to Ottawa for other service. The cause of this arose from the fact that Lord Strathcona and others in 1900 felt it to be a duty to give private wealth as service to the Empire. His Lordship undertook, at a great cost, to send out and pay at his own expense a regiment to South Africa. Though the usual "red tape" had delayed the formation of this corps, it was this new step that led to the recall of Colonel Steele from Halifax. The Colonel was allowed to take officers and men from the Mounted Police who wished to go. The new regiment was very popular. One squadron was to be raised in Manitoba, another in the Northwest Territories, and the third in British Columbia. The new regiment was immensely popular. Its fame even reached the Western States and six hundred first-class Arizona stockmen, expert as Parthians, volunteered to go, to supply their own arms, pay for any class of rifle required, furnish their own horses, "spare" and "riding," and go immediately to South Africa. They were, of course, not accepted. But the supply of Canadians was overwhelming. A good supply of capable officers were immediately available. In the month of February the recruiting was completed, and in March the mounted regiment left Western Canada, passed through Ottawa, where Lord Minto reviewed them, to be followed by a triumphal entry made in Montreal, before they left Canada by way of Halifax. At this port the regiment numbered twenty-eight officers, five hundred and twelve of other ranks, and five hundred and ninety-nine horses. Lord Strathcona was unable to be present at their embarkation, but despatched a cablegram, for a copy of which we are indebted to Colonel Steele: "Very sorry cannot see my force embark. Have transmitted Honourable Frederick Borden the gracious message I have received from her Majesty, which he will publicly convey to you and the men under your command. Have also asked him to express my best wishes to you all and that you have a pleasant voyage, every success, and a safe return. Appointments of all officers gazetted; they have received their commissions from the Queen. Hope to forward them to reach you at Cape Town, where you will find letter on arrivel. Report yourself to the General Officer Commanding at Capetown".

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Lord Strathcona also sent out to his regiment in South Africa to reach them on arrivel, 150 field-glasses and wire-cutters, while money was placed to Colonel Steele's credit to purchase lassos, tea, and tobacco. It is needless for us to attempt to follow in full the dashing Canadian Strathcona Horse through their adventures in South Africa. On their various marches in South Africa, Colonel Steele and his men met a number of officers who had served in Canada and had a liking for Canadians. The regiment was brigaded with Lord Dundonald's command. Lord Dundonald was afterwards well known in Canada. The senior commanding officer was Sir Redvers Buller, who loved Canada and gained great distinction in the Boer War. To Colonel Steele he said: "I know Lord Strathcona very well. When I was in Winnipeg on the Red River expedition of 1870 it was arranged with him that I should go west to distribute the proclamation; but it turned out that I was required with my regiment (60th Rifles) and Captain Buller (author of "Great Lone Land" and "Wild North Land") went instead—a very good thing, too, for he wrote a very good book describing his journey, which I could not have done". On going into a South African town, the British people waved handkerchiefs and hats as they cried out: "Welcome, Canadians!" when the Strathconas passed by. Lord Strathcona showed his thoughtfulness when he sent out thirty-eight men and forty extra horses to his regiment to fill up casualties. At Paardekopf the Strathconas showed their western training when a band of 500 horses escaped from one of the kraals through an open gate and were careering over the veldt. The Canadians, who all had lassos and knew how to use them, rushed out and in western style captured one-half of the horses and rounded up the remainder. The whole army wondered at the deed. The Strathconas also gained a high reputation for never "looting," as some of their fellow soldiers did. Even to their enemies they showed kindness. On one expedition their duty was to remove a large number of Boer women and children from the country into the town. A heavy thunderstorm overtook them—and when the women and children arrived in town they were wearing the khaki jackets of Strathcona's Horse to protect them from the heavy rain. (A vast contrast, we may remark, from German treatment of enemies in the present war!)

As they were short-service men, when they had reached within a month of their years, the Strathcona were visited by General Baden Powell. When, ordered to the Cape, before their going, General Kitchener, in thanking the men for their services, said, "You have marched through nearly every part of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony and I have never heard anything but good of the corps". He further stated that from all over the country he had received letters from the other generals asking for the Strathcona horse.

The whole corps were refitted from head to foot with new clothing and new hats sent out by Lord Strathcona. Before a commission held afterwards under Lord Esher not a single charge of breach of good conduct was tabled, whatever others may have done. Their bravery in action also was beyond question as was that of all our Canadians engaged. A great reception was given in England to the returned Strathconas, after their disembarkation at London in February, 1901. They proceeded to Kensington Barracks, where they were met by Lord Strathcona, Lady Strathcona and their daughter the present Lady Strathcona. Afterward the corps was reviewed by King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, where Lord Strathcona was also present. His Majesty handed to each soldier—officers and

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men of the corps—the "South Africa Medal." They were the first to receive medals, as they had just been struck. It had been the intention of Queen Victoria to present the colors to the regiment, but meanwhile her Majesty had passed away, and King Edward made the presentation. Col. Steele then received the Victorian Order. The King said, "I am glad that Lord Strathcona is here to-day, as it is owing to him that this magnificent force has been equipped, and sent out . . . Be assured that neither I nor the British nation will ever forget the valuable service you have rendered to the Empire in South Africa".

After marching past his Majesty, the regiment returned to Kensington Barracks and was formed up and addressed by Lord Strathcona. On the following day three of the privates of the regiment, who on the day of the reception had been on duty were received in audience by the King, and with the most marked ceremony three medals were presented to them, and they were shaken by the hand by his Majesty.

On the morning after the great ovation given to the Strathconas, Lord Strathcona, the Earl of Dundonald, and many other friends saw the regiment off for Canada. After a rough passage the corps arrived safely at Halifax. With Lord Strathcona's invariable generosity and thoughtfulness, all the men were given by him the difference between the pay of the Imperial Cavalry and that of the Northwest Mounted Police, the latter being much higher. To their great surprise, and contrary to all their expectations, each of the officers was paid a bonus by Lord Strathcona. As one of the results of the great liberality and patriotism of his Lordship the Strathcona Horse has been made a part of the permanent Canadian force. Many special decorations were afterwards given by the British authorities to the officers and men of this regiment. While specially singling out the Strathcona Horse, it is right to say that all the Canadian corps were worthy soldiers of the Dominion and won glory for the Empire.

During the Boer War it was deemed quite sufficient that the Mother Country with the Dominions and Colonies should do well when in their political and governmental capacity they took their full share in carrying on the war. Divided among the various units of the Great Empire it was no very great personal sacrifice or no severe strain upon any of them. True the numerous military statues and monuments to be seen in Canadian towns and cities as well as in other parts of the Empire show the toll of precious life that was paid and paid ungrudgingly for the unity and peace of the Empire. But there was no personal war gift that at all approached that of the million dollars given by him who gave and maintained a whole regiment such as this that bore his name. Even the man who has seen fit, regardless of kind personal favours, social attention, and abounding hospitality to use a slanderous and malignant tongue upon his benefactor after his death, was compelled to say: "The Strathcona Horse, a contribution to the Empire during the South African war has no precedent in the history of any country". This is a proof that the law of heaven enacts as to the patriot that it "makes even his enemies to praise him". We shall not forget our heroes, who on the fields of South Africa, on the Plains of Flanders, in the War Office, or in the office of the patriotic millionaire entitle us to the epithets that Horace gave to the Parthians of old—"feroces"—"imminentes"—"fierce" and "belligerent" Canadians.

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CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE recent news from Mesopotamia and the Balkans is not of a particularly cheerful nature, but temporary checks and reverses do not slacken British efforts or weaken the determination of the Allies to keep in the fight until the military power of the enemy is effectually crushed. Lord Rosebery says there were two great surprises in this war. We were surprised that one who professed such friendship should be discovered to have been plotting war for years. The other surprise was the discovery by the Teuton enemy that all his vast preparations and secrecy had proved unavailing. The resources and staying powers of Great Britain have surprised none, perhaps, more than the British people themselves. Outsiders were deceived by the grumbling propensities of the English. I use the word English advisedly, for to a much greater degree than his fellow-subjects of the Celtic fringe the Englishman is notoriously a "grouser." The Kaiser's emissaries were convinced by observations on the spot that Britain, because of her internal controversaries, dare not go to war. How mistaken all these observers were the world now knows. Another great surprise in store for the world was the unshaken *morale* of the average British citizen as a fighting unit. Before the war a favourite topic for the writer in search of copy and colour was the alleged decadence of the British nation and Empire. Few in the Dominions save the British-born understood the English character or were capable of forming an accurate estimate of the potentialities of the United Kingdom. This war has upset all the conclusions and theories of those who preached the decadence of the British people and Empire. The Cockney soldier from the metropolis; the pale, anæmic factory hands from the industrial centres; the miner; the effeminate-looking clerks from city offices, and the sons of the belted aristocracy—all have lived, and died, too, in keeping with the highest traditions of the fighting Services. But depreciation of the British character is not confined to foreigners or "colonials". In Britain itself for over a year past grumbling, incessant criticism of those in authority, and deprecatory shakes of the head have prepared the world for the worst, but that worst is yet to come. We were warned that disaster would overtake British arms unless conscription were at once introduced; we were assured that Lord Derby's recruiting campaign would fail; that the Coalition Cabinet was a barrier to military success, and that calamitous results would follow were the advice of the critics to go unheeded. None of these terrible things of which the chief scribes prophesied has taken place. Voluntary enlistment has proved a great success, even in Ireland, the Coalition Government continues in power, and the confidence of the British people in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause is unshaken.

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Newspaper readers have grown so accustomed to the croaking of the ravens at every critical stage of the military operations that they are no longer depressed by the despairing comments of chronic pessimists who seize upon every British retirement or reverse to point a moral and hurl anathemas at the men who are burdened with a terrible responsibility.

There will be little doing during the winter months, both sides strengthening their positions and preparing for the opening of another spring campaign. There are indications that the heavy strain is beginning to tell in Germany, but it were unwise rashly to conclude that Germany can be starved into submission. Peace is in the air, but it emanates from the enemy's ranks, where the truth about the war may no longer be concealed. The present Pope is not so astute a statesman as Leo XIII. and it is reported that his chief political advisers are pro-German. The universal character of the Roman Catholic Church organization makes it peculiarly susceptible to grievous hurt in a war in which Catholic countries are ranged on opposite sides. If, as is rumoured, the German Emperor intends to exploit his peace proposals through the Vatican the situation will be one of great delicacy for the Pope. *The Tribuna,* one of the most trustworthy newspapers of Rome, is responsible for the statement that Austria is desirous of making a separate peace. There is no confirmation of the message from any source, but it is quite possible that Austria, in view of the situation in Trentino, may come to make terms with Italy. Peace, however, is out of the question with Italy alone. That country was the latest to agree to the understanding between all the Allies that no separate peace would be made. Meantime, Mr. Henry Ford, of motor-car fame, is escorting a band of peace pilgrims to Europe with the object of stopping the war before Christmas. That Mr. Ford is serious in his intentions and transparently honest does not detract from the gaiety which his self- appointed office of peacemaker has aroused. The Allies are looking for no temporary peace, but for a peace that will endure for generations. This is why the Ford mission deserves to fail.

Assailed in front and rear by overwhelmingly superior forces the little Serbian army has withdrawn in safety to the Albanian and Montenegrin mountains. Numbering about one hundred and fifty thousand men, and retaining much of its field artillery, the Serb army has access to fresh supplies and, after a period of rest and fresh equipment, will again resume the offensive. The bulk of the fighting on the enemy's side so far has been by the Bulgarians, but their responsibility is limited and they are now growing somewhat uneasy over the Turkish concentration in Thrace and not disposed to extend their military liabilities. There is a disposition in Britain to regard King Ferdinand as still open to a diplomatic deal, with Macedonia as the bait. The danger of a Russian invasion in force, with Roumania looming up in the background, may help Ferdinand to execute another *volte face.*

Great Britain's chief contribution to European allies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was in the form of control of the sea and financial backing. In view of the loans raised in the United States and Canada, the commandeering of Canadian grain and other precautionary measures for securing economic stability during the war, it is interesting to recall Lord Inchcape's forecast, in his presidential address to the Institute of Bankers in London, at the end of last month:

"The raising of the American loan," he said, "can only be regarded as a palliative, not as a cure, for the rise in the value of the dollar as measured in sovereigns. The only way to restore the exchange situation is to re-establish a favourable trade balance for this country. For this purpose it is highly important

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that our export trade should be kept going, and that we should render services of every description by our ships and otherwise to neutral countries, so as to attract money to this country. Germany's financial policy bears marks of recklessness and improvidence. None of the money required for the war has been raised by increased taxation, and each successive loan means a fresh inflation of the currency, showing itself in a steady and sustained rise in prices. The British Government has resisted all temptations to unsound methods. Whether we can continue in the paths of financial rectitude depends on the people's response to the urgent demand for thrift and economy. The amounts we still have to raise for ourselves and our Allies are enormous. We might, perhaps, borrow a portion abroad, but the remainder must come from the nation's savings. Any other course would involve us in inflation, and a consequent rise in prices. The nation, however, will rise to the occasion, and, though the sacrifices will be heavy, they will be met. It might be three months, six, nine, or, possibly, twelve, but as certain as the sun will rise in the heavens to-morrow, Germany and her militarism will be crushed, and the peace of the world, so far as she was concerned, will be secured for another hundred years."

No one can tell with certainty when the war will end. A neutral, writing to a French newspaper, says that there is hope that the war will be over sooner than expected. He affirms that he has seen a procession of women marching through Berlin carrying red flags and crying out against the war and the famine prices charged for food. News from Copenhagen and Amsterdam goes to confirm the statement, while it is also rumoured that there is a great shortage of food in Hamburg. If it is true that the Berlin women persist in marching about the streets in defiance of penal laws recently passed against such action, and openly carry red flags, the spirit of revolution is beginning to show itself. In a few weeks' time men of fifty and boys of seventeen will be called up. This will be a fact that will appeal to every family, for it cannot be concealed. Germans will begin to realize that the last line of defence, as far as men are concerned, has been reached.

The Irish regiments have added to their undying fame by saving the day in the retreat from Serbia. North as well as South, Inniskillings, and Royal Irish as well as the Dublins, Munsters, and Connaught Rangers, shared in the glory and the terrible sacrifice. One in aim in fighting the common enemy, is it too much to hope that henceforth they will be united on Irish soil in promoting the highest interests of their common country? Coincidentally with Mr. Redmond's references to the good relations subsisting between the Ulster and other Irish regiments in the field comes a letter from Private J. Cooney, an Athlone man, serving with the Royal Irish Regiment, in which he says:

"Everything is 'O.K.' here. We are having a very quiet time of it here just now. The Bavarians speak English pretty generally, and often talk across the trenches to us. We are not encouraged to do this kind of thing, however. The Ulster Division are supporting us on our right. The other morning I was out by myself, and met one of them. He asked me what part of Ireland I belonged to. I said a place called Athlone, in the county of Westmeath. He said he was a Belfast man, and a member of the Ulster Volunteers. I said I was a National Volunteer, and that the National Volunteers were started in my native town. 'Well,' said he, 'that is all over now. We are Irishmen fighting together, and we will forget all these things.' 'I don't mind if we do,' said I, 'but I'm not particularly interested. We must all do our bit out here, no matter where we come from, North or South, and that is enough for the time.' 'I hear Carson is gone,' said he, 'retired from the Cabinet.' I did not know whether he was or not, but said they would be able to manage without him. This young Belfast man was very anxious to impress me with the fact that we, Irish, are all one, that there should be no bad blood between us, and we became quite friendly in the course of a few minutes. They are small, hardy chaps, what I have seen of them, and will, no doubt, make good soldiers. They may be in action any day now, for it is doubtful if the present quietness will continue. We are all in the pink here, and take everything as in the day's work."

What strikes one as most remark-

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able about this letter is the fact that these two Irishmen had to go all the way to France to the firing line for an introduction. Now that they know each other it is unlikely that Carson or any other leader will ever be able to force them apart.

The German Press campaign in the United States reaches its highest level in *The Fatherland* publications. One of these, *The War Plotters of Wall Street,* is before me. Its author is Charles A. Collman. The title indicates the main trend of its pro-German criticisms, but Chapter V., *Our Bankrupt "Lady of the Snows"*, is sufficient as a test of the author's veracity. In this chapter he tells a story of "how the cruel British satraps of Canada have brought ruin and misery upon a once fair land"; how they "lured simple and honest men from distant countries, to hew their woods and till the soil"; how "fathers were torn from wives and children and thrown into squalid prison camps, where thousands since have died"; and then how "others were forced with threats to go abroad again and fight and die for a foreign king whom they hated, and of whom others had not even heard." But Mr. Collman does not deal in half-truths. There is worse to follow. He accuses the Canadian Government and people of the blackest crimes against interned Austro-Hungarian and German residents:

"In all Canadian towns and countrysides, from British Columbia to Quebec, the Canuck ran riot and typified himself with brutal Cossack deeds. He burned houses, plundered shops, and stoned unoffending men, women, and children in city streets and country roads. No one deterred him. German, Austrian, and Hungarian men and women were dragged from their homes and slaughtered in the open. Native-born sons who defended foreign-born parents were slain, the daughters were brutalized by the mob. Then these fathers who survived were dragged to desolate detention camps, old sheds, open to winter winds and rains, flung into factory ovens, starved, and left unclad. The mortality among them has been frightful. . . . And their wives and children in rags to-day still roam the streets and highways of Canadian cities, butts of the mocking mob, begging in vain for food and shelter."

Any German-Canadian who reads this tissue of falsehoods published by the central German publicity department in the United States will know what value to attach to any reports emanating from enemy countries.

At moment of writing news comes of the resignation of General French and the substitution of General Haig as Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces on the western front. The strain on field officers is terrific during a war of such magnitude, and it is not surprising that a man of French's years should be forced to seek respite from the roar of the guns.

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The Library Table

DEMOCRACY AND THE NATIONS: A CANADIAN VIEW

By J. A. Macdonald. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

"FOUR thousand miles of river, lake, prairie, and mountain, where nation meets nation, where flag salutes flag, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a sentry on guard. That is North America's supreme achievement! That is North America's world idea."

This striking volume of essays is dedicated "to those who care for liberty, democracy, and internationalism." The author, who at the time of publication was known all over the American continent as the editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), and as an orator of rare gifts and great breadth of vision. One of the most widely-travelled journalists in the United States writes: "Dr. James A. Macdonald is the embodiment of a great idea let loose on the platform and at work on the press. Democracy and international good-will are the dominant notes of his utterances. He is a world leader on these subjects, the strongest living link between Canada and the United States, the best interpreter of Canada to Great Britain."

A strong man of undaunted courage and singleness of purpose, Dr. Macdonald is not a practical man of affairs. He is a prophet and his weakness lies in the fact that he is so far ahead of public opinion. With a great war raging, in which men think only of crushing the foe, any purely academic discussion of the blessings of world-peace is bound at the moment to be misunderstood, if not twisted and distorted by extremists who can only see red. And yet when we analyze the hundreds of war books that have been issued during the past year we are forced to admit that in the moral sphere the Allies are anxious to convince the world (1) of their great desire for peace up to the last moment, and (2) of their conviction that only by the crushing defeat of the Teuton foe can lasting peace be assured. We are all pacifists of a kind, but we lack the moral courage to emphasize the fact that in going to war against Germany we are making war upon militarism. It is natural, perhaps, that men who are absorbed in war should be impatient of peace talk, but a frank discussion of the things that contribute to world peace is for well-poised minds that preserve a sense of proportion. Dr. Macdonald is not a pacifist of the peace-at-any-price type. His militant attitude on public questions is a complete refutation of the assertion of certain critics that the author of "Democracy and the Nations" is in the same boat with Henry Ford. There is nothing from beginning to end of the book to warrant such a conclusion, but flag-waving is easier for some people than hard thinking.

The keynote to the author's ideas may be found in such extracts as the following: "Independence was the great idea in the North America of Washington's day; independence is coming to be the greater idea in the

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A Poker Hand

Showdown Teacher: "What lessons do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

Prize Scholar: "That a strait beats three kings, dad says."—*Judge.*

*

A Little Shakey

He went to dine with a bachelor friend who prided himself that his few pictures were gems. After having enjoyed themselves well—too well, in fact—at dinner. they adjourned to the picture gallery, where the host pointed out to his guest a landscape, saying, "What do you think of that, my boy, eh?" The following reply was hiccoughed rather than spoken: "Beautiful, old chap—very fine—awf'lly good! Trees wave 'bout so na'shally!"

*

The old gentleman's wife was getting into her carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she rebuked him.

"No," said her husband, "and you ain't so buoyant, Mary, as when you were a gal!"

Enough Said

Civilian Youth: "It's all very well to talk about policewomen. But what could they do against us men?"

Patriotic Maiden (promptly): "I suppose the authorities think that they would be quite a match for those who have remained at home."—*Punch.*

*

Overhead

"Looks like rain for our picnic tomorrow." Just our luck! How would it do to telephone the Weather Bureau?"

"No good! But you might make an appeal to the Clearing House."

*

Tommy I.—"That's a top-hop pipe, Jerry. Where d'ye get it?"

Tommy II.—"One of them German Oolans tried to take me prisoner, an' I in'erited it from 'im."

*

A beautiful young lady approached the ticket window at the Penny station, according the *The Philadelphia Public Ledger,* and in a voice like the rippling of a brook asked the agent: "What is the fare to the fair?" To which the agent replied: "Same as to the homely, madam."

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THE CHATEAU OF AMBOISE
From a pen and wash drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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ROYAL CASTLES IN FRANCE

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

WHAT have become of the castles in France, the picturesque piles that serve to preserve its history? Are they hospitals, barracks, or military prisons? Assuredly they have given themselves to the service of their country in some form or other, now that the army of defence has routed the cosmopolitan hordes who, armed with red-bound guide-books of German origin, used to visit them daily and listen, open-mouthed, while aged retainers, jingling keys, recited in monotonous tones the thrilling tales of kings long dead.

History has acquired a new significance: fortresses, dungeons, and moats are no longer classed with enchanted princesses and dragons, but the gray old town of Loches, with its many-turreted castle set on a hill, looks like a picture from a book of fairy-tales. Modern siege guns would make short work of the fortifications which centuries ago were deemed impregnable, and the inhabitants of the mediæval town may live to regret that their houses are huddled so closely round the chateau which covers the hill on which it stands with a confusion of walls, roofs, towers and spires.

Loches has changed but little since the days when Richard Coeur de Lion stayed there on his way home from the Crusades, though many royal personages have left their imprints within its gray stone walls. Charles VII. of France with his lovely mistress, Agnes Sorel, lived there when the country was devastated by the hundred years war, and in the round tower is the tomb of the lovely Agnes surmounted by a statue which represents her lying with hands folded on her breast and a lamb at her feet. In this same tower is the beautifully-sculptured oratory of Anne of Brittany, wife of King Charles VIII. and later of Louis XII., where she prayed for the success of the political plans which prompted her marriage into the royal family. The walls are decorated with her graceful emblem, the ermine and the necklet. As the ermine is the emblem of purity, the motto is said to mean: "I shall be pure all my life". This same device may be seen carved in many of the

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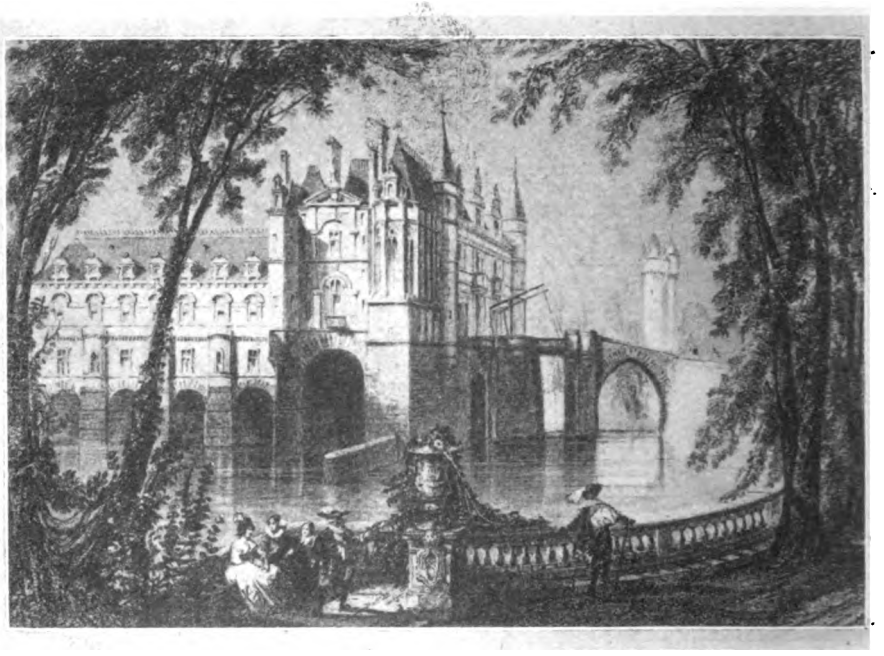

THE CHATEAU OF CHENONCEAUX, NOW A HOSPITAL FOR THE FRENCH ARMY

other chateaux as a reminder that Anne of Britanny lived there too.

It is as a state prison that Loches is most celebrated, and is particularly notorious for the unscrupulous uses to which Louis XI. put its dreadful underground prison. A very graphic description of Loches in the time of that monarch may be found in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Quentin Durward". The iron cages invented by Cardinal Balue, the adviser of Louis, who became their first victim may still be seen, and the subterranean passage leading from the dungeons to the castle through which the cruel monarch came to mock his former friend and ask him how it felt to hang in a cage suspended from an iron hook—a cage too low for its inmate to stand upright and too short for him to lie down. There also may be seen the chamber and instruments of torture, black dungeons where the air never penetrated and the inmates died slowly for lack of breath; dark dungeons into which prisoners were thrust and remained until they fell into a hole down, down, till they were dashed to pieces on the stones below. Here too were heavy iron collars chained to the wall which forced the victims to remain standing until at the end of three days at most, they fell from utter exhaustion and so strangled.

The occupants of the dungeons at Loches whiled away some lonely hours by inscribing their sentiments on the walls, and one of them has cut a verse in the stone testifying that in spite of his cruel destiny and the suffering he endured, there remained for him the pleasures of tender love and sweet hope. Truly an optimistic soul. Our boys in Germany don't talk like that in the letters I have read.

Another prisoner, Ludovic Sporza, constructed a simple sundial facing the window which enabled him to tell the time and mark off the nine years of his confinement. At the end of that time he was liberated and died, they say, from sheer joy, but the damp, chilly atmosphere of the

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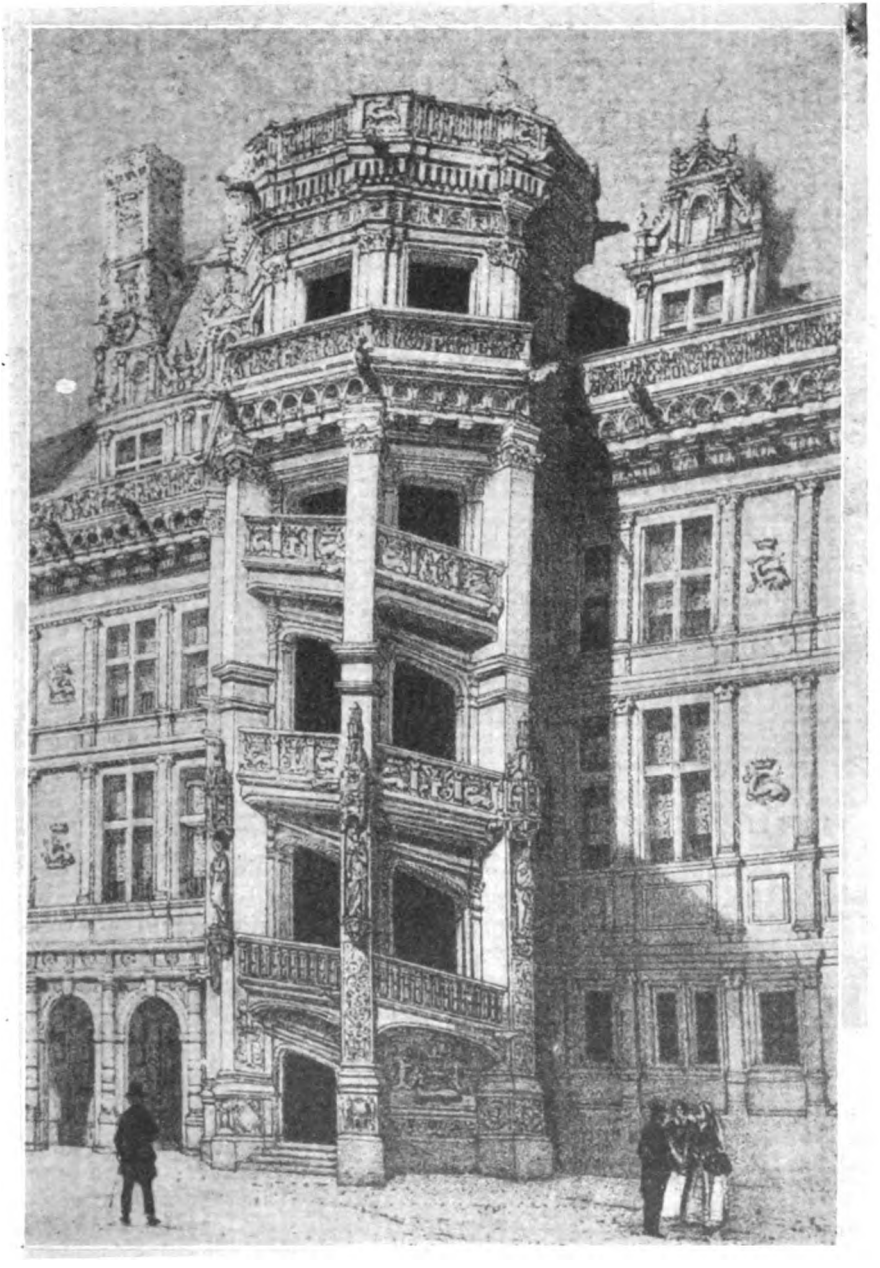

THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS

Showing the Stairway of Francois I.

cell leads us to believe that joy was not the only cause of Sporza's death.

Underground passages lead from the castle to the outer fortifications, and there a great many poor people have made their homes, partly within the solid masonry of the fortifications and partly in caves hollowed

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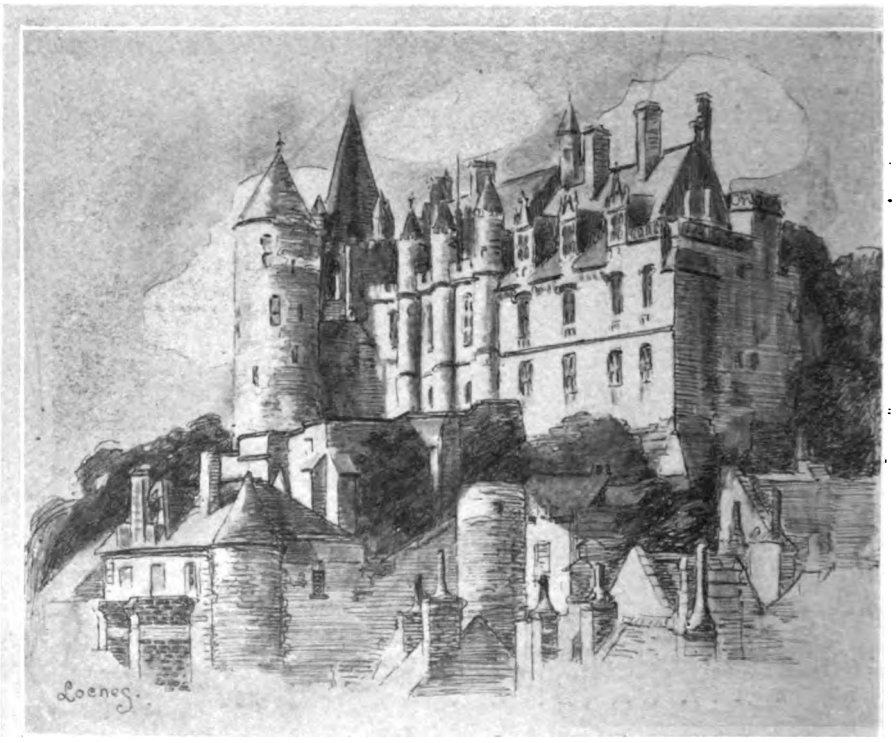

THE CHATEAU OF LOCHES

out from the cliff. These dwellings consist of two rooms; the outer with a door and a window, and the inner lighted only by an aperture between it and the front room, while behind, dark and dismal, the mysterious passage leads to the castle. It is almost like living in the trenches, but I am sure our poor soldiers would envy them the situation of their dug-outs, high and dry on the hillside and commanding a wonderful view, across red-tiled roofs, of the beautiful valley of the river Indre with its vineyards and fields of grain, for the Touraine is one of the richest agricultural districts in France. The women are accustomed to working in the field and they will have to do more than their share this year while their husbands and sons are fighting, not so very far away, for their homes and the beautiful land they love.

Near Amboise the river Loire is at its best, and the majestic feudal castle with its round white tower rises precipitously above it, so vast that you hardly notice the small town huddled at its base. The high-perched gardens which cover odd portions of the rock on which the castle stands make up in picturesqueness what they lack in extent. The grand terrace is embellished by the little chapel of St. Hubert where the hunting-mass was said to the royal party before they set out for their favourite sport, and over the doorway is a charming bas-relief representing the miraculous hunt of that holy man. Within the shrine repose the bones of Leonardo da Vinci, who is said to have died at Amboise in the arms of his royal patron.

On the other side of the castle is a terrace once devoted to the *jeu de*

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paume, and at the end of an avenue of clipped limes is a low door in the wall where Charles VIII., when personally superintending the workmen who added the first renaissance details to the fortress chateau, is said to have struck his head and died. It was at Amboise too that his widow, Anne of Brittany, mourned his death before she became the wife of his successor, Louis XII.

It was here also that Francois Premier and his sister Marguerite were educated, and with their mother, Louise de Savoy, formed what Francois in his early days used to call "the trinity of love". Brother and sister spent many happy hours playing together on the terrace or trying their hands at sonnets, for Francois was no mean rhymester and Marguerite was given the name of "the tenth muse".

The great feature of the castle is the round tower of astounding size which contains, instead of a staircase, a wonderful inclined plane with a slope so gentle that a coach and four may be driven to the top. It is said to have been constructed by Francois Premier in order to receive Charles V. of Spain, who was unable to mount the stairs. Throughout the structure the suggestions of Francois's artistic instincts may be seen in the window framings and ornamentations which embellish the stern lines of the original fortress and help to make it what it is to-day, a beautiful and harmonious whole.

Amboise, the most romantic of all castles on the Loire, is to my mind, indissolubly associated with famous Mary, Queen of Scots. Though her stay here was brief, the memory of one dreadful day when Mary and her young husband Francis II. were forced to witness the dreadful massacre of the Huguenots, eclipses all others.

The white stone of the castle and the absence of trees give the place a semi-tropical appearance when the sun shines, and as you cross the old stone bridge, it is not difficult to imagine the glittering procession of the sixteen-year-old King, Franciss II., and his girl bride, with archers, pages and men-at-arms, as it rode across the same bridge. In their train was Catherine de Medici, the "queen-mother" of three kings, who, with the Duc de Guise and Cardinal de Lorraine, was the real ruler of the kingdom, and who, fearing a Huguenot rising, had hastily moved the court from the castle in the open town of Blois, to the stronghold of Amboise.

Francis rode in front, tall, slight and handsome, but very delicate-looking, with the lovely Mary at his side, not knowing why they had been summoned so suddenly from Blois.

ANOTHER VIEW OF LOCHES

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They were escorted to a stately suite of apartments with windows reaching from floor to ceiling, overlooking the river on one side and the terrace where the dreadful massacre was soon to take place, on the other. The gallery was wainscotted in gilded oak and the lofty ceilings were emblazoned with heraldic emblems and monograms. Chandeliers, holding perfumed candles and hung with glittering pendants were suspended from the ceiling, and rich brocades and tapestries adorned the walls. Amidst these luxurious surroundings Mary and Francis rested while the Queen-Mother busied herself at state affairs.

A conciliatory edict had been drawn up asking the Huguenot chiefs to attend a council meeting at Amboise, but this was only a means of gaining time. The conspirators, emboldered by the edict, came towards Amboise, and the royalist soldiers captured them in straggling bands and held them for bloody public massacre. Every door of the castle was guarded and the gallery was full of troops. The terrace was turned into a camp, and on the appointed day all the prisoners were driven towards Amboise like sheep to the shambles.

After two thousand had been captured the Queen-Mother led the trembling King and Queen to a covered balcony hung with crimson velvet with seats for the royal party. Beneath this was a scaffold covered with a black cloth, before which stood an executioner in scarlet. The prisoners were ranged by the hundreds along the walls, guarded by archers and musketeers. The appearance of the royal party was the signal for the butchery to begin. Prisoner after prisoner was hastily executed while the playing of a band drowned their agonized cries.

Speechless with horror sat the young sovereigns until, unable to look any longer, Mary fainted and Francis asked his mother's permission to withdraw.

"My son, I command you to stay," said Catherine. "Duc de Guise support your niece and teach her her duty as a sovereign. She must learn to govern those hardy Scots of hers."

Between the ranks of soldiers moved a line of bareheaded men, with bowed heads, whose prayers went up to heaven while they waited their turn at the gallows. When all the murdering was over, the bodies of the chief conspirators were hung in chains from the balcony; the remainder of the corpses were thrown into the river Loire a hundred feet below. The stench of the bodies became so great that Catherine was forced to take the young king and queen to Chenonceaux, but the shock was too much for the sickly Francis, for he died soon afterwards and left Mary Stuart a widow at eighteen, and obliged her to leave the pleasant land of France, where she had spent the greater part of her life, and set out regretfully for her native but unfamiliar Scotland.

An imaginative visitor at Amboise may see traces of blood mixed with the red rust on the iron bars of the balcony where the heads of the Huguenot conspiracy were hung, but it is difficult to believe in such ghastly deeds while gazing at the wonderful view, for in point of situation Amboise stands supreme.

Anne, wife of Louis XII.

Louis XII.

Francois I.

Claude, wife of Francois I.

EMBLEMS OF FRENCH KINGS AND QUEENS

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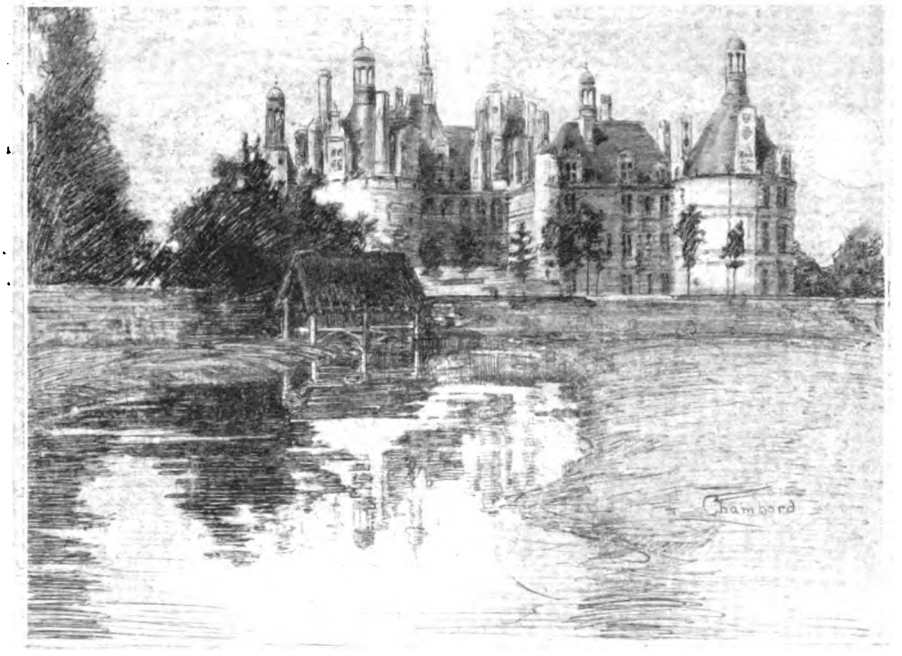

CHAMBORD

Francois Premier had a mania for building, but why he chose to place the castle of Chambord on the dry and sandy plains of the Sologne remains a mystery. It is said that he did so as a souvenir of his youthful passion for the Countess de Thoury, a fair chatelaine of that district, but the colossal magnitude of the castle does not suggest so sentimental an origin. It was more probably due to the fact that the country abounded in small game and Francois, who was a keen huntsman, grew fond of the place when he came here with his mother, his wife, and his beautiful and talented sister Marguerite, when Chambord was but a gloomy fortress on the swampy banks of the little river Cosson and barely large enough to accommodate the court. His inventive genius at once imagined the lovely river Loire turned from its course and the present castle, reared to its magnificent height, reflected in the shining waters—a project that was never carried out.

Chambord lies four leagues from Blois and the road leads through flat uninteresting country whose soil was one supposed to be the poorest in all France. Now it is planted with vineyards, and from late September until December there is a constant harvest. The forest surrounding the castle, planted by Francois, has been cut down, so to-day there is only a meagre grove, and the great white chateau with its many turrets may be seen, framed by stunted pines, gleaming at the end of any of the alleys that lead through the park straight to the castle, like the spokes of a wheel.

The towers, chimneys, cupolas and gables that crown the massive structure look more like the spires of a city than the features of a single building, and the eight prodigious round towers, which are a specialty of Chambord, seem monstrous and extraordinary, but it is said to be the

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CATHERINE DE MEDICIS

FRANCOIS PREMIER

greatest architectural triumph of its day.

The interior of the castle, stripped by the furies of the Revolution, looks cold and bare, very different from its aspect when the luxury-loving Francois, dressed in the richest and brightest of Italian velvets, with his little band of blondes and brunettes, used to frequent its halls. In its architectural embellishments are massed every device, decoration and eccentricity of his favourite style. Even his intriguing life is reflected in the doubly spiralled stair-case under the central tower, representing a gigantic fleur de lys in stone, the only one the Revolutionists did not succeed in destroying, where those who ascend are hidden from those who descend. There are doors concealed in sliding panels behind the wall-hangings, and many double walls and secret stairs. There are thirteen visible staircases and a room for every day in the year. On the ground floor is the guard-room from which one mounts by the great spiral stairway to a similar apartment which was used as a theatre, and here many famous plays were first produced, Molière himself frequently appearing in them.

It was in Chambord that Francois first began to introduce the salamander in his device which may be seen, together with his crowned F, in most of the royal chateaux of France, for there are very few in which he did not leave his imprint. Francois had a marvellous appreciation for the beautiful. It was he who transformed the gloomy fortress homes that had been the abode of French royalty into elaborately decorated, luxurious castles. The grounds surrounding them, bare and foot-trodden enclosed with walls of defence, he changed to parks and gardens with avenues leading through them that showed vistas of river or open country. He purchased masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture and brought architects and artists from Italy—even the great Leonardo da Vinci, through whose portrait of Francois in the Louvre we have become familiar with his handsome person and the longest nose in history. His many mistakes and

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FRANCOIS II. AND HIS YOUNG WIFE, MARY STUART (QUEEN OF SCOTS

vices will be forgiven because he made France what she still remains, the centre of Art for all the world.

Francois made Chambord his favourite residence and for some time before his death he lingered there with his sister Marguerite, Queen of Navarre. None of the other kings cared much for it. Louis XIV. used it occasionally as a hunting lodge, and Louis XV. gave it to Maréchal de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, who spent his old age there amid parades. Near by are the barracks built for the accommodation of the regiment of horse formed by the Maréchal: the exercising of this "little army" was the chief amusement of the old soldier. Later the castle was bought by national subscription and given to the Duc de Bordeaux, prospective King of France, whose heirs, taking the title of Comte de Chambord, are kept poor by the maintenance of the estate. The repairs of the roof alone absorb a large part of their revenue. This fact does not surprise you when you walk about the roof in a complication of galleries, through the multitude of chimneys and gables; itself a profusely ornamented castle in the air.

Altogether Chambord struck me as being meaningless and in spite of its pompous appearance it plays but a small part in the annals of history.

The turn of Blois was very recently the starting place from which gay motor-loads of tourists dashed out to visit other chateaux. Indeed they were very gay and very numerous, that I can testify, for my room in the little inn on the quay was economically situated above the garage, and even the small hours of the night were far from peaceful. Chambord, just eight miles away, was once a shooting-box belonging to the Counts of Blois, and an hour's drive in any direction will bring you in view of some architectural feature of historic interest. Now only automobiles of the army, filled with stern-faced warriors go past, and the people who derived their living chiefly from tourists are feeling their loss.

On the water-front the town looks bright and attractive, especially as I saw it at sunset when the many-arched bridge, with its cream-coloured stones, was turned to gold and re-

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flected in the tranquil waters of the river Loire. It was disappointing to find that the castle itself is not beside the river, but rather overhangs the town which, apart from its water-front, is rather dull. The castle, on the other hand, is not dingy enough. It is over-restored and presents such a complicated array of various forms of architecture that it loses its effect as an artistic whole. We cannot be too thankful that the architect who erected the most modern portion of the castle, the pavilion of Gaston d'Orléans, was not able to complete his plan of making over the entire palace on the stolid precise lines that were admired in his generation. Its contrast with the adjoining wing of Francois Premier, with all its exquisite extravagance of ornamentation, is astounding.

The castle is usually entered through the wing of Louis XII., the charming facade of which presents another architectural contrast. It is built of red brick, crossed here and there with purple, and has a high roof of purple slate with caps and arches sculptured with the porcupine of Louis or the ermine and cord of Anne of Brittany. The low door is crowned with a bas-relief of the good King Louis on horseback, a reproduction of the primitive statue destroyed during the French Revolution.

The wing erected by Francois Premier however greatly transcends the others in beauty and historic interest, and the surmount of elaborate workmanship is seen in the winding stairway, every inch of which is wrought over with chiselled ornamentation, the chief design being the heraldic salamander of Francois. The salamander is everywhere: over the chimneys, doors and walls. The cornice is like a bracelet, the windows of the attic are like shrines for the saints, and everything suggests the work of a goldsmith on some precious cabinet, rather than on a building exposed to the weather. The whole place abounds in secret stairways, hidden doorways and deceptive panellings, and one feels that even now an assassin may lurk behind the tapestries.

One of the chief personalities that has left her stamp on the chateau is Catherine de Medicis, the wicked Florentine who married Henry II., son of Francois Premier, but it was during the reign of her three sons, and especially of Henry III., that she had her greatest influence. When residing at Blois she held her court on the first floor of the Francois Premier wing. Nothing could be more sumptuous than her great gallery with its diamond-paned windows and rich dark decorations on which Catherine's device, a crowned C. and her monogram in gold, frequently appears. There is also a great oval window, opposite which stood her altar, and a doorway, half concealed, leads to her writing-room, with its secret panels concealing a stairway through which her astrologer Cosmo Ruggieri could come to her whenever he was summoned.

Catherine had brought Cosmo from Italy, and he was the private demon on whom she could shoulder her poisonings and stabs, which kept him exceedingly busy. Wherever Catherine went, Cosmo accompanied her, and in Blois he was installed in the tower, on the platform of which a flat stone table was placed to form a foundation for his cabalistic instruments.

The apartments of the Queen-Mother were directly beneath the guard-room where the Duc de Guise was murdered by the order of her son, Henry III., and that event taking place while she lay on her death-bed could not have added to her peaceful demise. She had begged Henry to spare the powerful Duke, not for humane, but political reasons, but the hitherto effeminate Henry, who painted his face and wore earrings, would not listen to her.

"Mother," he replied, "you have never spared an enemy within your power, nor will I."

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So, when the Duke had come to attend parliament at Blois, the murder was carefully planned. The guard was doubled, and a company of Swiss were posted around the courtyard and up and down the gorgeous staircase. As Guise entered the council-chamber he was told that the king would see him in his private room, to reach which he passed through the guard room, and the door was barred behind him. Then the guards, hidden behind the wall tapestry, sprang out and stabbed him in the breast, while Catherine, dying in the room below heard a rush of armed men, a dull thud, and a terrible cry, and knew that all was over, not only for the Duc de Guise, but for Henry who, doubly hated for this traitorous deed, was soon assassinated, and with him died the House of Valois.

It was under the régime of Gaston d'Orléans that the gardens of the chateau of Blois came to their greatest excellence, and a catalogue of fruits and flowers grown there at that time names the potato plant as a great novelty. The Queen Claude plums were considered delicacies, and the tomato had just been imported from Mexico. Even tobacco was grown in the gardens.

Blois was the last capital of Napoleon's empire and the chateau walls sheltered many prisoners. Perhaps Blois will again play an important part in the history of France now that it is no longer the favourite stalking-ground of tourists.

The cream-turreted chateau of Chenonceaux, built bridge-wise across the river Cher, is quite the most habitable of royal dwellings. It is more of a country house than a castle of state, and the memories that surround it abound in gaiety rather than intrigue; they are personal rather than political. It is the place where Francois Premier loved to fish, where the fascinating Diane de Poitiers danced, where Catherine de Medici gave her Venetian water-fêtes, and where, when it had passed from royal hands, the kindly M. Dupin and his wife entertained their brilliant circle of friends.

Jean Jaques Rousseau writes in his "Confessions": "We went to spend the autumn in the Touraine at the château of Chenonceaux, a royal residence upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diane de Poitiers whose initials are still to be seen there, and now in possession of M. Dupin, the farmer-general. We amused ourselves greatly in this fine place; the living was of the best, and I became fat as a monk. We made a great deal of music and acted comedies."

Now the beautiful, pleasure-loving Chenonceaux has entered on another phase of history, for it has been transformed into a Red Cross Hospital for the French army, through the generosity of its present owner, M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer. Not only has M. Menier given the use of the castle but he has also contributed a large sum of money for its maintenance and the employment of doctors and nurses. A lovelier spot for the sick and suffering could not be imagined.

Seen from the entrance gate, the castle looks surprisingly small, but very lovely, with its delicately finished facade of pale yellow stone. A charming little Gothic chapel that overhangs the water, is fastened to the left side of the house, but it is only when seen obliquely from the side that the building is seen to be unique.

To enter the chateau one must cross a draw bridge, for it is moored like a boat in the middle of the rapidly-flowing river Cher, which, twelve miles farther empties into the Loire. The magnificent park which surrounds it gives to this architectural gem a setting unequalled by any of the other castles, and from the opposite side of the river the mass of pointed turrets, glistening spires and

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pillared arches seen through the trees, forms a picture that will linger long in the memory.

The main part of the château was built, on the foundations of an old mill, by Thomas Bohier, and is attributed to Pierre Nepveu, the daring architect of Chambord. After the death of Bohier the chateau was seized by the Crown and Francois Premier held the place till his death, when his son, Henry II., presented it to the charming Diane de Poitiers, called "the admired of two generations" because when her charms paled in the eyes of Francois, she turned successfully to his heir.

Diane, "the brightest ornament of a beauty-loving court," was said to have preserved her youth and beauty through the sorceries of the ring of Charlemagne. The Duchess d'Estampes was fond of reminding her rival that she was born on the day that Diane was married, and Catherine de Medici, the jealous queen, referred to her as "an old hag".

The gift of Chenonceaux to the hated Diane rankled in Queen Catherine's soul. She had greatly coveted this lovely woodland place, for with all her faults Catherine had an excellent taste in houses, so when the King lay dying, wounded in a tournament, Catherine sent a messenger commanding Diane to give up Chenonceaux. To which Diane replied:

"Is the King yet dead?" and when the messenger answered that he could not live a day, Diane replied:

"Tell the queen that I am mistress so long as the king lives."

It was Diane who caused the five-arched bridge to be built, forming a promenade from the castle, but it was Catherine who built the long gallery upon it and so made a spacious wing of two stories, with the long banqueting-hall below. This has four full-length windows on each side, looking up and down the stream. Now the white cots of the Red Cross line its walls, and the men who fought so valiantly to defend their country will be lulled to rest by the gurgling of the river Cher.

Under Queen Catherine's régime, life at Chenonceaux was a series of fêtes and gorgeous pageants. Magnificent water fêtes were devised to suit the unique situation of the castle, and to remind the queen of a Venetian spectacle. The river banks were festooned with chains of swinging lamps, softly-coloured lights gleamed in the gardens and from the castle windows, while an army of Catherine's servants in their gold and black uniforms lined the drawbridge and avenues, holding flaming torches. The fountains sprayed perfumed waters, musicians filled the air with melody, and gorgeously-dressed pages distributed fruit and flowers from golden salvers.

On the river were silk-canopied gondolas and fantastic barques shaped like birds or butterflies whose glittering wings formed the sails. Gaily-dressed people, their identity slightly disguised by the small eye-mask which Catherine introduced from Italy, reclined in the boats that circled around a barge moored in the centre of the stream where the queen's musicians were stationed, while in the gallery above, a great banquet was served on silver and gold plate—peacocks, wild boars with gilded tusks, and tongues of nightingales.

A different fare is served to-day by the Red Cross nurses, but perhaps they tell the convalescent soldiers stories of days gone by, so that they can hear the hunting-horn of Francois Premier sounding in the distance, or conjure up the fascinating Diane with her ermine and pearls, or the sombre Catherine in her black velvet and white-starched ruff, who used to direct the activities in the chateau so long ago.

We hope that the poor soldiers will be able to say with Rousseau: "We amused ourselves greatly in this fine place; the living was of the best and I became fat as a monk."

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BONDSLAVE OF THE WILDERNESS

BY JOHN BEAMES

HE said his name was Coe, and there was no particular reason to believe that he was lying. For the man was so hopeless, so spiritless, so generally broken down and ineffectual that he would hardly seem capable of going to the trouble of inventing even a name. Gower and Fored, freighting to Cross Lake with three teams, overtook him upon the trail, about eight miles south of Mink River. With the fellowship of the wild they hailed him, and he fell into step beside Gower. He was tall, narrow-chested, and bony, unshaven, and dressed like an Indian: that is, he wore overalls, coat, gloves, moccasins of buckskin, and a little fur cap, with a cloth bound about his ears and over the peak. His eyes were large, washed out, blue, and expressionless, except when they became anxious or wistful. He had a high, thin nose, rabbitlike front teeth, and his chin, covered with a scanty beard, slid imperceptibly into a long, scraggy neck, with a prominent Adam's apple. He had the slack-kneed, shuffling gait and the dangling hands of an Indian.

Gower, short, wiry, bushy-bearded and hawk-nosed, looked him over with a pale, hard, gray eye, and inquired whither he was bound.

"Me? Oh, I'm going home."

He waved a vague hand northward. His speech was a little halting, as if he was unaccustomed to speaking English. But his voice and the tone of his general conversation were those of a man of some education.

A little furrow appeared in Gower's brow, and Fored's eyebrows went up.

"Home?" queried Gower. "Trappin', eh?"

"Er, yes, I do a little trapping, but I—er—I live up here right along."

He hastened to get away from the subject.

"Where're you fellows going—Cross Lake?"

Gower grunted an assent, but was not to be put off.

"Are you workin' for the Company?"

"No—er—I was working for them, but I quit. I'm on my own now."

Fored, who had been silently observing the man, felt the suspicion in his mind ripen to a certainty. Said he:

"If you're livin' around here, maybe we could put up at your place, eh?"

"Sure," replied the other eagerly, "I'd be glad to have you. I—er—don't see many white men these days."

"Thanks," said Fored perfunctorily, and with a slight curl of scorn on his lip, and went to look after his own team, which was jingling slowly along in the lead. The furrow on Gower's brow deepened and the corners of his mouth drew down in disdain. He knew now what this man was doing up here: this was one of those despised outcasts who had cut loose from his own people, married a squaw and adopted the customs of his Indian relatives.

A silence fell, broken only by the

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tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the grinding whine of the runners on the hard frozen trail. Coe had noted the expression and presently he began to speak in a tone partly apologetic, partly defiant.

"My place is just at Mink River. We'll be there in two hours, and I can fix you up and make you and your horses comfortable. It's pretty hard on big horses like them to be standing out this weather. It's pretty lucky I met you, isn't it, now?"

"Yes," agreed Gower, "it's all right to be able to get in some place out of the cold and be comfortable."

"You bet it is. I'm pretty comfortable myself here, though, about as comfortable as a man could be anywhere. Don't get many newspapers and that kind of thing, or mail; but then I've got nobody to write to me, anyway. I got my wife and family, and I don't have to do any work to speak of, and plenty to eat. Why wouldn't a man be comfortable?"

"Yes," drawled Gower, and the very tone was almost an insult, "I guess it's all right—for them that likes it."

A little pink flush rose in Coe's sallow cheeks, but he took no other notice of the remark, and went on talking.

Gower learned that he had worked in former years for the Company; that he had then married and had left their employ; and that he had since travelled about the north country, or lived at Mink River with his wife's relatives. He did not mention that his wife was Indian, but Gower understood, and Coe knew he understood, and the pink flush came and went in his cheek and he talked faster and faster, cynically, defiantly, pleadingly, or hospitably, but under it all ran the note of shame and remorse.

The short twilight had long faded into the ghostly dusk of a northern winter night. The towering black spruces that lined the trail stood up silent and grim in the deep snow. A few owls hooted dismally at varying distances, and some coyotes had got up in concert and were baying the moon with fiendish glee and hideous outcry. Then the men came out upon the steep banks of Mink River, and a turn in the trail brought them full upon a little cluster of log huts. A whirl of snarling, yapping, Indian dogs swept about them, and a faint glow of light streamed from a quickly-opened door of the largest of the huts.

Coe shouted in Cree, and was answered from the hut in the same language. Two brown-skinned children came running to meet him and clung to his legs. He bent over them, and then lifted strangely appealing eyes to Gower's face. But the little man's eyes were flint hard—he disliked all children, especially halfbreed children.

Coe put the youngsters gently aside and gave the freighters a hand with their horses. He led them to one of the stables and turned several Indian ponies out into the snow. The big horses squeezed through the low, narrow doorway with a cleverness born of long practice and a cordial dislike of the cold outside.

Their animals housed—the first duty of every freighter—they lifted their blanket-rolls and their grub-box and made for the house, Coe leading the way. The place they found themselves in was about fourteen by twenty feet in dimensions, with eaves that were not six feet from the ground. The floor was of hard-packed earth, and a large fire burned in an open clay fireplace in a corner, and incidentally furnished all the light there was to be had in the place. In the flickering, uncertain light the place seemed to be full of people, especially of children, and the indescribable Indian smell was almost overpowering: it would have been altogether overpowering to one unaccustomed to the freight trail.

Without a glance at the Indians, Gower and Fored strode up to the fire and calmly appropriated it to themselves, after the usual manner of

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the white man in contact with Indians. While they prepared and ate their supper, Coe sat beside them and talked. He did not introduce his wife, but pointed her out to Gower. He said the others were all relations of his wife's. The Indians, for their part, lay or sat about the room on their blankets and talked among themselves, with frequent repetitions of the word *monias,* a derisive Indian term for white man, meaning, literally, a know-nothing. Fored hardly opened his mouth all through the evening, but Gower talked to Coe with a sort of disdainful pity. In time the Indians, of whom there must have been nearly twenty in all, began to unroll their blankets and crawl into them, until the whole floor was covered with recumbent figures. The freighters began to spread their bedding on the floor also in the place of honour nearest the fire. It was then that Fored broke silence with a question.

"Any fleas here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Coe, "quite a few. Do they bother you?"

"Like hell," growled Fored, and lay down.

They rose in the cold darkness a couple of hours before dawn, went out to tend their horses, and came in again to make breakfast. Coe had made his wife bake them some bannock. They provided the flour, which is a precious commodity up north. But Coe refused pay for the service, and asked if he might accompany them part way. Gower gave his assent, and thereby drew down the wrath of Fored.

"What d'you want that thing along with us for?" Fored growled, Coe having gone into the house.

"What's the harm?" said Gower. "Didn't he keep us all night, and make his squaw bake for us?"

"Yes, and I'm all eat up with fleas."

"Well, that don't hurt. We'll be coming back this way, and any place to stop at looks pretty good to me in this weather. He can be pretty useful to us, and I don't mind him talking to me; I feel kinder sorry for the poor devil."

Fored's eyebrows went up in surprise; so weak a sentiment as pity in his hard-bitten, inflexible partner was the last thing he had expected. With a grin, he bent to hook a trace. Gower's acid tongue lashed out at him:

"What're you grinning for, you bally fool?"

"Nawthin'," drawled Fored, and just them Coe came up.

Coe accompanied them until nearly nightfall, talking to Gower, for Fored would not even look at him. He was full of curiosity about what was happening in the world and of quickly-checked reminiscences of bygone years. He had not seen a railway train in fourteen years, he said: but whence he had come or what he had done before that time he did not mention, and Gower did not ask. On leaving them, he exacted a promise from Gower that he would stay with him overnight on his return.

They dropped their loads at Cross Lake, and came back light, stopping a night with Coe, who took the back trail with them as far as Lily Lake. There he took an almost affectionate leave of Gower, and pressed his hospitality on him should he make another trip.

It was about two weeks later that Gower, Fored, and their three teams pulled into Lily Lake post with another load. It was past eight at night when they arrived, and learned that a number of freighters going down were putting up at old Armand D'Arennes's stopping-place, and after they had seen to their horses, they were on their way thither, when they ran into Coe, who shook hands with Gower effusively, and asked where he intended to pass the night. Fored merely nodded his head with a grunt and passed on.

"I'm putting up at D'Arennes's. There's a bunch of fellows there," said Gower. "Come on over."

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Coe shook his head. Then he spoke:

"No, you come and stop with me; I'm over in a shack with a couple of other fellows."

"Indians?" asked Gower.

Coe nodded.

"To the deuce with them, I don't want to talk to Indians," said Gower scornfully. "You're a white man, too; come and talk to white men, and leave Indians alone for awhile."

Coe shook his head again.

"No, I don't like to. You come over with me."

"To hell with you and your comical ideas," exploded Gower and he strode away.

He thought he was rid of the man for good, but they were only a few miles upon their way in the morning when Coe overtook them and attached himself to Gower with the fawning, cringing air of a stray dog to a man who has patted him casually on the head. And just as such a man might tolerate such a dog, Gower tolerated Coe. He had genuine pity for this waif of circumstance and his own ineptitude—almost a liking, had it not been so tinged with contempt. Further, he was not without motives of self interest: Coe offered shelter for himself and his beasts, and the weather was very cold, and then there was the matter of Coe's squaw and her bannock. He intended this to be his last trip to Cross Lake, and the idea germinated in his mind of rescuing this bondslave of the wilderness and setting him free in civiliaztion and the society of his own kind. He began to sound Coe, who received his crafty suggestions first with bewilderment, and later with shrinking fear and feeble protests. He said that he was out of touch with civilization and pleaded the immorality of leaving his wife and children. Gower did not press the point, just then, but he saw that the idea had taken root in Coe's mind, for he began to hold forth at length on the shortcomings of his wife's relatives. He was very mean and pitiful, and Gower's nose wrinkled with disgust, but pride of blood urged him more strongly than ever to save this man from lowering his colour any further in the eyes of the despised Indian. He could not refrain, however, from telling Coe some plain truths, and his victim flinched under the acid tongue, but made no attempt to fight back.

"Well," said Fored with an oath, later in the evening, "if anybody'd talk to me like that I'd take a shotgun to him. I don't see how he stands it."

"That's what I did it for," replied Gower. "If I can get him good and mad, there's some chance of making a man out of him."

"Fat chance of makin' a man out of that thing," grunted Fored.

They found very evident suspicion and hostility among Coe's Indian relatives that night; though there were no open insults, in their talk among themselves, the word "monias" and others, untranslatable by reason of their foulness, were spoken frequently and loudly, and followed by a derisive cackle. Gower and Fored, as usual, ignored the Indians utterly, and Coe affected not to hear them. His squaw came forward with sullen reluctance at his command to bake bannock for the freighters, and an old buck, his father-in-law, spoke to him sharply in Cree. He answered with some show of spirit in the same language, but Gower noted with wondering disgust that the man seemed afraid.

When he was for accompanying them in the morning there was trouble. The women chattered like magpies, the children yelled in sympathy, and the bucks seemed to be using threats. Coe almost cringed to them, and Gower's cold eyes sparkled wickedly.

"You come along and let them go to blazes," he said roughly. "Are you going to let a bunch of specified Indians boss you?"

Coe came, and Gower talked to him

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on the way, unfurling the whiplash of his tongue and cutting through Coe's toughened hide to his few surviving sensibilities. His subject was the disgrace Coe was bringing on himself and on the white race in general by his conduct.

"First thing you know, you'll be dying up here, all alone among those black swine," he observed.

"No, no," protested Coe wildly. "I'm young yet. I won't die up here. I'll go back to my own colour when I think I'm going to die."

"Yes, *you* will," sneered Gower. "I know better than that—you haven't nerve enough. *You'll* die up here, you'll die up here all alone, just like a damned Indian."

The idea seemed to fill Coe with peculiar horror.

"You come down with me when I go," Gower went on, "and get shut of this business for good and be a white man again."

"But my wife and kids," parried Coe miserably.

"They'll be all right—the kids are only dirty little halfbreeds, anyway." Coe winced at the brutality of the remark, and even Fored shook his head, but said nothing. All day they argued, and at last Coe, bullied, browbeaten, and crushed, submitted to the stronger will. But he was afraid to return to his family. He travelled the whole distance to Cross Lake and back with the two men.

Fored had maintained a steady silence most of the time, but now he felt called upon to remonstrate with Gower. Coe being out of earshot, he began:

"Say, what d'you want to mix yourself up in this business for, anyway, takin' a poor devil away from his wife and kids. A man ain't got no right to take a kid's father away from him: a feller'd do that oughter be pinched. You goin' crazy?"

"No," returned Gower shortly.

"Then what're you doing it for?"

"I'll tell you, though it ain't any of your business. It's because I got no use for Indians, dead or alive, and I won't see a white man get down like that until he's afraid of 'em. Afraid of *Indians*, mind you—that's what gets me. Listen to the way they talked to him last time we was there, the—"

Fored's mouth twitched, for Gower was a past-master in the use of bad language, and he had almost surpassed himself.

"Yes," he said, "that's all right—I got no more use for Nitchies than you have. But suppose you get this guy away, what in hell'll he do with himself when he gets down to civilization? He ain't no use for anything that I ever seen, and he'd starve to death. He's a whole lot better where he is."

"Well, maybe he is, but I've made up my mind I'm going to get him away, and that's all there is to it."

Fored looked at the hard face, set in lines of unalterable resolve, and shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

As they drew near to his home, Coe grew more and more nervous and frightened, and Gower kept a wary eye on him, now and again prodding him with the barbed arrow of his tongue, to keep the man's resolution alive. They swung up out of the riverbed to the top of the bank, and came to a halt before the cluster of huts. The usual cloud of noisy curs enveloped them, and, on a sudden, the house vomited its contents into the open; men, women, and children in a body, all cackling and scolding at the top of their voices. Neither Fored nor Gower understood a word of Cree, but Coe cowered at the storm of evident abuse hurled at him. The crowd made a rush for him, and he slipped behind Gower. The little freighter planted himself firmly, his head thrust forward pugnaciously, and his heavy blacksnake whip gripped in his hand. The Indians wavered and halted, but continued to shout at Coe. Gower strode forward and cracked his whip like a pistol-shot.

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"Get back in where you belong, damn you," he snarled, and Fored loomed up behind him.

The Indians retreated sullenly into the house.

When the horses had been seen to, Coe was for passing the night in the stable, and Gower swore at him for a coward. With cool audacity, he pushed open the door of the hut and marched in, Coe almost clinging to him and trembling like a leaf. The Indians made way without a word, and the three installed themselves in front of the fire. The Indians talked among themselves in low tones, and Coe kept casting glances of pure terror over his shoulder at them. He lay down between the two men that night, but it is doubtful whether he slept.

When they rose and went out in the morning, he followed Gower like a shadow, plainly afraid of being left alone for an instant. The horses were duly hitched up and they were about to start when pandemonium broke loose; the squaws shrieked and wailed; the children howled; and the bucks armed themselves and began to make threatening gestures. Coe's wife seized him by one arm, screaming, and tried to pull him back to the house. Gower gripped the other and jerked him back. There was an ugly glitter in his pale eyes, and he swore between clenched teeth. He pushed the limp squaw man into the back of the rack, and the women set up a louder wail than ever. The bucks started forward, shouting, but he whirled and faced them, and Fored, heavy-shouldered and powerful, was at his side. With the bucks shaking their fists and shouting in impotent fury, and the wail of the women ringing in their ears, they jingled off. The noise died away behind them, and the silence of the winter forest settled about them.

"Now," asked Fored, with a half grin, "that you've been and made a dern fool of yourself, what're you going to do with that long streak of misery?"

Coe was lying, an inert mass, on the back of the rack.

"Don't know," said Gower. "Don't care," he added as an afterthought. His temper had been badly mislaid and he swung on Fored.

"None of your blasted business, anyway," he snarled.

"Guess not," said Fored; "I don't want to have anything to do with such craziness." He broke off: "Hey, Buck, Tommy, what the—"

He began to plough through the deep snow at the side of the trail, swearing viciously, for the leading team had contrived to get itself hung up on a stump. The teams came to a standstill while Fored jerked the stray beasts back on to the trail.

Suddenly Coe rose up and slid to the ground. Then he began to move off up the trail.

"Hey," cried Gower, "where're you going?"

Coe stopped and half turned before answering.

"Home," he said in a hopeless voice. "It's the only home I've got. I'm not a white man any more, and I never will be. Their ways ain't my ways, and I don't talk their talk. This here's the only place I've got now to live in and I guess I'll die here, too, when my time comes. There's no place in all the world that's my home, only this. Good-bye."

He began to shamble slowly back whence he had come, head hanging forward, hands dangling, knees slack, from behind in all aspects a worn-out, broken-down Indian.

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A STUDENT DUEL IN GERMANY

BY JOHN D. ROBINS

TO the German freshman in the university three things abide in life—his degree, his beer and duelling, and the greatest of these is duelling. To be sure, the eternal feminine exists, but it is primarily for the purpose of admiring the freshman in the last of his three rôles. It is a striking survival, this duelling. It is possible that the historian of the future, in estimating the characteristics and circumstances that have combined to make Germany the flaming sword barring the way to the Eden of international amity, will also thereby be solving the problem, perhaps not too remotely associated, of why Germany and Austria are today almost the only nations which have not abandoned duelling. It is true that in the Latin countries an irate officer or politician and an offending editor may still occasionally stand thirty paces apart with a brace of eighteenth century pistols and fire toward the intervening sky. It may even happen once in a while, for I do not keep sufficiently up with the American Sunday papers to speak with any degree of certainty on this point, it may happen once in a while that owing to the nervousness of the foes, one of them may be injured. A few rather heated fencing bouts with unbuttoned foils may still take place. In other words, the duel may have survived Mark Twain's description. But as an institution it has lost favour everywhere in Europe except in Germany and Austria. In June, 1914, in answer to an inquiry, a German medical professor assured me that the number fought was actually on the increase in these two countries.

The great majority of German duels are student affairs, held under the auspices of the different fraternal societies. These exercise an extraordinary control over student activities, especially during the first two years. The young man who hopes to mingle in the social life of the university must join one. They are haughtily and mutually exclusive, and their name is legion. In Marburg, the little Hessian university town with which the writer is most familiar, with an attendance in 1913 of 2,374, there were thirty-two incorporated societies! They range socially from the ultra-aristocratic "Corps" down to the democratic Turner Unions, which frequently have a socialistic bias. The new member must be "active" during the first two years of his course, after which he joins the ranks of the *Alte Herren*—the Old Boys.

It is in connection with the active period of his membersrip in his chosen society that the freshman is initiated into duelling. Most societies (twenty-seven out of the thirty-two in Marburg) require as a condition of full membership that the candidate shall have satisfactorily fought a specified number, most frequently thirteen, of broadsword duels, or "Mensuren" as they are called. Roman Catholic students are forbidden to duel, hence the Roman Cath-

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olic societies do not have these requirements. With this exception, the number of duels to be fought varies in most cases directly as the exclusiveness of the society. The aristocratic "Corps," which correspond more closely than most of the others to the American Greek letter fraternities, usually require in addition that three sabre duels be fought. Royal members are the only exceptions to this rule, and rumour has it that the present Crown Prince fulfilled his corps obligations in defiance of the law. A *sabre mensur* is much more serious than a broadsword one and must always be an affair of honour. As a matter of law—not of fact—it is illegal. In order, then, to become a full member of a corps, the candidate must either insult or be insulted. The result is the most elaborate system of recognized insults at present extant, a sort of graduated series of chips on the shoulder. Some little acquaintance with German students has convinced me that this codification was quite superfluous, for the average German youth, after eleven o'clock at night, is not given to making detours around the toes of anyone.

The German expects to be insulted. I remember how my own suspicions of this were confirmed one day when news came to us of a challenge following an altercation in the old Black Bear Inn. My host, a young fifth-year medical student, two months later a junior surgeon with the Eleventh Army Corps, turned to me.

"There must be an appalling number of deaths among American students."

"Why?" I inquired in astonishment.

"Because both your forms of duelling are so deadly, both the Western and the American."

I stared at him blankly.

"Please enlighten me. What *are* the Western and American forms?"

"Oh, I suppose that you haven't those names," he replied easily. "But the Western duel is where the opponents just shoot each other at any time and without any formalities. What we call the true "American" duel provides for the drawing of lots, the loser being obliged to commit suicide. Is it not so?"

I think that I deserve some credit. I did not smile. I felt sympathetic, for I too had read thrilling stories of the gloriously lawless West, and had once believed that boys in Arizona went to Sunday school armed to the teeth. Then, I remembered a clever little German comedy and a popular French detective story which introduced very effectively the "American duel," quite as a recognized institution. So I intimated very gently that the western duel had never become really fashionable in Canada, and was almost out-of-date in the best society in the United States, while, as for the "American duel," it had no more connection with America, so far as I knew, than the German measles have with Germany. But I am afraid that in that hour the light that never was on land or sea faded away from his picture of America.

"Well, but," he went on, after the exclamatory period of his disillusionment had passed, "what do you do if you insult each other?"

"We don't insult each other, except in politics," I replied smugly.

"But Himmel! What if a man is drunk?"

"Why," I said sententiously, "generally a man doesn't get drunk, and if he does we have a comfortable and rational theory that a drunken man can no more insult you than an insane one can."

He gave it up.

"You are doubtless models of brotherly love, you Americans. But tell me, would you like to see a sabre mensur, my friend?"

"I sure would. Thanks very much indeed. When?"—For this was an opportunity that I had long been seeking. I had seen the ordinary "Schläger" mensur, fought with that

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straight, broad blade which is the descendant of the old "cut and thrust" rapier, but this was always a comparatively harmless if somewhat gory affair.

"Oh, to-morrow, of course," said he. All duels are fought on Saturday, so as not to interfere with lectures. Now I have to be one of the medical assistants—Professor Dr. Koerner is the doctor in charge—and I'll call around for you about 2.30. This one is scheduled for 3.15. It ought to be a beautiful mensur, for both are excellent swordsmen."

Thus it came about that on the following afternoon—a hot day about the middle of June—I found myself on my way out to Ockershausen, a little suburb of Marburg. Through the narrow, crooked streets of the old town we hurried, along the Wettergasse, past the house where Luther had stayed during that momentous conference with Melancthon in the imposing castle of the princes of Hesse, still towering above us on the heights to our right, down Barefoot Street, with the gloomy old cloisters whence the Barefooted Friars may have watched the heretic monk in those days when Germans, too, fought for principle, then into the newer part, along Wilhemstrasse, past Bismarck Street to Frederick Square, where a coarse, sinister Prussian Vulture of Victory had been unveiled only a week before in commemoration of 1870, on down Sedan Street, past Moltke Street and Ockerhausen Lane, then out into the green, almost fenceless fields. The hay had been cut already, but rye and oats and barley and vegetables were still in the waving green of promised growth. From somewhere on the main road to the village came through the rustling grain and the trees the strains of the "Count of Luxembourg", played rather indifferently by a small brass band. Some student society was off for a "keg party" and had hired the Seven Ravens of Marburg to head the procession.

My conductor pulled out his watch.

"We don't need to run so fast," he assured me. "We are in good time."

"Thank goodness!" I exclaimed fervently. "And now maybe you have time to tell me what this duel is about."

"Naturally, it is an affair of honour. Von Trenchmann comes from Leipzig, where he was active in the Saxonia Corps. He has associated here with the Teutonia and the Hasso-Nassovia. Also he has become betrothed here. Von Trenckmann thinks that the Teutonia has slighted the lady, so he has made some remarks rather derogatory to the offending corps. In effect this is a challenge to the corps, and the result is that in accordance with the regular procedure he has to fight a sabre duel with each of the three executive officers of the Teutonia. One of them he has already fought."

We continued on our way in silence, while I meditated on the peculiar qualifications of office holders in Germany and the dangers of long engagements.

The path we had been following led out to the main street of Ockershausen, dirtier and worse kept and narrower even than most peasant village streets in Hesse. Finally we reached the Werner Inn, the duelling headquarters of the Hasso-Nassovia corps. It was a low, rambling building, set in a garden orchard back from the road under the outflung branches of a half dozen gnarled survivors of the olden hardwood forests. In the big bare front court three or four automobiles and as many carriages were drawn up. The chauffeurs were gathered about and discussing the long touring car nearest the gateway. A girl in the quaint costume of the Hessian peasants was listlessly pumping a pail of water. In the wide archway which separated the human from the animal inhabitants of the inn, and through which one could catch glimpses of cool, damp grass plots and flowers and vegetables and

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fruit trees, two dirty little boys in precariously attached overalls and bare feet were holding a stick just out of reach of an ecstatically yelping puppy. Three capped and banded students and a lieutenant came chatting gaily out of a doorway in the farthest corner. They saluted with their characteristic grave formality as we met them. Then we passed through the doorway and climbed a steep stairs. A low buzz of conversation and the occasional clink of a glass replaced the droning of the flies and bees outside. Across the landing at the head of the stairs we followed the buzz and clinking through another and wider doorway into the duelling room.

It was a hall perhaps thirty feet wide and forty-five feet long. A number of chairs, several long, bare tables, now shoved back against the wall, and two or three small ones at the nearer end formed all the furniture, except for a few prints along the walls. On the cleared space of about ten by twelve feet in the middle of the room a man was sprinkling sawdust. For this was only one in a succession of duels that had been in progress since five o'clock that morning. I think that only one other circumstance tended more to destroy the romance of the affair for me than did the sight of that servant scattering sawdust over the reeking floor, with the dark, wet stains of to-day's bouts, soon to be lost in the black discolourations of generations of student duels. I had expected that a golden haze of romance would be thrown for me over this, almost the sole survival in peace of those heroic feuds of the misty past. But the thought that actually did come to my mind was that the honest old fistfights that I had watched in far Canadian lumber and construction camps were after all far more ancient—and very much cleaner. I could not help contrasting their good Anglo-Saxon spontaneity—opportunism, if you will—with the systematic cold-bloodedness of this. The other circumstance was the air, —the vitiated, the re-vitiated air. "We Germans fear God, and nothing else," boasted the grim old Iron Chancellor. It may have been true then. A modern version might well be: "We Germans fear fresh air, and nothing else". Next to the hatred of England comes the dislike of pure air, at least in any form which might conceivably be called a draught. The German whom I know will eat and drink and play and sing out of doors, but if he is indoors, whether it be in concert hall, railway compartment or dwelling, he must be as nearly hermetically sealed as possible. There was a sufficient number of windows in the room to have permitted of excellent ventilation, but two or three of them, raised timidly six inches for ten minutes at rare intervals, were presumed to supply sufficient oxygen. I had mistaken the haze. That blue mist was not the glamour of romance, but the smoke from relays of cigars, cigarettes and long pipes, puffed out on the beer-laden breath of successions of perspiring spectators.

Ah yes! The spectators! This particular mensur was attracting much interest, and the room was well filled. There were students in their colours and caps, gray-bearded elderly men, military officers in uniform (I even saw the crossed swords on the shoulders of one), and bandaged duellists of the previous week, wearing the black skull cap of the recently damaged. There were doctors and attendants, their long white coats streaked and spotted and stained, standing grouped about two of the small tables, these latter covered with bottles, bandages, cotton and other surgical accessories. Two or three ranks were formed around the cleared space. Behind these the men were standing upon chairs. Back of these were the bleachers, the long tables, already almost crowded. I turned in astonishment to my conductor.

"It seems to be very public. I thought that sabre duels were forbid-

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den by law and had to be very secretly arranged."

"They are," he replied in the most matter-of-fact tone, "but the police are warned always so that they may stay out of the way. But if a man kills another in a duel he surrenders himself and is sent to prison—usually six months in a fortress. It is great sport if a fellow has money—this imprisonment in a fortress. But I must go. You had better climb upon that chair if you want to see decently. *Auf wiedersehen!*" And he hurried away into one of the two little anterooms that were fitted up as temporary operating chambers.

I was quite certain that I should be forced to retreat occasionally for fresh air, but I wanted to see the duel. Finally I did turn to take possession of the chair of which my host had spoken. It was already occupied. I hastily climbed upon one of the tables. There was no formality so far as the spectators were concerned. It was assumed that one came on the invitation of some one in a position properly to extend it, so no official paid the slightest degree of attention to any onlooker. Hence, unmolested, I managed to secure the position which best combined my two necessaries, breathing and seeing. I stood close by a window, which I surreptitiously opened as much as I dared, while the fortunate lack of height of the men in front of me permitted an excellent view of the arena.

We had not long to wait. In about five minutes they came in. First, there was the "Unparteiischer," the representative from a third corps who was to act as referee and presiding officer. Next came the white-robed doctors and attendants, followed by the two witnesses, and by two very young freshmen—the Schleppefüchse, the Aaron and Hur of the respective combatants, whose duty it was to support the sword arms of their principals when not in action. The two seconds were next, armed with long blunt swords and swathed and protected as if against an Arctic blizzard. Last of all came the two opponents. Head and face and breast and one arm were bare, while the neck was well protected and the sword arm partially so, for even the sabre mensur is not intended to be fatal. In some parts of Austria there are still fought duels in which the combatants are utterly unprotected, and trousers and footwear constitute the only clothing worn. It must be said, however, that these barbarous combats, with the horrible mangling which frequently results, were becoming yearly much fewer in number before the war broke out.

And now the two take their places, each with one heel on the chalked line drawn behind him. To shrink back over this line, even for a moment, means a dishonoured defeat. Each Schleppefuchs supports the sword arm of his principal in a horizontal position—and the glow of pride is on the boyish face of the one whom I can best see. One of the seconds states the occasion of the duel. The referee goes through the formality, meant to protect him from legal complications, of asking that a reconciliation be effected. I shudder to think of the dreadful shock that would follow an acceptance of this invitation, —like the horror of the moment when the bride would say No at the altar. The distance between the men is measured, one sabre length and the length of the two basket hilts. The swords are compared, long, curved blades, not so heavy as cavalry sabres, but heavy enough to do execution.

"Herr Unparteiischer, I request silence for a sabre mensur!" calls out one of the seconds. The silence prior to this has been as profound as that which succeeds a general invitation in a lecture room to answer a question. Still, however real war may be carried on, duelling must always be done decently and in good order.

"Silentium!" cries the Herr Referee. "Silentium for the passage of courtesy."

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The passage of courtesy is the ceremonial prelude. The duellists place their caps upon their heads and face each other. Their swords cross once, twice, thrice, four times. Then the two step back. The passage of courtesy is over. The seconds raise the sword arms; the caps are taken off.

Now the crowd leans forward and the pipes and cigars and cigarettes are put aside. The real duel is about to begin; the two take position. The freshmen supporters drop to the rear. The seconds take their places between the combatants and step slightly back, their swords drawn, with points lowered to the ground.

"Silentium!" cries the referee, just as unnecessarily as before.

"Ready!" warns one second.

"Begin!" cries the other.

The swords glitter like silver lightning as they ring upon each other. Is there a clearer, purer tone than the ring of steel? The song of the sword is no metaphor. It is real and sweet and full of haunting melodies. There is nothing noisy or discordant in it. In the ring of an axe on hard timber, even in the vibrations of a saw in the open air, there is true music, rich, and full of memory-conjuring harmonies. These, strangely enough, are the thoughts that sing through my mind as I listen rather than watch.

"Halt!" cries a voice.

The two seconds strike up the swords of the duellists. A round has been fought. A round consists of the regulation number of passes—or blood. Sixty of these must be fought, unless one of the combatants be placed *hors de combat.*

This time neither has drawn blood.

Position is resumed.

"Ready! Begin!"

Once more the music and the silver light.

Halt! Blood is starting from the temple of the man nearer me. The doctor examines the wound, which is but slight. An assistant washes the blood off. The swords are wiped.

Position again.

"Ready!"

The two seconds spring back. The sword arms are released.

"Begin!"

But the music has ceased for me. The blood once drawn has wrought its work. The work of thousands of slow years falls away from my soul and primitive jungle instincts surge up. The love of rhythm and beauty has given way to a still more insistent passion, the tiger lust for red. My breath comes quickly as I watch eagerly, almost longingly. Two or three rounds are fought without result, for the two are very evenly matched, and both are fit. Then into the round there breaks again the sharp "Halt!"

The blood is streaming down the cheek of the farther man. The wound is stanched, and a temporary plaster is placed over it.

One of the witnesses steps out.

"Has satisfaction been rendered?" runs the formula.

"It has not." This is the inevitable reply from the challenger's representative.

So I know now that the man farther away is Von Trenckmann, and the duel takes on a personal interest, for I have become a partisan. But by this time the air has conquered me, and, more than half faint, I climb down from the table and walk uncertainly to the door and down the stairs to the blessed sunlight. One or two stare at me, but only for a moment.

"Ready! Begin!"

The bright, pitiless music follows me down the stairs. Outside, how lazy and how peaceful it is! I sit down on the little bench behind the pump and look at the boys and the puppy crawling under one of the cars. In two or three minutes I start back up the stairs.

"Halt!"

I regain my old place.

"Ready! Begin!"

Again the swords gleam and ring.

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But the men! Only by his position can I be sure any longer of which is Von Trenckmann. As I look at them, and see the dehumanized expression on their mutilated faces, and see the shambles of a floor, all the excitement and the glory of it depart forever. What though they do stand there and receive fresh wounds without the visible quiver of a muscle! What though they even smile grimly through their swollen lips during the pauses, in response to some whispered remark of a supporter! They are brave. They are displaying endurance such as one cannot find words to describe.

But this thing has become merely a brutal exhibition to me. In the light of events which have since taken place, I have sometimes even wondered if the prevalence of this custom, with its inevitable lowering of the sensibilities, among the classes in Germany that dictate her policies, may not bear some share of the responsibility, not only for the German attitude toward war in the abstract, but also for the lack of humane considerations in the actual conduct of it.

But I cannot see all this as I watch them, nor can I know that at this moment, among Von Trenckmann's papers at home, are the sealed orders, issued long ago, which, before two months are past will send him to direct the fire of his howitzer battery against devoted Liege. I learn all that later.

"Ready! Begin! Halt!"

So it goes on, except when at irregular intervals the variation is added:

"Has satisfaction been rendered?"

"It has not."

One becomes accustomed to the harsh monotony of the reply, as if it had always been and must ever be.

The duel has been in progress for more than half an hour.

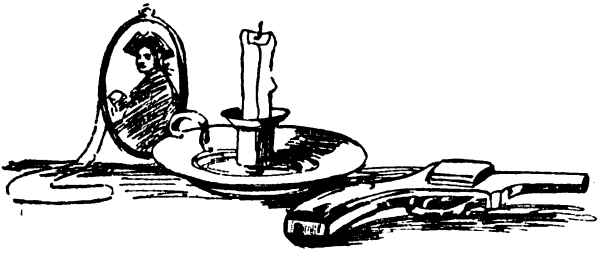
"Halt!"

There is a new note in the sharp warning.

"Silentium!"

Sixty rounds have been fought. Satisfaction has been rendered with honour. *Mensur ex! Silentium ex!"*

It is over. The buzz of conversation begins again, with more clinking than ever. The principals are led away to be sewn up; the seconds and supporters follow, as well as most of the spectators. The man comes in with his broom and sawdust. A rapier duel is scheduled to begin in fifteen minutes. But I hurry gladly down the stairs into the fresh out-of-doors, to wait for my host, the medical assistant.



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THE SHADOW OF STRIFE

BY LESLIE FLOYD

MRS. HARPER stood at the gate of the drive, looking after her retreating spouse mischievously.

"Robert," she called, "are ye not afraid of bein' too polite? Mind, I'm tellin' ye now, if ye don't come right back here and bid me good-by properly I'll go straight to lawyer Thomas. I will have my dues of courtin'."

The big man swung round, with a deep roar of laughter.

"There, you pernicity little woman," he said, bending over her. "Guess I must be getting absent-minded."

"*Do* ye?" asked his wife, with immense sarcasm." To think of that, now. Though I'll not be denyin' I've suspected it, myself, now and then, in the last thirty year."

"But then it seems as if you were always with me, wherever I am."

Mary reached up to cuff him.

"Away with ye," she said.

Mary Harper was, and is, an energetic, determined little woman, slight and dark, with whimsical blue eyes behind her spectacles. She laughs at her big Robert a dozen times a day, but woe to you if you venture to follow her example. You may learn things about the Irish-Canadian vocabulary that will surprise you. In fact, her sharp tongue is the terror and delight of the neighbourhood, but I never heard that she was liked any the less for it, which curious fact is significant.

For some time she stood looking after her husband. At first, her eyes were twinkling with quizzical affection. It was a sweet look, for all its mischief, the look of a good woman; and perhaps it went far to explain why she never lost a friend by her sharp tongue.

Presently, however, the look changed, and she sighed a little. Her thought had gone to another tall figure that should have been striding along at his side, carrying the tools and turning to shout provocative impertinence at her—Johnny. Her Johnny, now in far Flanders, striding on another errand and bearing other tools.

"Eh, well!" she said softly," he's a man child," and, turning, set off for the house of a sick neighbour, where she was to spend the afternoon.

Poor Mary! She was to receive there a blow that might well have killed her, had she been of less tough fibre; and, even yet it gives her many a sleepless night.

It was late in the afternoon when the man of the house where she was visiting returned from town. He clattered into the house, shouting his news before him, after the manner of his kind, all the world over.

"What do you think? Johnny Harper is dead! Shot in the trenches," and he stood gasping at the sight of the visitor.

"But what did she say?" the farmer's wife was asked afterwards.

"Oh, she didn't say much. Just stood there, kind of pale. By and by she said, kind of scornful like, 'My

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Johnny? Dead!' and then she gave a little laugh that would have broken your heart to hear. After a while she said, 'What will Robert say? No one must tell Robert but me!' and with that she ran out of the room. I knew better than to follow her; but I watched her most of the way home from my window, here; and if there's anything I didn't say to Tom about bawling it out like that, you can say it for me, that's all. Though, of course, he didn't know she was here, poor man!"

But to Mary Harper, hurrying home, like a hurt wild thing, the suddenness of the blow was not ungrateful. She was of the stuff that takes things standing. She asked no quarter of fate—for herself. Later, in the privacy of her own soul, there would be time for grief; but now her whole mind was taken up with the thought of her husband. Long before he had suffered from heart trouble, and the fear of a sudden shock had secretly clouded her life ever since. She was determined that no one should tell him but herself. The wood-lot where his work lay, was remote from any road. Their only paper came at noon. Before that time next day, she must tell him, but not that night. On that she had set her heart with unreasoning stubbornness. He should have one more happy evening, cost what it might!

Foolish? Perhaps. Callous? Ah, little you know her! Behind that valiant front she longed unspeakably to feel her husband's arms about her, to lean on his quiet strength. Her eyes smarted with unshed tears, but her little face was set like steel. Surely heroism is not less heroic, that it aims at something we think of little value!

Her first impression, as she entered the yard, was that her husband had not returned. There was none of the abstracted singing and whistling, usually to be heard where he was at work. Then she saw him attending to his team. He was bending over the hoof of one of the horses, and seemed so busy that she passed him with a quiet greeting. As she entered the house, the whistling started up, cheery as ever, and with an unconscious sigh of relief she went on with her preparations for supper.

When Robert Harper came in for his meal, he walked to his place, and stood leaning on the back of his chair, looking at her, oddly. It might, she thought, be fatigue or the reflex of her own emotion, but there seemed a queer heaviness in his attitude, a sag to his shoulders, unfamiliar in her memory of him. However, a moment later he straightened up and took his seat, quite as usual.

"Well," he asked, "and how's Mrs. Brown?"

"Mrs. Brown's havin' a most enjoyable illness, thank ye kindly. She had a half-pound steak to her dinner, an' we must all hope for the best. Mebbe, in time, she'll recover her appetite, if they don't hurry her. A heavy day's work ye've had, I'm thinkin'."

An exclamation from her husband made her jump. From the cup in his hand, a stream of hot tea had poured over into his lap.

"Eh?" he said, mopping at it. "Oh, yes!—Yes, heavy enough! Heavy enough!"

"Babby!" she gibed, "Is it a bib ye'r needin' or a pap-boat?" Then, in a changed tone, "What *is* it, Robert?"

"I'm—tired, mother. I've had a—a hard day. Oh, mother, but it's hard, it's mortal hard. And I'm an old man."

"My dear—hard?"

"Yes, my—my rheumatism! I'm not the man I was. This—this hot bread 's mighty good, mother."

His wife came across the room and filled his cup. For a moment she stood at his side, stroking back the hair where it was going gray on the temple.

"Ye're *my* man. There's not yer like in the world," she said. Then, suddenly: "We've ever been the world

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an' a' to each other, haven't we, Robert?"

Robert looked up at her dumbly. He was, ordinarily, the least demonstrative of men; but now he reached up, and catching the little worn hand, drew it down against his bushy cheek.

"Yes, my girl, the world and all. And more than that!" he answered soberly, and added, a little shyly, "You've had many a hard blow that I would have spared you if I could, mother. You'll always remember that, won't you, whatever happens? I would have spared you if I could."

She turned hastily away, and was longer than usual in replacing the tea-pot on the kettle. When she returned to her place, however, she wore her old mischievous smile; and, for the rest of the meal, she plied him with a feverish rush of talk and witticism. Yes, and laughed at her own jokes, though her heart must have been breaking.

At last he pushed back his chair with a sigh, reached into his pocket and began to fill his pipe. Mary came across to him with a sulphur match of peculiar virulence fizzing in her hand. This she first waved under his nose until he sneezed, then held at such an angle that he must almost dislocate his neck getting the pipe under it. Then, suddenly, in the midst of her laughter, her head went down on his shoulder.

"Robert," she said slowly, "If—"

He turned so that their cheeks touched, and he felt that hers was wet.

"Why," he cried, "little woman?"

"'Tis the smoke," she answered, jumping up and beginning to pile the dishes together at record speed. "It got into the eyes of me. 'Tis a wonder that ye must ever be reekin' like a half-burned boot, whiniver yer wife comes near ye."

Robert took out the pipe and looked at it as if he had never seen it before.

"Yes, I suppose it does smoke."

"Smoke! A body'd think I was a ham."

She was at the sink, now, making great play with the soap save-all. Presently she looked over her shoulder. His pipe had gone out in his hand.

"Would ye look at that, now. Yer pipe's out."

"I know, mother. I don't seem to relish it to-night."

Mary turned in blank amazement; but instead of meeting her searching glance with his usual patient humour, he fidgeted uneasily, got to his feet; and, going to the door, stood with his hand on the latch.

"Guess I'll be going to the barn," he said clumsily, "I'm not just satisfied with the old mare's hoof," and, before she could answer, was gone.

Mary went slowly on with the work. Her hands moved deftly about the familiar tasks, and later she found that they were done as neatly as ever; but, within, she was shaken by the fierce conflict between her grief and her will. The opening of the door had shown her a ladder of black marks along its edge. There they had measured Johnny's height, each birthday. Any suspicion aroused by her husband's action was swept away by a flood of remembrance. The quiet room with its crowding memories became unendurable. She could no longer restrain her longing for her husband's presence, his mere physical nearness. Drying her hands hastily, she caught up a shawl and ran out into the night.

The cool air calmed her a little, and she stopped at the barn door to recover herself. Gradually she became aware of a strange noise from within, which at first was puzzling. Then, like a blow across the face, its real meaning came to her. It was that most terrible of all sounds of human grief, the weeping of a strong man. A grotesquely awful sound for anyone's hearing, what it meant to Mary Harper, as she stood there listening

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to those hoarse wrenching sobs, no one will ever know. Months afterward she would wake in the night crying out that her man was in pain and that she could not help him. But, though she told the rest of the story occasionally, of this part she would never knowingly speak.

A moment she leaned against the wall, trembling, then jerked the door open and went in. The lantern hung upon its hook, casting a dim light about the place. There, in the far corner upon a shock of hay, alone but for his quiet beasts, lay Robert Harper. With a little cry she ran to him.

"Oh, my husband! What *is* it?"

At the sound of her voice he stumbled to his feet, mopping desperately at his face; but her arms clung about him.

"Oh, my dear, is it—Johnny? Do you know?"

He turned and swept a great arm about her.

"Did *you* know, mother? Oh, my poor girl!"

There was a strange sense of comfort in feeling the strong support of his body close to hers. It was as if the physical contact symbolized—as indeed it did—a moral and spiritual partnership in the things of life and death. It brought the wife the first ease she had felt since learning of her loss. The grief itself had not gone; but some of the lonely horror of it had been taken away. Her husband's deep voice came to her, broken, despairing, but none the less, infinitely comforting.

"Dick Mills took a short-cut through the bush. He told me. Said I must bear up. Bear up! His son's alive!"

"My dear," his wife sobbed, "I know."

"And then I came home wondering how I was to tell you. And when I saw you coming up the drive I just couldn't. I tried to whistle and all that, as if nothing had happened, until I could think of a way. I was afraid of it's coming out sudden. Then I came out here to think it over, and—and—"

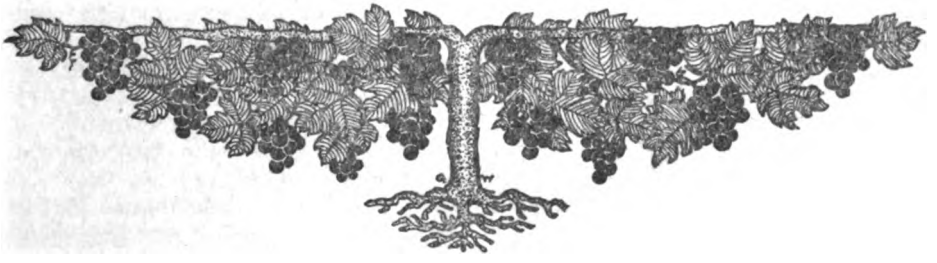
"Yes, yes," she whispered, "I did the like of that meself."

For a few minutes they clung together like frightened children. When he spoke again, however, it was with a sort of awful dignity, a grandeur that rose above his grief like a prophet in Israel.

"They must have men, Mary! They must have men! My great grandfather left all he had and came up into the wilderness for the sake of his country. His son was shot in 1812. Heart of mine, this world is an evil place; but it would be more evil if we could not sacrifice to better it."

His wife looked up through her tears.

"Yes, we must be brave, Robert, but—oh, my boy!—my boy!"



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MATCHING COLOURS

BY G. W. BARTLETT

"THAT's the old Scarlett place. You can see the chimney between the two beech trees on the ridge. Take the path to the left; climb the rail fence and—"

"Thank you, I know the way."

Tom Scarlett thrust half-a-dollar into the hand of the farmer, who had given him "a lift" on the road from town, and struck across the hill, leaving the man to pursue his leisurely way much wondering who the "stylish stranger" could be.

Summer sunrise was tinting the maple tops when Tom strolled up the familiar lane. The house was unchanged—except older and more weather-beaten. No one was astir. A strange dog ran out to bark at him; the chickens flocked expectantly out from their pens; a hungry calf called plaintively from a near-by shed.

Tom looked about with critical eye, on the neglected garden, the old strawberry patch tangled and weedy, the grape-vines he had planted ten years ago—now branchy, overgrown, unfruitful, fast relapsing into the wild state. The old orchard, the chief charm of the Ontario farmstead, was unpruned and shaggy, and laden with small measured fruit which contrasted miserably with the rosy harvest apples of Scarlett's boyhood memories.

Tom turned disconsolately from the inhospitable stillness of the sleeping house, and wandered down to the creek which skirted the border of the old sugar-bush. Of the bush, little remained but a desolation of stumps, a tangled windfall, and a few forest veterans, sombre survivors of a happier era. The crystal stream had shrunk to a trickle of muddy water, its green banks trampled by the cattle, and an odouriferous hog-enclosure running down the bank to the old swimming-hole.

Everything seemed changed, for the worse; but Tom Scarlett knew that these minor matters did not account for the hunger in his bosom, which made him yield to the impulse to drop off the trans-continental and have a look, between trains, at the old home. The place would never be the same since she— But, hang it, the fault was all his! Well, he would see the place and go quietly away, bearing only a sweet, sad, fragrant memory—all that was left of the old life, which he had a right to call his own.

Scarlett climbed the riz-zag fence, and set off for the cross-roads village. The landscape had shrunk in ten years—the coasting hill was now only a dip in the pasture field; Squire Burke's house was no longer a triumph of palatial architecture; the mill-dam had decayed and the mill-pond escaping, left only a slimy, weedy, flat, beside a patch of stagnant water. The logs of the mill-yard were gone, gone too the huge mound of sawdust. The sawmill had been taken out and the remainder of the mill, set upon a cement foundation, gloomed like a spectre of the happy past. What memories the old mill awoke, as he walked away!

The little cross-roads village had

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come out half-way to meet him. The new electric train which screamed past him like a swooping eagle, had transformed the little hamlet into a substantial village of brick and stone. Parallel lines of new houses showed that the place had attained the dignity of two dimensions. Strange names were on the sign-boards; strange faces on the street. Only at the blacksmith shop—that wondrous realm of pyrotechnic effects of other days, the name of David Fraser still showed upon the rudely painted board.

The brawny giant did not recognize the young man, but was willing to talk to the young stranger from the west, for he had two boys there. Jim was somewhere in Montana last time he heard from him, and Angus was at Calgary. Yes, Angus had bought a big block of land and if things turned out as he expected, he would be worth half-a-million in a year or two. Yes, he remembered the Scarlett's. The old lady died two years ago, and the old man soon after. Fred, one of the boys, was in some business in Toronto, and the other lad, Tom, was in Manitoba. He had heard he was making a mint of money. A man named Allan was on the place now—no; not much account so far as he could make out.

Yes, he knew Billy Gray. He used to own the mill, but he had no business head, and lost everything—would have starved only for his girl, Doris, a fine girl, sir, as ever you saw. Well old Billy worked himself to death, and the old lady was now living with Doris in that cottage on the left, at the end of the street.

Tom could not trust himself to make further inquiry, though he felt some curiosity about Doris Gray's husband. After a few more general questions, he strolled on down the street paying little attention to the substantial homes, or the vine-clad summer villas of the city dwellers. He walked slowly past her rose-embowered white cottage nestling among its flower gardens and blossoming shrubbery; but he dared not pause, till he had descended a dip in the road where a plank walk spanned a little spring rivulet. Scarlett remembered that he had made his first day's wages, fifty cents, helping to lay the planks, the year before he left home.

On the second plank from the end, he could still trace the nearly obliterated intertwined initials R. J., M. R., which Dick Johnson had carved so boldly ten years ago. Poor Dick lay buried at Bloemfontein, and Minnie Robson—married likely, by this time. He leaned on the railing and gazed down at the shoals of tiny minnows hovering above the gravel, then flitting panic-stricken at the shadow of a floating weed. A light step on the planks roused him from his reverie. He glanced up; she stood before him carrying an armful of wild lilies. Their eyes met in mutual recognition; then hers dropped with a confused blush.

"Tom Scarlett, where did you drop from?"

"I dropped off the Chicago Express for a few hours to look at the old place."

"You will find things much changed?"

"Very much changed!" assented Tom so meaningly that Doris hastily continued:

"I hear that you are doing well in the west."

"No, Doris, I made a bad hash of things on the start—an irretrievable mistake." She looked at him sympathetically, and he added: "Money is not everything. That sounds trite enough; but every young fool has to learn it over from bitter experience."

"You are too severe on yourself," she said gently.

"And you, Doris, what have the years been bringing you?"

"Music pupils and more lessons."

"Husband's no good," was Tom's prompt deduction.

"Come up and take breakfast with

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us; mother will be glad to see you again."

"I must catch the 11.15 train for Chicago," protested Scarlett.

"Our tram-car runs every half-hour," said Doris calmly, pausing at the little gate.

While they waited for Mrs. Gray to come down, Doris showed Tom about the little garden, the hobby of her scanty leisure hours. They wandered up and down the trim paths and rows of shrubbery, quite oblivious of the opera-glasses in the windows of Widow Morgan's lodging-house across the way. They talked of the flowers, the fields the scenery; they recalled the old school days, and the old friends of the past. She seemed ready to talk of anything except her husband, an entity quite evidently superfluous—the one blemish in an otherwise ideal scheme of things. Who the deuce was the fellow any way?

"Doris, you must pardon my familiarity, but that is the only name I know for you. I—er—do not—know —"

She looked up in a momentary bewilderment, then flushed slightly.

"I am still Doris Gray," she replied demurely.

Tom Scarlett's heart beat wildly.

"Doris, would you—er—change the Gray to a livelier hue?"

"You know, Tom," said Doris archly, "I was always fond of scarlet."

Tom did not catch the 11.15 express.

GEMMA'S GRIEF

By MARY LINDA BRADLEY

SHE sat apart, her thrifty toil-creased hands
Lay quiet on her knees; that sombre face
Of Tuscan mould frowned on the day's demands.
And still she sat, bowed in the hot, still place.

Eight days ago, three sons went to enlist.
She took a letter to the priest that noon
And came thence, stern, her mouth a bitter twist . . .
Pietro and Luca, Mario—dead so soon?

At last a neighbour overcame her awe:
"What of thy sons? The saints will give!"
Then Gemma stood in tragic height. "The law
Finds them unfit to serve, and *thus* they live.

"Pietro and Luca, Mario—each unsound!
My strength, then, failed them and brings shame to me.
Thy sons must fight, and mine will bear no wound,
And I—I made these men for Italy."

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BELGIAN REFUGEES

From the charcoal drawing by
Andre Lapine

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OUR PORTION AT VERSAILLES

THE STORY OF HOW THE GRAVES OF CANADIAN HEROES ARE TENDED BY A YOUNG FRENCH GIRL

BY E. MONTIZAMBERT

VERSAILLES has always been a town of memories, a sort of pot-pourri of by-gone glories, but since the war it has been galvanized into impetuous life.

Gray, dust-covered motors bump over Louis XIV. cobblestones at a reckless rate. Long lines of transport wagons make a perspective full of import, and bustling adjutants dash through the sleepy streets startling the echoes out of the silence.

It is now a town of many contrasts. In the trim central square, the statute of General Hoche looks down from its pedestal on a new and strange order of things. Little more than a hundred years ago, the boy general, "soldier at sixteen, general-in-chief at twenty-five, dead at twenty-nine"—*"Mort trop tôt pour la France"*—defended Dunkirk against the attacks of the English. Now he sleeps in his grave in our enemy's country at Mayence, and English soldiers are buried in his native town who have fallen defending Dunkirk for France.

The very bareness and simplicity of the military cemetery at Versailles, where three Canadian soldiers lie buried, pervades the place with a poignancy that is enhanced by the chill gray of a dark autumn. Perched at the top of the rise which slopes gently up from the town, the graves of the British soldiers lie in a space apart. Below are the French civilian graves, and the path winds up between typical Gallic monuments and tombstones covered with black, silver, and purple immortelles. The top of the cliff has been partially levelled, leaving as a background a little bank of sand a few feet high crowned by a grove of young trees. Under this cliff in several lines of yellow mounds lie the soldiers' graves. They are very simple. Each rectangular mound has at its head a slender wooden cross painted black, on which stand out in white letters the man's name and the name of his regiment. Here and there a German inscription catches the eye. The enemy's wounded who are picked up in the British lines are taken with our own men to British hospitals, and a number of German wounded have been brought to Versailles. One or two of them whom no care nor skill could save have died and been buried, with the same ceremony that marks the funeral of an English soldier, in the grave that fills the next vacant space in the slowly lengthening lines.

Those whose bitter memories are longer lived than ours would perhaps have preferred that the Germans should lie in a space apart. The colonel in command of No. 4 General Hospital has another vision. Once their fighting is forever stilled he allows no distinction to be made between friend and foe. German and Briton lie side by side in the peace

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once. She found the answer to her problem one day as she watched the funeral of the first English soldier who died at the hospital opened in the Trianon Palace Hotel, just after the battle of the Marne. The thought that these British comrades of her own soldier brother had died so far from their homes and friends weighed on the mind of this girl with the mystic eyes and gentle voice.

All through the cold dark winter she went up the cemetery hill every day to tend the graves, planting little bits of evergreen on each one.

When spring came she bought clumps of forget-me not and a tiny artificial flower is placed in quaint French fashion, so that even if wind and weather destroy the plants there may still be something on the graves. All through the heat of summer and the chill autumn she kept steadfastly to her self-appointed task, tending each yellow mound with precise impartiality, as if they were her children. If any receive favour, it is surely the three graves which mark the last resting-place of Corporal Macdonald (623 P.P.C.L.), Sergeant Lilly (11197, 7th Can.), and Private Tarry (11151 4th Can.).

"They came from so far to help us," she said, "you must tell the people of Canada that as long as I am here I will look after their dead."

She has been the sole guardian of that quiet spot for so long that it seemed almost like an intrusion when the Canadian colony in Paris went out to Versailles on All Saints' Day with the six magnificent wreaths ordered by the Canadian Commissioner with the funds placed at his disposal by his compatriots. The rain came down in torrents as the squad of soldiers from the military hospital placed the wreaths, one on each Canadian grave, one for the English, French, and Belgian sections. A great crowd had gathered to witness the simple ceremony, as well as to pay their own pious tribute to the dead. This year, the "Culte des Morts," so marked a feature of French religious life, has taken on a deeper meaning, and it was difficult to find one's way through the throng.

I did not see the little guardian of the graves. I fancied she was keeping in the background and waiting till she was alone again to lift the heads of the frail roses and read the golden inscription on the broad ribbons:

"La Colonie Canadienne à leurs compatriotes mortes au champ d'honneur."

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WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

BY HUGH S. EAYRS

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL has thrown down the gauntlet. For a year he has seen that the attitude of a large section of the public of Great Britain and the Britains over-sea was almost an impeachment. Now, on his withdrawal from the Government for a time, in order that he may serve as a soldier, instead of living in "well-paid inactivity," he draws his glove sharply across the collective face of his critics. The challenger is now at the front, but doubtless he left his address, so that he may be notified whether the gauntlet has been picked up.

Churchill's forty-one years—his birthday is this very day I write—have been a series of occasions when he has thrown down the gauntlet. For he ever has been the attacking party. Even, as in this latest instance, when he defends he does so by attack. See how he does it. He is *en garde* sufficiently to parry the blow; then swiftly leaps to thrust his own steel.

"I won't have it said that this was a civilian plan foisted by a political amateur upon reluctant officers and experts." Then, in the next sentence, "It is true that I did not receive from Lord Fisher the clear guidance and firm support which might have been expected. If Lord Fisher did not approve of the operations, he should have spoken out at the war conference."

So it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. For if England does not lose this manly youth and youthful man to a Hun bullet, let us make no mistake about it he will be back.

"Habit," said Wellington "is ten times nature." It is permissible to take that aphorism one way and argue that therefore the nature must be there. In Churchill's case it is there. His habit is to challenge, to call out the foe, a foe, any foe. "Challenger" is his noun in apposition.

To attack implies action. Whatever else Mr. Churchill is he is a man of action. There are those who say he is such a man because he loves the limelight. Let us admit it. He dearly loves to be in the radius of the footlight. There cannot be too much glare for him. And if the operators are missing he can be his own limelight operator.

"In the public eye once more," said a friend of mine to Winston Churchill some years ago, when he bearded Mr. Chamberlain over the fiscal question. Churchill grinned, the broad, frank, hearty grin of the boy he was and will ever be.

"I've got to be in, if I have to tumble in!" he said.

That's it: Churchill has got to be in, whether he is wanted, whether there is room for him or not. To him it is never undignified to chase the beam and gleam which will reflect him. He has always done it up to now, and we open our daily papers with the continual expectation that a four-column head stretches across the front page, index to a despatch

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that Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill has once more tumbled into the limelight, appropriating every ray, and has stood there making one more bow before a public that never wearies of him.

He was never part of the performance. He was the performance. The stage and the rest of the cast were always entirely incidentals; there to emphasize him, focus attention on him more certainly, limn him more sharply.

Churchill is the great protean. He can become at a moment's notice a newspaper man, soldier, anti-suffragist, economist, party politician, or statesman. He has learned all these parts. He can present himself in the Theatre of the Public Eye and play the whole seven in as many nights, and by way of matinee performance he can portray either the generalissimo or the novelist. As a "benefit" he might give a characterization of the thorn in the flesh.

He is, I say, eternally the man of action. A score years ago he finished with Harrow and its partial education ("O, damn these public schools" is the way he summed it up) and went to Sandhurst, by way of looking at textbooks on "How to be a soldier". Then he went soldiering. He was wise in his choice. He needed the discipline which a military life alone could give. And—tell it not in Gath—he still needs it! Perhaps this second taste may give it him. He served with the Spanish forces in Cuba at twenty-one, and came home with the Order of Military Merit pinned on his uniform. England was too "slow," to use an expressive colloquilism, for this active, impatient youth. He joined the 31st Punjab Infantry in India. In 1898, as aide-de-camp to Sir William Lochart he again carried a rifle, and came home with another clasp on his chest, and shortly—for the nations of the earth were obliging—left for the Transvaal.

He was correspondent for *The Morning Post,* which at this moment would see him in Jericho before it allowed him to represent it in the same capacity, but he kept one arm for soldiering. Of course, he got into the limelight. He accompanied Captain Haldane on an armored train. The enemy derailed the train. Two big guns and a maxim spat fire at the occupants. The war correspondent became a soldier on the moment. The fun began to get hot. As a lieutenant, he walked in and out of the mass of wreckage, and directed and helped in the firing. Suddenly the war correspondent in him bobbed up again.

"Keep cool, men," he cried, "think what copy this will make for my paper."

He was imprisoned. General Smuts held up the train which carried him away and saw the boy lieutenant grinning impudently at him and attacking again, if only by impertinence.

"May I have special privileges? I am a war correspondent?" he sang out with that *sang froid* which has always been part of his make-up.

He escaped from his prison and came home, when he had done his bit, with six more clasps—and a glorious share of the limelight.

Looking for fresh fields to conquer, this man of action (he was little more than a youth) glimpsed politics. He was the son of "Randy," and his entree was easy. He represented the Conservative interest in Oldham. That was in 1900. From the first, his activity was on the attacking side. A close friend of his, whose long friendship has been my privilege, too, told me of those early days. Churchill burst upon the House one night in an attack upon Mr. Broderick's Army scheme. Stuttering and lisping—for he had and still has an impediment in his speech—he spoke a good deal more daringly than he felt. Brandishing his sword, the mission of his constituents, so lately buckled about him, he pinked his foe.

"Randy again," said one member

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MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

to another. But Lord Randolph never had the force of this younger Churchill.

It was not long before he threw down the gauntlet to Mr. Chamberlain, the strong man of the Government. Only one other man in England dared assail Chamberlain, and he, David Lloyd George, is also a fighter. Churchill for some time had been breaking away from the Conservative fold. Patrician by birth and coming of a long line of patricians, the seed of real democracy struggled with the *aristo* in him and was gradually winning out. With the same bitter sarcasm, the same scathing ruthlessness and the same personal malice, he threw back Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, torn, broken and for the time being of no effect.

Thus he burned his boats. He crossed the floor and sat on the opposition bench. It was a daring, a brazen thing to do, for a young man barely turned thirty. He rose to speak from his new seat, and, headed by Mr. Balfour, his former allies, left the chamber in a body, muttering

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"Turncoat." All the sign of it that this impetuous fighter gave was to flush. And he flushed again when, walking into his club, the "officers' tent" of the Conservative Party, his sitting down to dine was followed by the departure from the dining-room of everyone but the waiters.

"It was," said a prominent Conservative to me, "a daring thing in Churchill to change parties. It was more—it was brave. Here was a young man with a heritage of Toryism, for whom, despite many parliamentary disadvantages, great things were promised. His reputation was by no means made. He was, on the whole, still an indifferent speaker. And he had always shown himself an entirely undependable, awkward and uncertain quantity. His extreme youth, his leanings to impulsive, unreasoned action, his spasmodic incursions into activity all fostered the belief that he was not to be relied on. Yet he took the one step that has finished the political career of so many. It was—though I deplore it—a brave thing to do."

By 1906 it came to be recognized that Churchill stood for action. He was, even in those days, a strange admixture, a make-up of complexities. He was beginning to lose the look of litheness and health which were his as a soldier. He appeared to be very confident, but underneath he was a bundle of quivering, dithering nerves. When he spoke it was as though he was repeating a lesson, as indeed he was. In my teens I sat and listened to him one night when he told a few friends how he came to be regarded as a second Pitt or a second Burke.

"Outside," he said, "I was confident. I used my arms, my eyes, my hands to emphasize what I was saying. I talked for half an hour and the House applauded. But no one knew how I funked that speech." He paused, reminiscing and enjoying it. "No one knew that I was wondering, wondering, wondering, all the time, whether I should forget the words I had written and rehearsed in my study for days and nights before!"

But that was the speech which decided the House that here was an arrival, a new force to be reckoned with, a piece who was going to be more than a pawn, whose best move would ever be in attack and not in defence.

He kept up a fusillade of fire on Tariff Reform. It was on this question that I first heard him speak at the House. I had met him on two occasions previously and I was anxious to compare notes. Mr. Lloyd George was leading. I remember vividly the mastery of mood he possessed. His eloquence was impassioned; for rich, sparkling oratory, from the heart of a man to the hearts of men, Mr. George has no equal. Mr. Balfour, looking as usual like a curate at a pink tea, followed him, and as usual he meandered through his amazing dialectics, remaining always charmingly thoughtful, innately diplomatic, nimbly elusive.

Churchill came next. I suppose—indeed I happen to know—that this particular speech had been sedulously and minutely rehearsed. The House woke up thoroughly, for Mr. Balfour had lulled it to somnolence. From the outset it was interested. Churchill's talk was sheer rhetoric. It was an attack upon Mr. Balfour and relied not at all upon the impulse of the moment. Churchill knew what he was going to say. He said it. He began by gentle prods, progressed by a series of rushes and digs, and finally jabbed the steel as he worked up to his point. He reminded me of nothing so much as a knight who jousted, and who intended to get home. His blows were clean, swift and certain. The light of his fertile mind and the fire of his faith that he had his quarrel just gleamed and flamed from the second he was up till the time he was down. He was fighting, attacking—for no other word is so apt—all the time. Hard

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fact followed hard fact as blow follows blow. The only variation was a witty epigram which rather turned the steel in its wound, or a simile, petty and essentially nice, which exactly fitted the situation. There was no trace of nervousness, though this bundle of sensitized mental and physical wires was feeling every moment like a wet rag. He said so at a reception afterwards. But while he was speaking sheer will-power kept his agitation under. The speech stood out as an incomparable attack, in which the thrust of accusation, the jab of argument, the prod of persuasion and the press of truth composed the whole. It was a great effort of a great swordsman.

It is axiomatic that the man who attacks must be unafraid. He must be willing to risk something on the throw. Churchill did, when he changed his political coat. There is a vague, indefinite belief that a turncoat, from the moment of his turning, is thenceforth good for nothing but to be trodden underfoot of men. Apparently Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did not subscribe to such a tenet. Churchill, had risked much; "C-B" was equally willing to take a chance. He gave the renegade office, and muzzled him. Churchill became Under-Secretary for the colonies.

"I have often wondered," he once said to an intimate friend, "just what 'C-B' thought of me in those early days." Whatever he thought he recognized the value, as a politician, of Winston.

The rise of Mr. Churchill is too familiar and too recent to need anything but casual recollection. It was due more to a series of sallies and skirmishes than to any gradual growth. In due time, he became President of the Board of Trade, then Home Secretary. He continued his attacks on the Tariff reformers, and when Mr. Lloyd George introduced his famous Budget. Churchill's hand was to his sword again as he sighted the latest enemy, the landlord. Holding aloft his banner, upon which was inscribed the motto of his father, "Trust the People," he lunged and did his best as a lieutenant of the Chancellor. The enemy secured reinforcements—the Lords, no less—and Churchill felt the edge of his foil, revelling in foemen worthy of his steel.

There were some amusing incidents during his Home Secretaryship. I have touched upon his gift as a limelight operator. He used it over the Tonypandy Riots and over the famous—and ludicrous—Sydney Street siege. He made himself more than a little absurd in the latter business, as a commanding officer. The spectacle of His Majesty's Home Secretary directing the firing of the militia upon Peter the Painter was only equalled by the foolhardy way in which he got into the range of Peter's weapon again and again. We might indeed have lost our *enfant terrible* then. But even burlesque calls for footlights, and Churchill demanded the centre of the stage.

He was bitterly opposed to Woman's Suffrage for a long time, and misjudged the strength of the movement. Once more he attacked. Now and then the other side returned the blow.

I was one of a party that awaited him at Bristol where he was to address the famous Anchor Society. The train came into the station, and Churchill alighted. A young woman, evidently determined to assail with her hands the man who had delivered many wordy blows at the Cause, crept up and struck the Minister across the face with a dog-whip.

For a moment he was flabbergasted, then turned to one of the men standing there, who was a gentleman of the cloth.

"What do you say, Mr. E——," he asked slyly, "shall I turn the other cheek?"

He came, at last, to be First Lord of the Admiralty. From the first,

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he took the offensive. He attacked red tape with the ruthlessness of firm resolve. He drove his lance of Reform swiftly and unerringly at hydra-headed officialism. The old order was nothing to respect, merely because it was old. He instituted a newer and a better, and he trod on the corns of innumerable people to do it.

Take Beresford, for instance. I sat in the gallery and heard Lord Charles, the old broom, slate Churchill, the new, for half an hour unmercifully. Churchill was sure he was right in the action criticized, and he had no deference to pay to experience. His counter-attack was probably the most scathing retort uttered in the Commons in our time.

"Before the noble lord gets up," he flung out, "he never knows what he is going to say. When he is up he does not know what he is saying. And when he sits down, he doesn't know what he has said."

It is generally conceded that Mr. Churchill's outstanding post was the Admiralty, and most persons would be prepared to say that he proved the most successful First Lord Britain has had. His regime was a series of needed reforms, which, whatever else they did, guaranteed that if and when the Navy was called on it was ready. He lived up to his self-imposed creed, confessed when he donned the cocked hat of office. This is it: "It is not for the Admiralty to mend the times in which we live. That is a task which lies in other and better hands than mine. But the task to which the Admiralty is pledged, the task which, with the ungrudging assistance of Parliament it can and will fulfil, is to carry this nation scatheless through any time, good or bad, which may be in store."

So it has done, so it is doing, and so it will do, till peace is signed.

There are those who believe that Mr. Churchill made some mistakes at the Admiralty. A section of the Canadian public believes that his memorandum to Mr.—now Sir Robert—Borden was such. Whether it was or not is not mine to say in this paper. There is, however, one circumstance which forms an interesting commentary on the subject.

Some months after that memorandum came I was in London, and after playing for four or five hours at what someone has aptly referred to as "the new game of Whitehalling," I secured an interview with Mr. Churchill. The report of this interview appeared in *The Canadian Courier* of January 17th, 1914.

"I have come to tell you," he said when at last I got past all the sentries, and awaited him, "that I really cannot say anything about the navy question."

"But," I said, "I have come all the way from Toronto, Mr. Churchill, to ask you to give me a message to Canadians about this question, which is all-important to them."

"Well, all I have to say is that I do not think at this juncture it is wise for me to say anything in regard to the Canadian navy question."

"Why?"

..."*Why?*" *he said, "because I do not think I should say anything lest I seem to interfere with the movements of a self-governing Dominion.*"

I give that conversation for what it is worth. It would seem to indicate that the First Lord himself felt his memorandum to the Premier was a tactical error.

* * *

We come now to a consideration of what Mr. Churchill's future will be. Until last week his reputation was, for many months, under a cloud. He was blamed for the Antwerp expedition, the loss of Sir Christopher Craddock's fleet in the Pacific, the destruction of the cruisers *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue*, and the failure of the Dardanelles attack. Not even the sportsmanlike way in which he took the position of Chancellor of the Duchy, the step to

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which, from the Admiralty, was a great come-down, reinstated him in the good opinion of many thinking people. Last week he made his dramatic explanation. On the whole, he was well advised in so doing. He has gone to the front, and he cannot be certain that he will return. He therefore used what opportunity he had to clear himself of these several charges made against him. That such refutation as he made was ample remains to be seen. There may be words to be heard from Baron Fisher and Lord Kitchener, which would offset the result Mr. Churchill secured, namely, a correcting in the estimate of responsibility to be placed on his shoulders for these various acts. But, *pro tem,* he is again high in favour. Said the press despatch, describing his speech in defence:

"For months Mr. Churchill has lived under reproach. His entrance to the House to-day was passed almost unnoticed. As he rose, his supporters gave him encourageing cheers. Approbation increased in volume as he answered one charge after another, and he concluded amidst a hurricane of applause, while members of all political parties crossed the House to congratulate him.

"Mr. Asquith made a speech in which he declared he had always found Mr. Churchill 'a wise counsellor, a brilliant colleague, and a faithful friend'."

If he comes through the war safely, he will, in my judgment, come back to Britain to be a mighty force in British politics. We have come to regard Churchill as unsafe, not dependable, and even slippery. There has, I think, in the past been good ground for such an opinion. To begin with, he has undoubtedly appeared, again and again, to be playing for himself. His personal ambition is unbounded. He is a Marlborough. Young ambition's ladder has served him well, and by good luck, pluck, hard work and ceaseless striving he has mounted rung by rung to a place near the top. It may be that the climber-upward has looked into the clouds, grown something giddy as he has reviewed the celerity with which he has thus far accomplished his journey, and seen a vision of what personal greatness might be his. But if this has been the case it is the common lot of young ambition. Mr. Churchill is just forty-one, and has more youth than is the portion of most men of that age. If, in the past, overweening ambition has been his, he has shown signs, these later years, of losing it bit by bit. His setback, in the shape of his more or less forced departure from the Admiralty, has done more, probably, to steady him than anything in his career. His experiences and lot as a soldier among other soldiers in the Great War may be warranted to continue the settling process. When he returns to active politics he will have lost much of that dare-devilry, that over-confidence which has characterized, in some sort, his early political life. He will return, I think, with just as much personal ambition as is necessary, and wholesome and helpful, and no more. When we see him again I believe the rashness, the *penchant* for hasty and under-judged action which have earned for him the adjective "precocious," will have disappeared.

He has, I venture to think, three attributes which will make him mighty and mightier yet as a statesman. He has, first of all, genius. He has the spirit of real democracy alive and thriving in him. And he has the power of initiative and the capacity for hard work needful to carry that which he initiates to matured success.

He has genius. He has infinite capacity for taking pains. He had not always, but always he had the seed of it and the development has taken place during the last ten years. His is the faculty of close and reasoned thinking, and his, too, the wide, wide vision. He does more than see; he perceives. That is what has made him, audacious and precocious as he has been upon occasion, the "wise counsellor" to which Mr. Asquith referred. He has enough

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perseverance and large faith to see the enterprize born of his fertile mind through to consummation.

He has the spirit of real democracy alive and thriving within him. The people of England know it. They may have doubted the politician, but they have never doubted the democrat. Throwing overboard so early all the theory of class distinction and heredity which was the appurtenance of this child of the upper ten, his clear and prophetic vision and his power of abstract reasoning showed him the essential justice of certain claims of "the people." I remember him repeating, with the light of sincerity and gripping conviction in his splendid eyes, the lines of that great hymn "When wilt Thou save the people?"

> "When wilt Thou save the people?
> O, God of mercy, when?
> The people, Lord, Thy People. ."

"The welfare of the *great masses* of England is what I am concerned about," he said.

He has the power of initiative and the capacity for hard work. His mind is alert, bright, fresh, and his arm is ready to see through the work which his mind originates. He is, indeed, a tireless worker. "Churchill." said a British member to me, "is a slogger!" He was always a slogger. Having set his hand to the plough, the labour, be it ever so great, is not shirked. Early and late, day and night, he worked, as First Lord, at the gigantic problem of the full preparation of the navy. It has been so with whatever else he has taken up. His energy is enormous; his zest and zeal are unflagging. No road is too long, no spell too protracted, for him to travel and for him to work. He would never hammer a nail half into the wood, and drop his hammer when the clock struck the hour of quitting. Whatever his hand finds to do, he does with all his might.

They say he may form a third party, if he comes safely out of the war. He may, though I do not, personally, regard it as likely. But whether he remains with the Liberal party in Britain, or whether he launches another, he will be a success.

He was about eighteen, I think, when he and another Harrow boy stood looking at the pile of buildings at Westminster.

"You see the House of Commons?" he said to his friend.

"I shall get there one day, and get to the top."

And great will be the force which will keep him down.

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LIGHT AND LIFE

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS, M.D., D.Sc.

IT needs no intimate knowledge of plants or animals to appreciate the exceedingly important part which light plays in the life of all creatures, with the possible exception of those which inhabit the abysses of the ocean. The green plant *must* have light; if grown in a dark cellar it shoots up pale and feeble—ætiolated—the vegetal counterpart of the anæmic and unhealthy dweller of the sunless courts and alleys of our cities. Without sunlight the chlorophyll will not develop, and without chlorophyll the plant cannot manufacture organic from inorganic material, a power which is its chief characteristic. But if the plants do not form starch and sugar, then an immense source of our food supply is cut off. The colourless plants—the fungi and bacteria—not only do not need light, but flourish best without it: mushrooms grow best in dark tunnels, bacteria flourish best in a sunless environment, the bacilli of tuberculosis, for instance, are active in sunless and ill-ventilated places.

Sunlight by means of its chemically active (ultra-violet) rays is distinctly inimical to bacterial growth. If one places over an active culture-plate a stencil with a letter cut out of it, and the plate be exposed to the sunshine for some time, then only that part which the light did not reach will have "colonies" of bacteria growing over it, and the letter stands out like a sunlit figure in the midst of shadow. Recently the sterilization of water on a large scale by admitting violet light to it has been attempted.

Apparently light inhibits certain disease-producing organisms, as, for instance, the bacillus of lupus—the tubercular infection of the skin. Here the light can get directly at the lesion. The special application of this is the "Light Cure", devised by the late Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen. On the model of his clinique there, her Majesty Queen Alexandra founded the phototherapeutic department at the London Hospital. The light used is that from an electric arc, the heat rays being screened off by a special prism. There is much about the curative action of light that we are far from understanding; thus we do not know why it is that red light prevents smallpox from becoming virulent; patients kept in a room lighted only by red light never have such bad "pitting" as those who are not so treated.

This is not all that is curious about red light: it would seem that it is the chemically active rays at the violet end of the spectrum which are responsible for "sunburn". Now people who live in hot and bright sunshine wear, as we know, a red headdress; the fez of the Turk and of the Egyptian is red. He has found out by experience that the red material protects him from sunburn better than any other colour. The red substance acts as a filter to separate the violet and chemically active rays from the others, so that it is impossible to get a sunburn in *red* light. The lady therefore who wishes to preserve the

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sion of light in the glow-worm, one a substance luciferin to which oxygen is carried by a ferment luciferase. If this be so, it is one more example of the widespread activities of ferments (*enzymes*).

Another very remarkable thing about the glow-worm's light is that it is heatless. Light without heat! This has for long been something which man has greatly desired to have. Unless he can make use of the heat developed along with the light of gas or electricity, which he cannot always do, then that heat is wasted. But so far he has never discovered how to create light without heat. Nature, however, did so aeons before he appeared upon the scene. Shakespeare had probably something of this in his mind when he wrote:

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

It is remarkable that light of animal origin should be confined to the more lowly members of the kingdom; it is unknown in the mammalia, for instance. The idea originated by Descartes that a cat can see in the dark by light emitted from its own eyes is quite a mistake, but like many fictions it has gained a credence refused to many facts.

SONG OF THE SLEEPER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SLEEPER, rest quietly,
Deep underground,
Lord of your kingdom
Of murmurous sound,
Hear the grass growing,
Sweet for the mowing;
Hear the stars sing
As they travel around:
Grass blade and star dust,
You, I, and all of us,
Deep underground!

Murmur not, Sleeper!
Yours is the Key
To all things that were and
To all things that be.
While the lark's trilling,
While the grain's filling,
Laugh with the wind,
At Life's riddle-me-ree!
How you were born of it?
Why was the thorn of it?
Where the new morn of it?
Yours is the Key!

Sleep deeper, brother;
Sleep and forget
Red lips that trembled,
Eyes that were wet.
Though love be weeping,
Turn to your sleeping,
Life has no giving
That death need regret.
Here at the End of all
Hear the Beginning call,
Life's but death's seneschal—
Sleep and forget!

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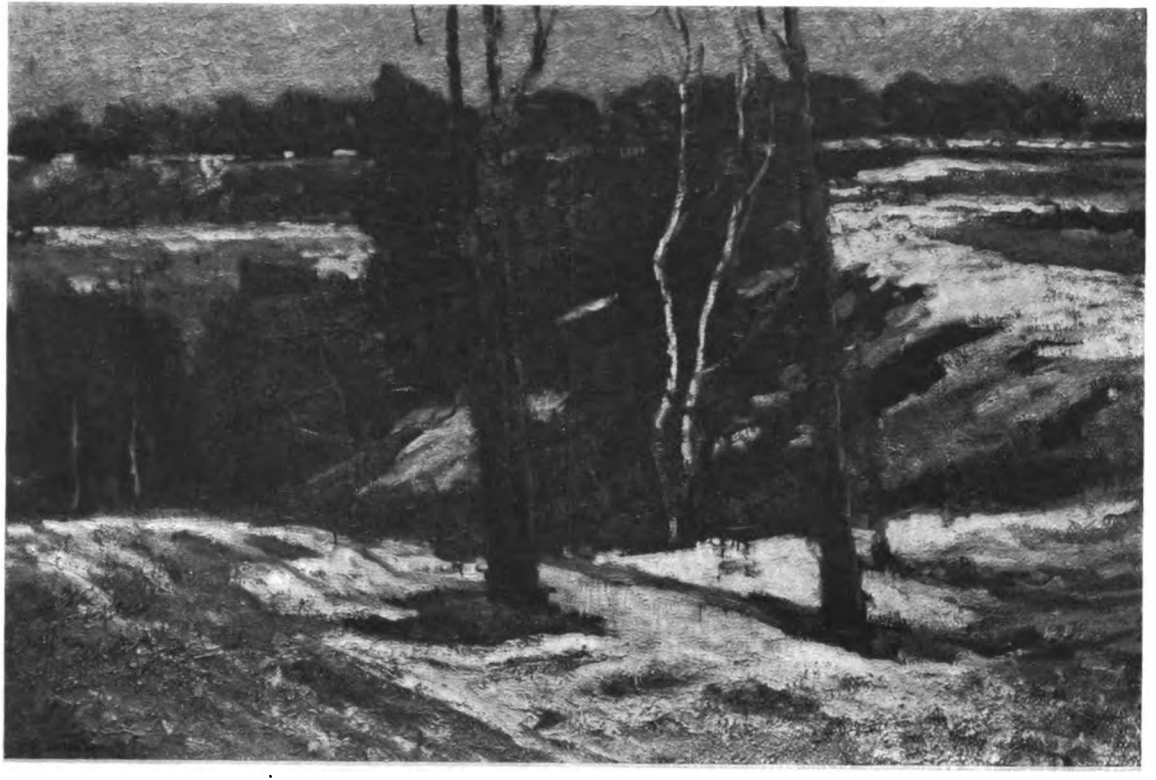

JANUARY THAW

From the painting by
W. E. Atkinson

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club and bought for the National Art Gallery of Canada.

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OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN TRADE

A REVIEW OF THE PHENOMENAL CHANGE IN COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS IN CANADA

BY WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS

ALTHOUGH still under the shadow of a great war, industrially Canada is basking in the sunshine to an extent that even the most optimistic of us thought was impossible a year ago. On every hand there are unmistakable signs of returning prosperity.

When 1915 made its advent, the trade and commerce of the country was in such a parlous condition that fear, and not confidence, predominated. A bad harvest was behind us, and trade was at a lower ebb than had been experienced for many years. Capital was timid and refused to be tempted into its accustomed channels, and credit had no solid place in which to rest its feet. Manufacturers, merchants, and financiers, instead of planning for expansion, were carefully studying ways and means for curtailing their operations in order that they might fortify themselves against the attacks of hard times.

It was not that there was any deep-seated fear regarding the ultimate industrial future of the country, for those who gave sustained thought regarding the richness and possibilities of her natural resources could scarcely be gravely concerned about the ultimate destiny of the Dominion. The fear was only as to the immediate future.

To-day the conditions are the reverse of those which obtained a year ago. It is optimism, and not pessimism, that abounds in the minds of the Canadian people regarding the financial and commercial condition of the country.

The financial and industrial strength of a nation, like the efficiency of its army, can only be ascertained after it has been put to the severest of tests. There is no mistaking the character of the test which has been applied to the financial and industrial strength of Canada during the past twelve to fifteen months. Not only was it severe, but it was more so than probably anyone anticipated.

But now that the test has been made, and the strain has been withstood, we have awakened to the fact that financially and industrially Canada is stronger than even the most optimistic deemed it to be.

"God," we are told, "helps those that help themselves." The experience of Canada during the past year would seem to establish the truth of this.

Shortly after the war broke out, when adverse trade conditions cast their shadow over the land, an appeal was made from press and platform to the farmers to apply themselves to the task of increasing the productiveness of the soil, and to the manufacturers to increase their export trade, and to study more closely the requirements of the home market with a view to supplanting merchan-

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dise which had hitherto been imported.

The response was ready. Farmers and manufacturers set themselves, in their respective spheres of operation, with a will to the tasks assigned them. And as their efforts have been crowned with a measure of success far beyond that which the most optimistic could have anticipated, it is not too much to say that we enjoyed the favour and smile of a kindly providence. At any rate the fates were with us and not against us.

The farmers were urged by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa to make an effort to produce 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. That would have been nearly 89,000,000 bushels more than in 1914, or an increase of about 55 per cent. But they did a great deal better than that. They raised 336,258,000 bushels, an increase of 108 per cent. Of oats the soil yielded 481,000,000 bushels, an increase of forty-six per cent.; barley, 50,868,000 bushels, an increase of thirty-seven per cent.; rye, 2,478,500 bushels, an increase of 18½ per cent.; flax, 12,604,700 bushels, an increase of nearly forty per cent. The total increase in these five grains was 347,777,700 bushels, or sixty-five per cent.

In quantity the root and fodder crops were smaller than in 1914, but their value, according to the figures issued by the Statistical Bureau, was larger by $4,152,000 than that of the previous year, being placed at $230,379,000.

No official valuation of the grain crops has yet been made by the Bureau, but experts of the Department of Agriculture estimate that the aggregate value of all crops (grain, fodder and roots) will be $250,000,000 in excess of 1914. If this estimate is correct, the total will be about $888,580,000, compared with $638,580,300 the previous year, a gain of about forty per cent.

The extent to which Canada was favoured by nature may be gathered from the fact that the average yield of wheat was 25.89 bushels an acre, while in the United States it was 16.9 bushels.

But it is not in field crops alone that the farmer has been benefitted during the past year. His live stock and his dairy products have also been productive of more revenue. Just what that revenue may be is not at present ascertainable. But the receipts at the cattle markets show that the farmer is selling more cattle than formerly. And a Government statement issued in July, 1915, showed that there were on the farms of Canada at that time about 65,000 more cattle and 48,361 more horses than at the same time a year ago.

The latest figures we have regarding the value of the live stock sold and slaughtered by the farmers of Canada were those furnished by the census of 1911, which showed a total of $177,635,000. The figures for 1915, if attainable, would undoubtedly show a much larger total than this; $200,000,000 would probably be within the mark. Milk and milk products were in 1914 estimated to have a total value of $123,000,000. The value of the eggs produced in the same year was placed at $26,000,000.

From a glance at this brief summary, which does not include wool, fruits, vegetables, honey and other articles, which in the aggregate yield the farmers quite a little money, it will be readily seen that more than a billion dollars' worth of products was produced on the farms of Canada in 1915.

It is this great output more than anything else that is the root of the optimism obtaining in Canada today.

But it is by no means the only root. It may be the tap root. But there are other roots. And one of them is the orders for munitions and various supplies for the army and navy which have come to the country during the last fifteen months. That these in the aggregate amount to more than half a billion dollars

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there can be no doubt. For war munitions alone orders to the extent of $345,000,000 were placed by the Shell Committee. And this does not include those obtained by private companies direct from France and Russia, the amount of which is not ascertainable.

Altogether about 350 firms are now engaged in manufacturing shells, the monthly output of which is 1,100,000.

Then there are the orders for boots and shoes, clothing, and equipment of various kinds, not only for the 200,000 Canadian troops under arms, but also, although to a lesser extent, for the Russian and French troops as well.

These orders for munitions and equipment have by no means been confined, in the benefits accruing, to the industries immediately concerned. Others have benefitted as well. Some to a marked extent. The steel industry is the most outstanding of these. When the war broke out the steel industry, owing principally to the discontinuance of buying by the railways and the manufacturers of agricultural implements, was probably in a more depressed condition than any other of our basic industries.

When the original orders for shells were placed, it was thought that all the steel bars required for their manufacture would have to be imported, as the acid-made description was not being turned out by any mill in Canada, the open hearth process being the one employed here. Nothing daunted, however, one of the steel companies began a series of experiments with the open hearth steel and soon had an article which was acceptable to the British War Office. Later on another large steel plant inaugurated a series of experiments with a like result. To-day six plants are making bars of basic, and two of acid, steel, and although all are working up to their full capacity the demand exceeds the supply. The effect of this development upon the future of the steel industry can scarcely be underestimated.

The stimulus which the orders for munitions has imparted to the machinery industry is scarcely less marked than that upon the steel industry. Owing to the general trade depression, manufacturers were buying little or no new equipment. Business was, therefore, almost at a standstill as far as makers of machine tools were concerned. But with the advent of orders for shells came a sudden and unexpected demand for machine tools. Within a few months it had become so great that it by far exceeded the supply. Instead of being inactive as they were eighteen months ago, the manufacturers of machine tools are now being employed to their utmost capacity.

Another industry which has had life put into it as a result of the shell orders that have come to Canada is that widely termed the wood-working industry. This comprises planing mills, furniture factories, box factories. And the cause of the activity which has been imparted to the wood-working industry is the demand for shell boxes, in the manufacture of which hundreds of plants in all parts of the country are busily employed. The development of the shell-box industry has naturally created a demand for wood-working machinery.

Before the orders for shells were received, Canada was without zinc and copper-making industries. But their necessity became so great that within the last few months these have been started under Government patronage. Plants for making the high explosives trinitrotolene and nitrocellulose have also been established.

The orders which have been received from the Canadian, British, French, and Russian Governments for clothing, boots and shoes, blankets, saddlery, harness and other kinds of military equipment have had a far reaching effect upon the respective in-

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dustries engaged in filling them. For several months many of the plants have been running twenty-four hours a day. This has in turn reacted upon the textile industry, which, as a result, has enjoyed a good year's business.

Another factor which has helped to stimulate the textile industry is the demand which has come to it for materials which were formerly imported from Great Britain, Germany and France by manufacturers of clothing.

As a matter of fact, there is probably not an industry in Canada which is not to some extent manufacturing lines of merchandise for the supply of which we formerly wholly depended upon the foreign market.

That the financial and commercial situation, as a combined result of the bountiful crops and the war orders, is now being strengthened at a rate much more rapid than was a year ago thought possible, there can be no doubt. In every branch of trade a revival is being experienced. Certain industries are experiencing it to a greater extent than others. But all are sharing in it to some extent. To manufacturers in certain lines the improvement has developed so much more rapidly than was expected that they find themselves experiencing a demand that is greater than they can at the moment supply.

Of all barometers of trade there are none more reliable than the bank clearings and the railway earnings. The one is indicative of the financial paper that is passing through the banks. The other indicates the merchandise that is being transported to various parts of the country. A reading of both barometers shows that a remarkable change has taken place in the financial and commercial situation during the past few months.

In September there were reassuring signs that the downward tendency which had characterized the bank clearings all the year had been stayed. By October the tendency was decidedly upward, the clearings being nearly ten per cent. larger than those of the corresponding month of 1914. But the November returns were significant for two things. In the first place, they were the largest ever recorded in any one month in the history of the country, and in the second place they were thirty-eight per cent. in excess of those of November, 1914.

The increase in the railway earnings during the last couple of months for which figures are available has been even more remarkable than that in the bank clearings. October gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway were the largest, with one exception, in the history of the company. The earnings of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern during October were also ahead of the corresponding month of 1914. Earnings in November of all three railways were ahead of the same month a year ago. Those of the Canadian Pacific Railway were seventy per cent. larger than in November, 1914.

Another very good indication of the improvement which is taking place in the trade and commerce of the country is the marked decrease in the number of failures chronicled in October and November. In the former month the decrease was eighty per cent. and in the latter 35.43 per cent.

The development which has characterized the export trade is one of the most remarkable features of the year. Owing in part to the heavy adverse trade balance against us, we have during the last few years been borrowing abroad to the extent of about $300,000,000 a year. With the London market closed to us as a result of the war, it was necessary that we should on the one hand decrease our imports of merchandise and, on the other, increase our exports of the same. This we have so well succeeded in doing that the exports of merchandise for the seven months ending

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with October of the present fiscal year were $98,604,702 in excess of the imports, whereas at the end of the same period in 1914 the imports were larger than the exports by nearly $100,000,000.

If this ratio of excess of exports over imports is maintained to the end of the fiscal year, the balance due Canada abroad will be more than enough to meet our interest indebtedness, which is estimated to be between $135,000,000 and $140,000,000. If so, it will be the first time in the history of the Dominion that the balance of trade in her favour has been even equal to the interest she has had to meet on money borrowed abroad.

One of the most reassuring features of the situation is the strength of Canada's financial position. The most striking proof of this is to be seen in the monthly Government statements regarding the chartered banks of the Dominion. Some months ago, the deposits crossed the billion dollar mark and they are now the largest in the history of the country. The significance of this is the command of funds which it gives the banks to finance the crops and to provide accommodation for the manufacturers and merchants. In a time of business revival it is certainly reassuring to know that it will not be restrained for want of an adequate supply of funds. But that which is probably the best indication of the soundness and strength of the banks of Canada is the condition of their resources. According to recent statements, these are now larger than at any time in the history of the country. To put it another way, the banks were never as well fortified to stand a strain as they are to-day.

That Canada has good reason for facing 1916 with an air of confidence there can be no doubt.

WAYFARERS

By MARY SUSANNE EDGAR

WAYFARERS we, with faces toward the sun,
Eager to follow to the glowing west
The winding highway of the heart's lone quest;
To swerve not from the path we have begun,
Ere the far goal of pilgrimage is won;
To greet the morn, and face the noonday test,
To kindle lives with our Godgiven best,
And share our vision till the day is done.

Ah, friend of mine, though you pass out of sight,
As to the crest we venture forth alone,
Upon my path has streamed your wondrous light;
In your clear eyes my soul has steadfast grown.
I am convinced that somewhere in the height
We two shall meet and know as we are known.

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FRAGMENTS FROM A MODERN POMPEII

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

IF I mention the name of the city where I saw what I am going to write about, this article will be "killed" by a censor. A first censor may pass it and a second censor may leave half of it, but before the last of that inquisition has sheathed his blue pencil there will be nothing left of the story. Canadian readers have heard the name of this city time and time again. In defence of it and in attacks round about it many a Canadian boy has lost his life. One could almost hold this against the city. One might be tempted to say, Why should a lad born three or four thousand miles from here run straight into the face of death in the defence of this city? What claim has it upon Canadians? But when you look you understand.

What became of all the people who used to walk up and down these gaping streets, laughing and giggling, making love and showing their fine clothes, buying and selling, marrying and burying? The stillness of the town is like the stillness of one dead—one whom one expects to find alive. In the midst of its silence, one is tempted, figuratively speaking, to call out "Wake! It is breakfast time and a beautiful day!" But it can't be waked. The water tower in shambling posture stands weakly beside the railway track at the crossing of the main road: It seems to sway if a mere breath of wind touches it. The city hall is a ruin. There are no babies in the gutters or police twirling their moustaches, or maid servants giggling, or old women clicking the lace bobbins in the fronts of their houses. Here is a mansion represented by an occasional point or two of masonry standing like fangs in the jaw of an old man. The heat rising from the ruins makes the sky quiver. This is the rigour of death. Every three minutes, like the beat of a clock on the side of a wall, a German shell flies overhead, singing with elaborate simplicity, as if to disguise the nature of its errand.

"Just—er—cross this road—er—as quickly as you can," drawls the officer guide. "Better go one at a time. Run if you like! It's a bit of a bad spot, this cross-road. . . . Everybody over?"

Traffic? None. But several miles from the crossing there are Germans with maps, and this crossing is so marked that they have only to mum- . . I may be able to find a funk-hole mander and a whiz-bang or a Jack Johnson or a Coal Box can be dropped on that crossing with ease and accuracy.

"You see," continues the officer, having counted heads, "there's a Taube hanging about, and if he saw half a dozen people crossing that spot all at once he might get panicky. He might think we were putting troops across and wireless his battery man to nip us. . . . Ah! . . . . See him? . . . Just keep in the

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shadow of this old wall here. . . . That's it. . . . We seem to have come in time for a bit of hating. . . . They are potting 'em all over the place. . . . Silly fellows—what? . . . just follow me will you. . . . I may be able to find a funk-hole if they improve their shooting. . . . Ah! Look up! Do you see him? . . . That's the Taube again. You can tell him by the cut of his wings. He's right over this street now. Get back! Back! Get in under that bit of archway till he's gone. . . . . That's better. Graceful spiral he did then, wasn't it? Ah! See! Our fellows are firing on him. Good shooting! Good shooting! . . . " with something like a sigh of regret. "Rotten luck! Out of range."

The archway where we took refuge was really in a half decent state of repair. The walls of this particular house were still strong enough to hold up the roof, but every window was gone, and the inside of what had once been a drawing-room was a mere heap of debris. A gaudy chandelier hung from the ceiling all bent and twisted with the force of the same explosion that had blown in the windows and pitched the heavy mahogany furniture to one side of the room. Under my feet was a litter of papers, some of them scorched and others shrivelled by the unholy curiosity of rain water. I picked up one—it was sacrilege and yet this was part of the story of the ruined city—and found that it was a cancelled draft for two thousands three hundred francs, drawn on one of the forms of the Credit Lyonaise in Paris by a Paris banker against one who was apparently a private banker in this modern Pompeii. It bore the imprint of a rubber stamp certifying that it had been accepted and paid just two days before the first German bombardment of this town. A piece of cardboard bore an invitation to a dance in the house of a certain—number twelve in the Rue Houplin. Poor little Rue Houplin! Our guide pointed it out to us later: a mere mark on the ground.

A third piece of paper was apparently from a letter. Translated it read: ". . . . No, Little Man. I do not think that the freehold of the Inn of the Arrival of Good Friends is worth the money which you suggest paying for it. It would not earn the interest. It would be much better since you are selling your American securities to keep your money about you, in a little sack. There are strange times coming. One might need a little money. Marie's affair (these names I have changed) with the man Poulente is quite finished. Of course we accept the situation, but it makes your mother sorry to see Marie so stubborn, for we hear that Poulente was a good man, a very little drinker, and able to rule Marie's temper—which you will understand is most important—though of course that is not a recommendation of the man Poulente which your mother or I would venture to mention to our Marie. . . ."

Beside this letter is a bill from a dressmaker—a dress for Marie possibly—and on the bottom, in the same hand-writing that accepted the Paris draft, is a note, *"Voudriez-vous me dire ce que c'est que cela?"*—an itemized account, please!

There is a baby's rattle made of celluloid and partly broken by a splinter of spent shrapnel that still lies beside the rattle. Here is a pair of heat-warped curling tongs. Marie's? Where is Marie? Is she still so stubborn? Where is the man Poulente? Is Marie, in spite of her stubbornness, secretly weeping for him because he is at the war? Where is her father? How does he live now that his comfortable business is gone? Is he one of those people one meets living in Gower Street boarding-houses on one meal a day and a sixpenny cake eked out with a bottle of Canary sac bought at the corner grocery?

A dance card! A child's rattle! A

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woman's first aid to presentability! A shrewd business man talking to his son—I think it was his son—about the freehold of the Inn of the Arrival of Friends? And Marie! What of her?

Is it a flicker of amusement that seems to light the dull face of the street? Was that a cynical smile? Did a woman just go in at yonder doorway? Is the town really dead or only holding its breath and pretending? Empty-eyed and rigid it stares at the sky. The smile was the shadow of a cloud tripping lightly across the sky. The woman's figure merely a shred of a garment caught months ago on the side of the door from some frightened refugee's apparel and now blown grotesquely about by the breeze.

After a time the Taube satisfied his curiosity about the street we were in and sailed on to other parts of his beat.

"D'ye know w'ot we calls 'im?" said a sentry to whom we ventured a remark as we passed. "'E's Old Copper Belly Jack. That's w'ot we calls 'im. Y' cawn't mike the copper awt naow because 'e's flying levil. But w'en 'e tilts agin the sun y' can see the belly of 'is machine is red and shiny. 'E isn't a bad sort either. 'E spots us and we spots 'im, and its all fair fightin'. I think, sir, 'e's a married man, sir, bi the wye he drives. Yes, sir"—with a wink—"very reckless-like. I reckon he don't care much, sir."

Some of our party having more courage and less responsibility in Canada went to the very centre of the desolation and picked up souvenirs of a certain famous building. Others had a less exciting—but not altogether danger-proof—return to the automobiles. Blessed be big automobiles. They look like a shelter from whiz-bangs whether they are or not—chiefly not. From the running board, with glasses, we had a long stare at a certain section of the front line trenches. The usual two lines of sand bags in a deserted field—an occasional savage flash, a cloud of smoke and a far-off roar!

He stands at the most important cross-road in this town. Call the town graveyard if you prefer. Ruins delineate the four sides of the square. On two sides are Germans. The spot where this sentry stands is marked on German maps—we know this from aeroplane maps we have captured—and one of these days two big shells will be placed in the middle of the cross-road just to block whatever traffic might happen to pass there. This is certain to happen. and when it does happen this sentry or his mate will report for duty somewhere out of the ken of human beings. Yet he arrives there at the end of his short beat, wheels right-about smartly, and tramps with a crisp clicking of heels to the other end. Seeing us coming he challenges, and then, heels together, head up, brings his rifle down from the slope and slaps the other hand across his breast and against the flat of the barrel. By his eyes I suspect him of a life of Saturday night riots somewhere back in the past. I doubt if he can spell as he can swear—if indeed he can spell at all—and I cannot be certain that he was always polite to his wife. But he does his trick here like a gentleman. Never a nervous glance at the sky. Never a falter in his step when he hears a big shell slobbing along the sky and knows it is as likely to drop beside him as not. Take off your hat to him, Mr. Employer, who "fired" him once for fighting in your shipping-room. Three men died on the same spot last week and on the same job he now holds with such dignity. But when you have acknowledged your debt—hurry. He stands on the hottest spot to be found in twenty miles this very day.

We were going along a certain street on our way back to the automobile when three whiz-bangs dropped so close to us that our guide did what

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real soldiers are not supposed in the mind of fiction readers to do, but what a good soldier always does when he can: he took shelter. We scurried in through a toppling doorway and half fell, half ran down a stairway into what looked like a ruined cellar.

"Cheer-O!" shouted a strange voice as we arrived in a sort of hall at the far end of the cellar from the stairs. "I say—you are a merry lot. What's up?"

"Ah! Beg pardon," explained our guide, discovering that we were in the presence of another officer, and one who apparently exercised some sort of dominion over the cellar. "Are we intruding?"

"Intruding nothing," retorted our volunteer host. "What's up? Some straffing up above?"

"A little," said the guide, "I think it's over now. We'll be going. Thanks awfully."

"No. Really! Don't go. I say —" turning, "I say, Williams! Williams! Williams! are you there? Damn that man! What'll you have to drink? I'll get it myself."

Williams, the batman, showed his face in the door.

"What have you got?" asked his superior officer.

"The whiskey is gone, sir. Sorry, sir. There's wine, sir. A little of the red?"

"You'll have to drink red wine," reported our host, "and you won't get glasses, either. Sit down!"

We had tumbled thus by accident into the dwelling-place of three young officers who preferred to live here in a cellar of "Pompeii" than to trudge back to the safer region beyond the boundaries of the city. The place was furnished with the wreckage of mansions—mahogany and walnut, scarred and splintered in spots and sometimes held together by bits of string and wire. There was a carpet on the floor and an empty eighteen-pounder cartridge hung by a wire as a dinner gong.

"Been livin' here long?" queried our guide.

"Months."

"What are you?"

"Haven't you heard of us? We're the Rustlers—so-called because we rustle timbers out of fallen houses and build barricades of 'em. It's a beastly American name, but it's easier than our regular one, "and he gave the proper name, a thing I dare not do in this article."

By-and-by his red wine came and some tall thick and while enamel mugs. We sipped the wine and we heard the story of life in a cellar in "Pompeii". The details of the equipment don't matter except perhaps in respect to the building of a bath in the cellar. It was easy enough to get a tub from a ruined house and easier to find water. But the real touch of luxury came when a small electric suction pump was discovered and connected with the electric wire —of which and its mysteries more anon.

"You see," exclaimed the Rustler, "now that it's fixed I go into my bath and Williams sets the motor running, with the suction end of the apparatus in our big hot water cauldron in the kitchen. When the bath is sufficiently filled with hot water I shout, and he changes the sucker into the cold water cauldron. I shout again when I have enough, and then—when I've finished—we reverse the pump, and pump the water out into the gutter of the street."

"But whence the electricity?" sniffed our guide, who was by way of being an entertaining story-teller himself and obviously disliked poor technique. "Whence the electricity, old Top?"

"Look!" said our host, and standing up turned on a Tungsten lamp over our heads.

"Love of heaven!" whispered our guide, "how the devil did you get that?"

"Hush! There is a power station as you know in the town just over

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behind our good friend the enemy's lines? How or why we do not know, but this much is certain—" and he clicked the light off.

"I suppose this city once got its light from the other one?"

"Precisely. And still gets—a little."

There was one day a strange sight in this little town. Down the long deserted street came ten little nuns in black, looking to right, looking to left, for signs of their old habitation, their heels clicking on the cobbles. It was discovered still standing, though in bad shape, and the nuns were proceeding toward it when a shell burst between them and the old nunnery. A second and a third followed, and the frighted women cowered in a door-way, kneeling.

It was thus one of the three officers found them and led them to the cellar snuggery.

"They had come, y' know, to rescue some of their things from the nunnery," explained our host. "One of the sisters had left a piece of lace she was making for a bride, and another had lost the only picture of her mother. Each had come back to get some little thing out of the place. Poor little women. We gave them some tea. That bucked 'em frightfully. Then two of the other chaps and Williams here—they went over to the little old nunnery and fished out some trifles—the best they could get, and brought 'em back to the nuns. Poor little things. They were frightfully bucked. Frightfully bucked."

You know what "bucked" means in United Kingdom English?

I learned afterward that the nuns left with each of the young soldiers their "blessing". Each consisted of a little mother of pearl heart. The men to whom they gave the blessings were at other times unimaginative young Protestants with a long list of things they called superstitions—other people's. But one of these three officers since killed in the big advance wore the blessing round his neck. If it was not effective against shrapnel, it was effective in other ways.

As we stood on a hill overlooking the desolate town we thought of the last story we had heard concerning it. It runs like this:

Down this very hill one day before the Germans had bombarded the town, rode a Canadian on leave. He had heard of an estaminet where one might get a decent drink. In the estaminet, acting as priestess at the altar of bottles, he found a widow who cast upon him a "favourable eye". She gave him wine and then she cooked him chicken and sent him back to his "piggery" not only refreshed, but resolved to repay the hospitality.

With much intriguing for leave, with many runnings back and forth of messengers betwixt the estaminet and the "piggeries," it was arranged that on a certain afternoon the Canadian and two officer friends would arrive at the estaminet with such good things to eat and to drink—for food was already becoming scarce in the town—as they could collect. The widow was to bring in her two unmarried sisters and, for chaperone, the curé.

"Well," said the Canadian from whom I have the story, "we raided every mess we could get near until we had collected chickens, olives, celery, champagne, and potatoes. As each of us was in a different unit we had to work independently and travel to the town independently. I rode down with my own horse and one pack horse. I got to the top of the hill, and looked down. There were a few shells whanging around, and I noticed a good many buildings were newly down. The pack horse was nervous, but I kept hold of him and rode down toward the estaminet. As I got there a shell broke not far away and frightened the pack horse, so that he bolted with food and all. A whiz-bang got him before he was

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three hundred yards away. The estaminet looked safe enough, but I says to myself: 'This is no place for a party,' and I turned back, riding like a streak, because things were getting hotter. There wasn't a soul in sight on the whole main street.

"I heard later what happened to the others. Bill, of the ———'s, he came after I had left, I guess, and got a shrapnel splinter in his left arm. He decided it wasn't healthy either. Marston, the third chap, he arrived after Bill—late as usual. All he could get was a pig from a farmer and some beer. He had laid his bottles inside the pig and the pig on his pack-horse. When the third man —Puddin' we call him—got there the shelling had stopped for supper time, so he rode straight up to the estaminet."

"So?" we said, supplying the desired pause.

"He found the mantel-piece and chimney still standing and the bottles on the little bar all in order—but that was all. The humour of the thing took Puddin' off his feet, and he left his card on the mantelpiece!"

"And the widow?"

"She and most of the towns-folk had escaped. We heard of her up ——— way. She and her sisters had pitched camp in a deserted farm house, taken over the management, and are already laying the foundations of a fortune selling grub to one of our brigade headquarters. It will be hard to prove who owns that farm house when the war is over, and the original owner comes back to claim it."

AUTUMN SUNSET

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THIS evening while the colour glowed and spread,
Working again that ancient wonderment
The which eternally incompetent
Is hand of man to imitate, was bred
Some yearning spirit only half suppressed.
The vast and cloudy pageant of the sky,
A host from some strange caravanserai,
That swayed in crimson, going down the west,

Stirred me. A great and silent loneliness
Smote in my heart its fever of affright,
A dumb fear grew, and all the shapen might
Of solemn grandeur made it more, not less.
Seemed that brushed by me, passing very near,
The awful cortege of the stricken year.

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THE REAL STRATHCONA

VIII.—A PRINCE OF BENEFACTORS

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

PERHAPS nothing was so remarkable in the career of Donald A. Smith as that after spending thirty years in the formative period of his life in the wilderness he should with the utmost facility enter into the highly organized society of city and national life. The young man of the wilds of Hudson Bay, Ungava, and Labrador was a natural-born civilian and courtier. He had withal a strong sense of obligation and of his duty to the most highly organized life interest as embodied in education, religion, charity, and culture. He was a most generous participant in every phase of improvement in the young society of Winnipeg.

He was at that early time, judged by present-day standards, not a rich man. He encroached seriously on his Labrador savings in his early western life. In newly organized communities personal benevolence is the only means of advancement and progress.

The writer who in 1871 was charged with pioneer work in education in Winnipeg remembers well the first subscription received from the Commissioner in his office in Old Fort Garry. Strange to say it was in connection with what was afterwards one of his hobbies—the education of women.

While the writer's chief business was supplying education for young men, he sought at the same time to provide in a humble way for that of girls and young women in Winnipeg. So a call was made upon Donald A. in his office to head his subscription list. The Commissioner without hesitation began the list with £50 sterling, for at that time, which was shortly after the transfer to Canada, sterling money was still used in Red River Settlement. He then remarked: "Professor, always take your subscriptions in pounds sterling, for it does not seem so big, you know, as in dollars, and is more easily got."

Donald A. Smith was in 1873 a member of the first Manitoba College Board, and was the only other surviving member besides the writer of that first Board at the time of his death in 1914. His gifts to the College were numerous. He provided the first $500 to begin the Laboratory of Manitoba College, which was the first chemical college laboratory in Western Canada. He contributed to the new Manitoba College Building of which the Marquis of Lorne laid the corner stone in 1881.

He was a constant donor to all new movements for social, athletic, and educational advances. In later years he gave to the writer as Chairman of the Faculty of Science in the University of Manitoba the timely sum of $20,000 to organize the faculty. Other colleges and benevolent institutions were objects of his bounty and were helped by him before fortune had smiled upon him with great wealth. The Christian young women

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of Winnipeg received from him $10,000 toward the erection of their residence building. His bounty to churches of different denominations was notable. He never made his gifts indiscriminately. In reading his elaborate will, one is struck by the very wide possession of his lands in the Red River Valley. His Hudson's Bay Company Associations no doubt account for this. Many and many a church, and that of different denominations in the neighbourhood of these lands, is known to the writer, when being built, rebuilt, enlarged or restored to have received "Donald A.'s" contribution sent promptly and heartily.

While Lord Strathcona's nationality precluded him from any charge of wasting his money, yet in his givings, his tastes, old connection or national association largely dominated him. The St. Andrew's Society, the Caledonian gatherings, and particularly the "Roaring Game" of curling never failed to be remembered. As illustrative of his kindness and remembrance of old friends, Donald A. sent regularly about Christmas time up to the year of his death a brace of pheasants, in cold storage, to the writer and each of about a dozen old associates in Winnipeg, from his British estates in token of his remembrance of the "old days," the "old memories" and the "old associations". His heart never became hardened by his wealth.

One of the distinctive fields in which Lord Strathcona delighted to bestow his bounty was in assisting colleges and universities. Though not a college-bred man, he nevertheless had a profound admiration for learning and learned men. As was very natural he took a great interest in the city of his largest residence—Montreal. For years its Chancellor, McGill University received many tokens of his interest. Sir William Macdonald, joining with him in a friendly rivalry, led to great things being done for Montreal's favourite college. It was fitting that after Lord Strathcona's decease in 1914 Sir William should succeed him as Chancellor.

The side of the university that appealed most strongly to Lord Strathcona was the medical department, which he looked upon as a reliever of human suffering. He gave McGill its beautiful new medical building at a cost of half a million of dollars, and also endowed the two medical chairs of Hygiene and Pathology with $50,000 each. It is notable that the Medical Research Society in London, England, housed near Russell Square, of which he was for years president and benefactor, should likewise show his strong sympathy for suffering humanity, as did also his legacy of a thousand guineas to Dr. Pasteur. The culmination of Lord Strathcona's bounty and sympathy in this direction is seen in his leaving an additional half million dollars in his will to the Royal Victoria Hospital, which had received a like sum from him when years before he collaborated with his cousin Lord Mount Stephen in building the hospital for the city of Montreal.

His devotion to the cause of educating women is in some respects the most complete and useful monument which he left behind. This is embodied in the beautiful building in the neighbourhood of McGill University, Montreal, known as the Royal Victoria College. In this building the women students of McGill University, from a competent staff receive their training for obtaining university degrees. This prominent site and the building erected upon it was supplied at a cost of $400,000, and in his will Lord Strathcona left an additional million dollars for this pet of his fancy—sometimes known as Donalda College. It was also fitting that His Lordship left to his friend Principal Peterson of the University a legacy of £1,000 sterling. It is but just to state that in the healthy competition between the present and past chan-

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cellors, Sir William Macdonald has to his credit several of the grandest buildings of the university and also the magnificent Agricultural College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

That sympathy for ignorant or suffering humanity was one of the chief motives of Lord Strathcona's life is seen by gifts bestowed not only in his own native land but in foreign lands as well. In 1906 he sent $10,000 to the San Francisco sufferers; in 1912 $5,000 for assistance to the survivors of the *Titanic* who belonged to the United States. In 1913 he forwarded five thonsand dollars to the sufferers in the Ohio floods. These are but examples of a continuous flow of sympathy for unfortunate humanity. In his will we find entries simply typical of scores of others, as Leanchoil Hospital, in his native town of Forres of $50,000; London Hospital $40,000.

Mention has been made of his great gifts for university education and general knowledge, chiefly in Montreal, but Lord Strathcona was also most cosmopolitan in his gifts. As much of his wealth came from investment in the United States he as feeling in duty bound left $500,000 to Yale University. Filling the office of Chancellor of Aberdeen University, Scotland, for a chair in agriculture he left that body £5,000 for agricultural education, besides £1,000 to the Principal, Dr. George Adam Smith. Being an admirer of Cambridge University, which was in the region of his Debden estate in Essex, Lord Strathcona left £10,000 to the university, to be added to a like sum given previously to that institution. To Canadian seats of learning other than those already mentioned he contributed $100,000 to Queen's University, Kingston, and $60,000 to endow the Principal's chair in Montreal Presbyterian College. For the benefit and comfort of the aged, retired ministers of the church of his fathers in Edinburgh, the Church of Scotland, he left £10,000.

To those who had been his agents, secretaries and faithful employees received in most cases the sum of $1,000 each, and to a large body of relatives and friends handsome amounts in the shape of annual allowances were devised. He forgave many debts. To the nation his estate largely left to his family will give a very large legacy duty. In financial circles the total amount of the estate is made out to be $28,000,000, though a portion of this may depend on the valuation of his Canadian property.

It was certain that one so successful, so noted, and so influential would not escape the tongue of slander. It is easy to say that human affairs are not properly arranged to make it possible—and indeed we may say so when all has been obtained legally—for a company's clerk to acquire, in three quarters of a century so enormous a fortune. To those who speak thus it gives some consolation to know that he bestowed vast sums in making humanity more intelligent, more happy, and more comfortable. The list of donations given and legacies left suggest that Donald A. Smith was a thoughtful, sympathetic, keen-sighted and generous man.

His critics say that Donald A. Smith lent money to politicians, government officials, young business men, trading companies, communities, and even those of higher station to obtain an unwonted influence in carrying out his plans.

The writer, having a very wide acquaintance in Canada, has taken the pains to inquire into a number of such cases.

(a) He lent money in the seventies to three young men who began a newspaper in Winnipeg. In course of time this newspaper wished to turn its advocacy against the Canadian Pacific Railway, with which the Province of Manitoba had a quarrel. The leading proprietor, visited last Christmas by the writer, said that he called on Donald A. and offered, though not very able, to pay back

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the debt. Donald A. replied: "No! I gave that to you young men to help you: you can have the money as long as you need it. You can follow whatever policy you think right. I gave it to you to help you, not to coerce you." The debt remained unpaid for several years. Mr. P., now a well-known Canadian, declared Donald A. to be perfectly honourable.

(b) Another slander is that he tried to buy up *The Globe* newspaper by going to the proprietor's widow in Edinburgh. She, it was said, refused with scorn, though strongly solicited, to sell out. The financial agent of *The Globe* told the writer that this was nonsense, for at the time plenty of the stock could at that time be bought at a large discount. The story is untrue.

(c) The charge was made that he lent money to politicians likely to become cabinet ministers to influence their votes on his railway schemes. The writer has information from the highest authority that it was not the intention of his party to give the important office to the person concerned. The statement is a fiction.

(d) The statement that Donald A. planned to take advantage of the Dutch bondholders of the Minnesota Railway was declared to the writer by another director of that railway to be absolutely untrue.

(e) A frequently repeated representation, made in shady corners, that bribery, corruption and general untrustworthiness in Canadian public life was brought about by Donald A. Smith's malign influence, is not generally believed, is unproved, and to the mind of the writer is unprovable.

(f) The reiterated charge of Donald A. pictured as a ferocious wild beast, ready to spring on unwary financial victims, in public and business life, the writer is in a position to declare ridiculous and absolutely unsubstantiated.

The writer would ask, Is it possible or even probable that a man so large in his benevolence, so broad in his sympathies, so pitiful to the sick or unfortunate, so anxious to promote education and charity, so absolutely pure, temperate and domestic in his life could be other than a kind, considerate and high-minded man?

The writer, as his intimate friend, denies such a possibility with the utmost scorn.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ISABEL SKELTON

THE list of guests at a large civic reception brings home to one the multiplicity and variety of names one's fellow-citizens bear. Where did they get those names? Had they ever any meaning? Was there once a time when Mr. Long was really tall, when Mr. White was fair, when neighbour Gull's reputation was less enviable than Goodfellow's, and when Gosling, Peascod, and Bull were more likely to be closely connected with agricultural interests than they are to-day?

Only happy accident ever makes a name in the twentieth century descriptive of its bearer. Yet when it happens, with what joy we seize on such a fitness. In election campaigns, for example, what an asset for the candidate is a name which bears an honourable interpretation. How quickly his friends will proclaim it an undeniable pledge for all that is good in character, while on the other hand his opponents will as readily make hostile use of it if it implies or they can make it imply something mean or bad.

It is hard for us to free ourselves from the feeling that names should be significant. Unconsciously a musical name with associations of credit and charm predisposes us in favour of a person, while a harsh or grotesque one as surely discourages such expectations. It is proverbially true that a bad name brings a dog to an evil end, while a good one will sometimes help him over a stile.

Yet, be a man's name what it will, he resents deeply any tampering with it. It must not be mis-spelled or mispronounced. Although valuable no longer to others as descriptive of him, he values it highly as an heirloom from the past which he hopes in turn to hand down to his descendants with added lustre. A surname, when understood, is a record of family history more or less brief. Many are the things it may tell us and the glimpses into the past it may give. One man's name recalls the nationality of his ancestors: Dutch, French, English. Another's throws much light on the trades and customs of days gone by. What a fund of medical lore and history is recalled by the name Leach. The first Mr. Leach was unquestionably a physician who cured all humanity's ills by bleeding with the aid of his somewhat too eager assistant. Again, the name Mowcher must have been derived from an ancestor who created great amazement in his village by disregarding the primitive method of blowing his nose, and using instead a *mouchoir*. Again a third man's name may preserve from oblivion the outstanding physical or moral characteristic of his most important forefather. Such names are Merry, Meek, Shortt, Armstrong, Crookshanks, Cameron (crooked nose), Dempsey (arrogant), Brody (proud), Casey (valiant), Duff (black), and Daly (blind).

Firmly established as they now are, these family records are by no means ancient history. When we remember the number of years mankind has

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been upon the earth it is surprising to recall for how many no surname was necessary to distinguish a man. The Book of Common Prayer, published but three and a half centuries ago, recognizes none. The baptism and marriage services know but one name. It is impossible to fix the date when men were born with a name as with a shadow. The custom stole upon them by very slow degrees, it might almost be said to have overtaken the majority unawares, so gradually did merely personal names become crystallized into hereditary surnames. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries our modern nomenclature established itself in the more populous and civilized European societies. It began with the nobility who in the tenth and eleventh centuries commenced to call themselves after their ancestral seats. By the thirteenth and fourteenth we find the citizens in the same way proudly adopting the names of their trades. A well-known authority says: "There was much greater propriety in making the names of occupations stationary family names than appeared at first sight; for the same trade was often pursued for many generations by the descendants of the individual who in the first instance used it. Thus the family of Oxley in Sussex were nearly all smiths or iron-founders during the long period of 280 years. The trade of weaving has been carried on by another Sussex family, named Webb (weaver), as far back as the traditions of the family extend, and it is not improbable that the business has been exercised by them ever since the first assumption of the term as a surname by some fabricator of cloth in the thirteenth or fourteenth century."

But while in the intricate social and commercial world at large, the necessity for a definite method of individualization had made surnames lasting and general in the sixteenth century, in many isolated districts the simple inhabitants realized no such need and remained exceptions to the general rule. Iceland, as late as 1861, knew not a family name. Every man was known by his personal designation and as the son of his father. Mr. Baring-Gould says, "To the present day, in the western hills of Yorkshire, the people know themselves and are known among their comrades by their descent. A man is John a' Jake's a' Hal's, and a woman is Mary a' Tom's a' Bill's. Should there have been a moral slip, it is not forgotten; it is duly represented as Joe a' Tom's a' Katie's."

Our most numerous class of names, patronymics, were in their earlier forms and usages closely akin to just such a method of designation as this Yorkshire one. It is the rare man today who makes a name for himself, and in the good old days the rank and file of our ancestors had the same difficulty in distinguishing themselves to a name-conferring degree. They were simply the colourless sons of their fathers and were named accordingly: Thomson, Johnson, Jackson, Wilson, and the like. As these names are spelled now there has been a loss, for the original form was Thomas-his-son, John-his-son, William-his-son. A further abbreviation is found in such forms as Johns, Jacks, where merely the "s" of the possessive case remains. In names ending in "s" even this is dropped: Francis, James, Charles.

Surnames are as a rule easily understood and traced to their fountainhead. One has only to remember that most Christian names lend themselves to pet names and diminutives and that our ancestors were very fertile in devising ways of treating them so. The exigency of the case made them do it. When several neighbours were called John, and only John, it became absolutely necessary to vary the label of some of them to Jack and Ian. They sometimes added just as we do *ie* or *y* to the first syllable: Willie, Freddy. But they might also add the Saxon *kin* or *cock*: Martin and

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Marcock (Mark); Simpkin and Simcox (Simon); Lambkin (Lambert), and Tancock (Daniel), Tomkin, Jefcock (Geoffrey); Perkins (Peter), and Hitchcock (Richard). These are a few examples of surnames to-day which preserve these old Saxon diminutives. Again, the Norman *et* or *ot*, *en* or *on*, provided another means for ringing the changes on the same names, and they, too, have given us many descendants: Dancet (Daniel), Gillot and Gillet (Giles), Gobbett (Godbert), Ellet and Elliot (Elias), Timmins (Timothy), Gibbon (Gilbert), and Luxon (Luke). There is apt to be uncertainty about the *on* suffix, for in many names it seems impossible to decide whether or not it is a part of the usual patronymic *son*.

The relation of sonship could also be variously expressed. Among the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians the suffix *ing* meant sonship. Thus Jobson and Jobling are both sons of Job, and Godding (Godwin), Gibbings (Gilbert), Tapling (Thomas), and Willings (William), are similar formations. In Wales *ap* signified the son of. This form has been much corrupted, as the following examples show: Barth (ap Arthur), Bryce (ap Rice), Bowen (ap Owen), Prodger (ap Roger), Urobyn (ap Robin), Prichard (ap Richard).

O' in Ireland, and *Mac* or *Mc* in Scotland and Ireland, were the equivalent of the Welsh *ap*. So evident are the illustrations of these that we shall cite only a few where the significance of the Celtic name may have been forgotten: Macfarlane is the son of Bartholomew; MacPherson, the son of the parson, and MacNab the son of the abbot. He was the abbot of Glendockart, by the way, and lived between 1150 and 1180. MacLean (actually Mac-giolla-Ean) the son of the servant of John.

The Norman French prex *Fitz* was yet a fifth way of expressing sonship. There is a little story apropos of this: When Henry I. desired to marry the wealthy heiress of the Baron FitzHamon to his illegitimate son, Robert of Gloucester, she scornfully replied:

"It were to me a mighty shame
To have a lord withouten his two name."

And thereupon Henry gave him the surname of Fitzroy.

It is interesting to notice what a large number of family names are sometimes deduced from one original Christian name by the different combinations and permutations of the foregoing prefixes and suffixes. If we take Robert, for example, we find no fewer than the following fifty-one *bona fide* names in various registers: Bobbett, Bobbin, Bobby, Bobin, Babkin, Dobson, Dobb, Dobbie, Dobbin, Dobbins, Dobbinson, Dobbs, Dobby, Hobb, Hobbes, Hobbins, Hobbis, Hobbs, Hobby, Hobkins, Hobkinson, Hoby, Habkin, Hobkings, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Probert, Probyn, Robson, Robarts, Robb, Robbens, Robbie, Robbins, Robertson, Robert, Roberts, Roberthall, Robertshaw, Roberson, Robeson, Robings, Robinsin, Robinson, Robison, Robjohn, Robjohns, Roblin, Robshaw, Robson, Roby. Maybe the following names and their derivitives are fairer examples of such formations: Alexander gives us Saunderson, Saunders, Alkey, Sandercock. McAlister and Palister; Henry has for his descendants Harrison, Harris, Hawson, Hawkins, Halse, Hawes, Hallet, Halket, Hacket, Allcock, Parry, Harriman (servant of Harry), Hall; John is father of Johnson, Jonson, Jenkins, Evans, Heavens, Jennings, Hanson, Hancock, Bevan, Ians, Hawkinson, Jevons, Joynes, McShane (MacShawn—Celtic, son of John); From Oliver comes Nollikins, Knollys, Knowles.

If the great majority of our surnames belong to the patronymics, those derived from occupations and trades make a close second, and whatever importance they lack in numerical strength they make up in historical interest and suggestiveness. It

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was in the days of feudalism in Europe that surnames were generally adopted. This system filtered through the whole social fabric from the emperor on his throne to the porter at the gate of the humblest manor. The ranks and officials between those extremes were legion and with very few exceptions are commemorated in our twentieth-century nomenclature. It is a pleasant pastime for a democratic people to consider how many of their present highest sounding titles sprang from these lowly offices.

The Stuarts or Stewarts were in the beginning the keepers of their masters' hogs, but gradually rose in rank until they became the chief officers in his household. An especially famous branch were the hereditary Stewards of the Crown of Scotland. The Marshalls were the stable-keepers who saw to the curry-combing of the horses. The Chamberlains were the most intimate servants in the seigneurial house. The surname Chambers also comes from this office. Blower and Horniman are descendants of the man who at a chase called the dogs together. Cleaver and Claver have for their forefather the clavinger or keeper of the keys. Butler, Carver, Cook, Dresser, Falconer (also Falkner, Faulconer, Faukner, and Fauconer), Harper, Napper (also Napier and Knapper), Parker, Shiriff, Stabler, and Usher are further examples of this rise in life and independence.

From these retainers of feudalism let us turn to the freeborn, prosperous, and independent craftsmen of the towns. In this age of machinery we are apt to forget the pride men took in their trades and handicrafts four or five hundred years ago. The trade guilds of mediæval Europe were important and imposing organizations. Every tourist has gained some dim idea of their former eminence and magnificence from the Guild Halls of Brussels and other European cities. In these the masters of the various guilds used to meet in council to determine all matters affecting the interests of their industry. Each trade might have been called a close corporation. There was no climbing over the wall into it; it could be entered only through the door of long and worthy apprenticeship. Naturally what was so hard to win was highly prized. Men esteemed their trade. There were no Jacks-of-all-trades. Let us notice, according to Mr. S. Baring-Gould, how many specialists, who have descendants walking the earth to-day, were needed to convert a fleece of wool into a suit of clothes in ye olden times: "In the first place, when a farmer had wool to sell, the packer was sent for, to fasten it up in bales of a determined size and weight. These were then consigned to the stapler, who classed or sorted the wool. . . . After the sorting the wool goes to the manufacturer. When in his hands it is thoroughly scoured and dried. The combing portion is committed to the comber, and on leaving him is ready for the spinner, who in turn passes the spun wool or worsted, to the warper, to be made into suitable lengths. . . . The warp is then ready for the weaver, or webber, or webster, who has it put into his loom. The short wool is taken from the sorter to the willay, and it is then oiled and given to the carder, who combs it. It leaves his hands in the form of a rope, and passes to the mule-spinner. . . . On being cut out of the loom, the cloth is first burled, and this burling is done by the fuller, who washes it with soap and places it in the stocks, where it is hammered till it shrinks to the required length and width. This was formerly done by trampling on the cloth with the feet, by the walker. The cloth then passed to the dyer, and from him went to the tenter, who stretched it to the width required. A lister was a comber. In the case of linen weaving the whistster was the man who saw to the bleaching. Another name for the fuller was a tucker. The tozer or

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towzer was he who brought up the nap by going over it with teazles. But the cloth on reaching the tailor, or as the English called him, the shaper, went through the hands of the cutter. Then it was taken up by the seamer and run together. But even when fitted and adjusted the garment was not complete. The trimmer had to be called in to supply the ornamental laces, and the pointer to furnish the fashionable points without which no gentleman's dress was complete."

Our most common surname, Smith, is a trade appellation. The smith of the middle ages supplied a vast number of the most ordinary mechanical needs of the people, and he was everywhere. Consequently he has left the largest impression upon our nomenclature. We have seen that a man would be called Johnson when he had no distinguishing characteristic of his own to provide a name. But the man who was called Smith must have been otherwise. Of the four or five smiths in a countryside, the one who was singled out to be known by his trade must have been the one who plied it with the greatest energy and success. He was *the* smith. All honour to our trade-names then. Each one of them goes back to a man who did useful work with diligence and skill. There is no need to disguise the spelling of Smith or Tailor to claim superior descent. The ancestors of both in the majority of cases must have been superior men or they would not have built up their trade to a name-conferring height. Other such names are Cooper, Barber, Baker with its feminine forms Bagster and Baxter, Bloomer (the man who ran iron into moulds), Carpenter, Wright and its compounds Cartwright and Waynwright, Clerk (the man who could read, hence our Clark and Clarke), Glover, Glazier, Holder (an upholsterer of mattresses, beds, and cushions), Sacker, Sadler, and Tubman or Tubbs.

The next broad class of names to consider is place-names, and there is nothing very mysterious about them. That a man from Scotland who came to live in England would soon become known as John the Scot is only natural. And so many Scotts are to be found to-day all over the world one cannot help recalling the old saying that Scotsmen had to people other lands to avoid starving at home. At the same time we may remember that the two popular names in Scottish history bespeak foreign blood. Wallace means a Welshman (Waleys), and Bruce is a Norman place-name (de Brus).

Some Irish place-names are of unhappy origin. In 1485 an Act was passed entitled "An Act that the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Wriall, and Kildare, shall gae apparelled like Englishmen, and ware their heads after the English manner, sweare allegiance and take English surnames". This Act directed every Irishman whom it concerned to "take to him an English surname of a towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale, or a colour as White, Blacke, Browne; and that he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeiting of his goods yearly till the premises be done."

As our motherland has always been a haven of refuge for all sorts and conditions of men who could not get on happily in their own country; and as their old names were likely very unpronounceable for English tongues, a glance to-day through our vital statistics is not a bad substitute for a geography review. Some newcomers may have found it inconvenient to make public their former abode and were better pleased with the vague appellations of Strange, Stranger, and Newcome.

Naturally amongst British descendants no country is represented by so many place names as Normandy. Sinclair, Charteris, Montgomerie, Mowat (de Monte Alto), Muschet (de monte fixo), Hay (La Haye-de-Poits), Vance

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(de Vand), Weir (de Vere), and many more are derived from lands and towns across the channel.

But other European countries sent their quota. From German (Allemagne) ancestors sprang the Lallemans, Dolmans, Almains, and Dolmains. The ancestral home of Mr. Beamish was Bohemia; our two somewhat Irish-looking gentlemen, Messrs. Bullen and Cullen, came originally from Boulogne and Cologne. Breton or Britton, Fleming, French, Germaine corrupted to Jarman, Holland, and Veness require no introduction, although Legge, a merchant from Liege, may not be so readily recognized. The descendants of Joscelin, a place-name from Brittany, and of Pyscoed, derived from a village in Wales, are examples of an unfortunate company. They must often wish their names might be recast in the original mould and anathematize the culpable carelessness or ignorance of their forefathers who allowed their beautiful names full of history to become vulgarized into the trivial and meaningless Gosling and Peascod referred to in the beginning of this article.

Closely akin to these surnames of origin are those of location derived from a man's dwelling. They are more puzzling on the whole, as many of the Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Old English, and old Norse words from which they were formed have dropped out of our modern vocabulary. An Anglo-Saxon expert is required to tell us that Mr. Bottle's forefather was not a bottle-necked, drop-shouldered individual, but rather a man who lived in a very diminutive wooden house known as a botl or both. Harbottle, Newbottle, Bolton (tun containing a bottle), Bothwell, and Claypole (the bottle in the clay), are interesting compounds. Other styles of domestic architecture were the cot, the house, the bold (house of stone), and the scale (log-hut), and the following men are lineal descendants of the owners of each: Cotter, Draycott, Coate, Aldus (old house), Malthus (malt house), Loftus (house with a roof), Newbolt, Scales, and Winterscales. Such cots, bolds, and scales had an infinite variety of choice for natural surroundings. They might be at a Crag, Carn, Cliffe, Burg, Edge, End, Field, Grove, Gore, Thorpe, Stead, Well, Wood, Ton, or Tree, to mention but a few possibilities. Surnames derived from these began in some such circumlocution as Will-at-a-well. This in time became Will Attawell, or Athfield, Attaway, Bythell (*i.e.* by the hill), Bytheway, and Bythesea. In other instances the preposition alone remains: Athorn, Atmore, Atridge, Atton, Attress, Atwater, Bycroft, Byford, Bygrave, and Byhurst. In others all but one letter is obliterated: Nash for at-an-ash, and Nangle for at-an-angle or corner. In by far the greatest number, however, all signs of both proposition and articles has completely disappeared: Goodacre, Oldacre, Longacre, and Whitacre (acre meant cornland); Broadbent (bent was a high pasture); Deane, Oxenden, Sugden (sowden), Dearden, Denman, and Denyer (Anglo-Saxon Den or Dean, a wooded valley); Beckett and Holbeck (beck, a brook); Moor, More, Muir, Blackmore, Delamore, Morton, Morley, Moorhayes, and Paramore (an enclosure on a moor), are a few characteristic examples. Yet other men depended on the points of the compass, North, South, East, and West, or Norton, Northcot, Easton, and Weston, and many more such combinations gave them their designations.

When our forefathers turned from nature's hills and moors and fens towards their towns and cities, as soon as they passed Mr. Townsend's property on the outskirts another kind of landmark greeted their eyes. All along the streets above the shops and alehouses were swinging their signs. A hatter put out a Head; a hosier, a golden Leg; a shoemaker, a Foot; a goldsmith, a Rose, and so on. The

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following lines from Pasquin show how in the seventeenth century people were identified by such signs:

First there is Master Peter at the Bell,
A linendraper and a wealthy man.
Then Master Thomas that doth stockings sell,
And George the Grocer at the Frying Pan,
And Master Timothie, the woollendraper,
And Master Soloman, the leather scraper,
And Frank the Goldsmith at the Rose,
And Master Philip with the fiery nose.
And Master Miles, the mercer at the Harrow,
And Master Nicke, the silkman at the Plow.
And Master Giles, the salter at the Sparrow,
And Master Dike, the vintner at the Cow.
And Harry Haberdasher at the Horne.
And Oliver, the dyer, at the Thorne.
And Bernard, barber-surgeon, at the Fiddle,
And Moses, merchant-tailor, at the Needle.

It is very easy to see from this how men acquired as surnames either the name of their trade or the sign under which they carried it on. Harry Haberdasher has chosen the former, while Frank has still his choice to make, and may be Frank Goldsmith or Frank Rose, and Peter may become Peter Dyer or Peter Bell. Indeed every one of these signs, excepting the Frying-pan, is now a surname.

Macaulay tells us that when common people became able to read and count, houses on a street became numbered and the gay shop-signs disappeared. They disappeared only as signs; in family nomenclature we shall always have Dolphin, Bull, Racket, Peacock, Lion, Lamb, Roebuck, Nightingale, Oliphant (Elephant), and many more to keep their memory green.

Many of our seemingly inexplainable names belong to this class. Shops which sold church and religious supplies adopted such names as the Cross and the Crucifix, the Keyes of St. Peter, the Chalice with the serpent issuing from it of St. John, the Lily of the Annunciation, an Angel, or a Rainbow, and peculiar though they were men came to be known by them.

Let us turn from this conglomeration of names descriptive of the man's abode to the comparatively few which describe instead the man himself. When the beasts were brought before Adam he gave them names according to the characteristics he observed in each. There has always been something of the old Adam in each of us. White, Black, Brown, Long, Little, and Small are names of obvious origin, but their Celtic equivalents are more puzzling: Bean, MacBean, Fin, and Finlay, of White; Dow, Duff, Duffie, MacDuff, Kiran, and Keiran, of Black; Dunn and Donman, of Brown; McFadzean, More, Moore, Moran, and McMorran, of Long, and Beggs, of Little or Small.

Until the etymologist had sorted out our vast mountain of names many more were thrown promiscuously and apparently with every reason into this nick-name heap. Bull, Catt, Fish, Gull, Crabbe, and Peacock, for instance, were all cast on it. It was felt that the explanation that their original bearer and his namesake possessed so many attributes in common, was so simple there could possibly be no other. That the name should have been inherited from the first acquirer's shop-sign was surely far-fetched in comparison. But once more common sense had to bow to uncommon learning. And tantalizing though it is, many of our most truthful-looking derivations have to be given up for the same reason. Goodlad and Luckman mean not what they so plainly say, but rather good lathe, *i.e.*, a good barn, and a servant of Luke, respectively.

And so examples might be endlessly multiplied and an article indefinitely prolonged, for an investigation into personal names is a subject which cannot easily be exhausted. But it is a subject surrounded with very great interest, since, as Max Muller says of history, what "it has to teach us before all and everything is our own antecedents, our own ancestors, our own descent".

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CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ONE of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the war was brought to a dramatic conclusion last month by the complete evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Official reticence veils from prying eyes the real truth regarding the operations in this inhospitable region, but enough is known to show that some of the officers commanding seriously blundered. Nothing, however, can detract from the heroism of the rank and file under almost impossible conditions. Censorship has robbed these men for the moment of the tributes which in other days their matchless bravery and endurance would have called forth. Nowhere have greater difficulties been encountered or more cheerfully borne. The list of sick—about ninety thousand—was equal to the total casualty list. On the firing line or resting they were always in the danger zone. Cut off from an adequate water supply and relying for everything on the regularity of the supply ships, they could nowhere escape the enemy's fire. Not an inch of the available shore was safe from the guns. In the distance a transport wagon is seen lumbering along. There is a puff of smoke, an explosion, and only the wagon remains, a battered wreck. Men and horses have been annihilated. A boat puts out to one of the transports lying off the shore. A cloud of spray hides it from sight. The eye searches in vain for the boat and its occupants. The shore it littered with the fragments of wrecks—victims of the enemy's raking shellfire that turns this beach into a veritable shambles. One thousand miles from its base, upon a barren and rocky peninsula, with winter setting in, and disease and death ever present, the evacuation was not wholly unexpected by those who understood the situation. To withdraw four army corps and all impedimenta in face of a vigilant foe with a total loss of two wounded is a feat which has few parallels in military history.

Chief interest has now been transferred to Saloniki, where the Allied armies occupy impregnable positions. Russia, which has played a most unselfish part in this war, created a diversion in East Galicia and Bukowina following the retreat of her Allies from Serbia. This new offensive was on a scale that could not be ignored and necessitated the rushing of reinforcements from the Balkans. Rumours of a Russian landing in Bulgaria proved to be premature. In Bulgaria great dissatisfaction is felt regarding the failure of Germany to supply the troops promised, and King Ferdinand's adventure is further hampered by the attitude of Greece. Meantime the Allies have been strengthening and fortifying the northern approaches to Saloniki, where, in the opinion of some, the enemy can be dealt a death-blow.

Little Montenegro has shared the fate of Belgium and Serbia. The capture of Lovchen, the fortified moun-

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tain overlooking Cattaro harbour, led to the occupation by the Austrians of the Montenegrin capital, Cettinje. With a population of two thousand, Cettinje did not rank high among European seats of government, but it was the pulsating heart of a wonderful race of fighters. Here the picturesque figure of the present King, Nicholas I., might be seen in ordinary times as he strolled with perfect freedom through its streets, or sat by the fountain while some hardy and fierce-looking mountaineer poured into his ear some domestic or legal difficulty that pressed for solution. He is the last survivor of the parriarchal monarchs whose rule is that of benevolent despotism. And now, like King Albert and King Peter, Nicholas I. of Montenegro is driven from his home and his capital into the fastnesses of his mountainous country. By the capture of Lovchen, which dominates Cattaro, the Austrain navy, riding at anchor under the protecting guns of its naval base on the Adriatic, is safe from the Montenegrin guns which for weeks past have been raining high explosives on the town below.

It is clearly the intention of the Allies to disappoint the enemy in his attempts to divide and conquer them piecemeal. Concentration seems to be the keynote of the new plan of campaign. Serbia, Montenegro, and the Dardanelles must wait another day. This decision, the first fruits of the co-ordination of the Allied plans, will inspire greater confidence in the future movements of the Allied forces.

While military operations hang fire on the western front there is commendable activity in Eastern Galicia, where the Russians have made considerable headway. The capital of Bukowina is once again drawn into the vortex, fighting in this region having a wholesome effect upon public opinion in Roumania. The Russians are now well supplied with guns and shells, having drawn largely upon the munitions factories of Japan. German officers captured along this front express a desire for peace. One officer, questioned by Professor Pares, the official British observer with the Russian army, admitted that Hamburg was a dead town, and that Germans were on short rations. His explanation of the war was that, "economically the struggle for life in Germany had become almost impossible. Some outlet was essential, and this England and the other Powers had united to prevent". Twice he referred to the war as a "catastrophe", and that the German policy which led to the catastrophe "could not as a policy be defended". The mood of the German troops on the eastern front is no longer buoyant and enthusiastic as in the drive of last summer. All the German soldiers are for peace, and this is the constant refrain also in the letters they receive from home.

The Russian generals frequently address their men, particularly the new drafts, pointing out the issues involved. At one point Mr. Pares listened as the general in command gathered his men around him and made them "a very vigorous little speech". He described how Germans had for several years exploited Russia, especially through the last tariff treaty, which was made when Russia was engaged in the Japanese war. and set up entirely unfair conditions of exchange. The German exploited and bullied everybody, and this the peasants and soldiers could confirm in their own experience. He concluded with a story by Gurko. Some of his men had said that the enemy would have to pass over their bodies, and Gurko answered, "Much better if you pass over his". He ended by telling them to "fight with their heads".

The conscription controversy in the United Kingdom has arrested more attention in Canada than it de-

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serves. The situation has been greatly exaggerated in some of the despatches that have reached this side. The object of these correspondents apparently is to discredit Mr. Asquith and the British working man. The fact remains, however, that voluntaryism, not conscription, has saved the Empire. The number of unmarried men that have not responded to the call is infinitesimally small when compared with the gigantic proportions of the voluntary army that has been raised since the war broke out. A great wrong is done the British working classes by gross exaggerations and misrepresentations of a partizan press that has neither forgiven nor forgotten the social revolution accomplished by the British democracy during the past eight years. Take, for instance, the miners. These men enlisted in such numbers at the beginning of the war that coal production became a serious problem for the Admiralty, and numbers of them were sent back from the trenches to resume their civil occupations. In skilled labour, in the manufacture of munitions, the same thing occurred. Skilled mechanics, more useful in the workshop than in the trenches, were sent home from France to manufacture guns and shells and build ships. When a British Minister like Mr. Lloyd George makes a speech at Glasgow stating that he must have eighty thousand men at once for work in the munitions factories, that victory depends now on working men sticking to their workshops, it is forgotten that this demand for more skilled and unskilled labour in the munitions factories must be met by drawing upon men eligible for military service. A gross injustice has been done to the British workingman by "yellow" journalists, who would rather sacrifice truth than forgo the advantage of sensational headlines. Mr. Lloyd George's speeches are for local consumption. They present an entirely wrong view of the situation when cabled out to Canada in a national instead of a local setting. It is forgotten that the United Kingdom is an old country which for centuries has had an open door for the stranger. The conditions are totally different in Canada, where immigration laws bar the feeble and unfit. After deducting those engaged in munitions factories, the physically unfit, and those whose family claims are as pressing as those of married men, the number of eligible single men who have not voluntarily responded is comparatively small. Were the Empire relying upon these to obtain victory the plight of the Empire would be bad indeed. Having made a promise that the married men would not be called upon until eligible single men had first responded in sufficient numbers, the Prime Minister is in honour bound to redeem his pledge. The alacrity with which all parties have fallen into line behind Mr. Asquith shows that the opposition was due to causes other than a desire to evade military service. The Labourites made it clear that their objections were based on the scarcity of labour for industrial factories that would follow a compulsory draft of all eligible men. Whatever glory there is in this war —and there does not appear to be much for the high officers in command—the British and Irish workingmen, in the Dardanelles and on the western front, have not been behind any class in the community in their bravery in face of the enemy and in the sacrifices they have cheerfully made for the cause of human liberty.

Canada is asked to contribute another half million men. It is a remarkable testimony to the strength of the Imperial tie, and Sir Sam Hughes will no doubt accomplish the task of equipping and training this large force in time to complete the mastery of the Allied nations in Europe.

. Retrenchment and economy, if practised in private and public life, may help Canada to meet the gigan-

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tic indebtedness of the war without involving its financial obligations upon posterity. In the United Kingdom waste and extravagance are frowned down in every direction. *The Publishers' Circular* announces in a recent issue that the title will henceforth be printed in black to avoid extra expense. The notice reads: "By request of the Government we are all to observe economy where possible; so, as our red heading is not a necessity, we shall drop it until the star of peace returns with our victorious forces". British newspapers generally have retrenched and some of the weeklies are publishing monthly instead. *The Athenaeum* has become a shilling monthly. It has done splendid service during its eighty-seven years of existence, and many will regret its temporary disappearance as a weekly.

It is a debateable question whether mere absence of expenditure is true economy. The saving of money unaccompanied by its circulation is harmful to the community. In war-time extreme thrift is justified only on the ground that the money so saved is being diverted from personal to public purposes. The ability of Britain to win in this war does not depend wholly on her military strength. It is the side that can put the last million reserves in the field and keep them there that will reap the fruits of enduring peace. Economy and retrenchment, if rightly understood, will carry Britain through.

But what is economy? The Honourable William C. Redfield discusses it as follows:

"Economy is not the absence of spending. A man who is able to spend ten dollars a week on his family for food, and who does actually spend two dollars a week instead, is not economical, but wasteful. He is wasting the lives of his family and presenting the sure path to doctors' bills.

"The manufacturer who, having money available, lets his factory buildings run down and his machinery get out of repair because he does not want to spend money on either is not economical. He is foolish. He is laying up charges for the future larger than would occur if he kept the plant in proper condition.

"There was a good Irishman once who had a hole in his roof and kept it there, because, as he said, when it rained he could not mend it and when it did not rain it did not need mending. One might consider him witty, but hardly economical.

"If it is true, as some seem pleased to say, that there is a great deal of Government extravagance, it is also true that there is more Government frugality at times than should be. It is not the amount of money appropriated and spent, but the way it is spent which is real economy. We should cease judging any party or Congress by the mere aggregate of expenditures. If one Congress as compared with another has spent ten millions less, it may have done wrong and been wasteful. On the other hand, another Congress may have spent twenty millions more than its predecessor and still have been much more economical. The mere amount tells nothing of economy. The question is how the money was spent and what results were had for the expenditure.

"Economy is spending money wisely. It means spending much when needed, if much is available; spending little when little is needed, and none when none is needed. In other words, for a man to say that he spent one thousand dollars less this year than last and, therefore, saved that much or has been so economical is the merest foolishness. The fact may be that his failure to spend that thousand dollars may involve a much heavier expenditure in the future."

Mr. Redfield rightly distinguishes between frugality and economy. This war, it is to be feared, has been availed of by many to effect savings that cannot be classified as war-time economy.

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The Library Table

PIONEER LIFE AMONG THE LOYALISTS

By W. S. Herrington. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of the exhaustive and admirable "History of the County of Lennox and Addington" in this his latest literary work deals with a subject that hitherto has been sadly neglected. The early pioneer life in Canada, particularly in the section now known as Ontario, was full of romance, adventure, and humour of the highest order, and yet we have but few authentic records or interpretations of it. But this attractive book shows us the evolution of the homestead, the development from the log hut to the brick house, and the peculiarities of the common folk of a hundred years ago. Mr. Herrington writes:

"The life of the early settlers was not all work and drudgery. They had their hours of recreation, and what is best of all, they had the happy faculty, in many matters, of making play out of work. This was accomplished by means of 'bees'. There were logging bees, raising bees, stumping bees, and husking bees for the men, while the women had their quilting bees and paring bees. The whole neighbourhood would be invited to these gatherings. It may be that upon the whole they did not accomplish more than could have been done single-handed, except at the raisings, which required many hands to lift the large timbers into place; but work was not the only object in view. Man is a gregarious animal and loves to mingle with his fellow men. The occasions for public meetings of any kind during the first few years were very rare. There were no fairs, concerts, lectures, or other public entertainments, not even a church, school, or political meeting, so, in their wisdom, the early settlers devised these gatherings for work—and work they did, but, Oh! the joy of it! All the latest news gathered from every quarter was discussed, notes were compared on the progress made in the clearings, the wags and clowns furbished up their latest jokes, and all enjoyed themselves in disposing of the good things brought forth from the corner-cupboard.

"Perhaps some special mention should be made of the logging bee, since it stands out as the only one of these jolly gatherings that was regarded as a necessary evil, particularly by the female members of the family. Perhaps the grimy appearance of the visitors had something to do with the esteem in which they were held at such times. The logging bee followed the burning of the fallow, which consumed the underbrush, the tops and branches of the trees, and left the charred trunks to be disposed of. In handling these, the workers soon became black as negroes; and the nature of the work seemed to demand an extraordinary consumption of whiskey. Anyway, the liquor was consumed; the men frequently became disorderly, and concluded the bee with one or more drunken fights. It was this feature of the logging bees that made them unpopular with the women.

"The afternoon tea now serves its purpose very well, but modern society has yet to discover the equal of the quilting bee as a clearing-house for gossip. To the credit of the fair sex, we should add that they rarely made use of intoxicants; but the old grannies did enjoy a few puffs from a blackened clay pipe after their meals. Both men and women were more or less addicted to the use of snuff.

"Whiskey was plentiful in the good old days, but the drinking of it was not looked upon with such horrror, nor attended with such disastrous consequences as in our day. This difference was probably due both to the drink and the drinker. Some people will not admit that any whiskey is bad, while others deny that any can be good; but the whiskey of a hundred years ago does not appear to have had as fierce a serpent in it as the highly-advertised brands of the present day. It possessed one virtue, and that was its

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cheapness. When a quart could be purchased for sixpence, a man could hardly be charged with rash extravagance in buying enough whiskey to produce the desired effect. It was considered quite the proper thing to drink upon almost any occasion, and upon the slightest provocation; and, if a member of a company received an overdose and glided under the table, it created no more sensation than if he had fallen asleep. As the population increased, taverns were set up at nearly every crossing of the roads. Some of these, especially the recognized stopping-places of the stage coaches, were quite imposing hostelries; and as the guests gathered about the huge fire-place on a winter's evening and smoked their pipes, drank their toddy, and exchanged their tales of adventure and travel, the scene was one that has no counterpart in our day. It was a form of sociability and entertainment that departed with the passing of the stage coach."

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THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

By James Stephens. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of "The Crock of Gold", who is a poet as well as a novelist, here gives us in delightful verse form the adventures of one Seumas Beg. This is at least his fourth book of poetry. The others are "Insurrections", "The Hill of Vision", and "Songs from the Clay". There is a charm about all his work that is difficult to define. Being an Irishman, his fancy runs to fairies, goblins, witches, sounds in the wind, the terror of the void, and all the mystery and rhythm of nature. But it is better to give a sample of his work, as copied from the new volume:

IN THE ORCHARD

There was a giant by the orchard wall
  Peeping about on this side and on that,
And feeling in the trees: he was as tall
  As the big apple tree, and twice as fat:
His beard was long, and bristly-black, and there
Were leaves and bits of grass stuck in his hair.

He held a great big club in his right hand,
  And with the other felt in every tree
For something that he wanted. You could stand
  Beside him and not reach up to his knee
So mighty big he was—I feared he would
Turn round, and trample down to where I stood.

I tried to get away, but, as I slid
  Under a bush, he saw me, and he bent
Far down and said, "Where is the Princess hid?"
  I pointed to a place, and off he went—
But while he searched I turned and simply flew
Round by the lilac bushes back to you.

*

THE QUESTION OF ALCOHOL

By Edward Huntington Williams, M.D. New York: The Goodhue Company.

THE author of this book, who formerly was associate professor of pathology in the State University of Iowa, sets out to show that some other method than the ordinary one called "Prohibition" must be devised before the consumption of alcohol can be materially decreased. "The crucial test of this," he affirms, "is found in the records of police courts, prisons, asylums, and almshouses. I have recently made an extensive investigation, the results of which are soon to be published, which has fully convinced me that the net effect of prohibitory legislation is to increase the prevalence of crime (including homicide), insanity, and pauperism. Illicit stills spring up in prohibition States; liquor of the worst quality is everywhere dispensed surreptitiously; and the easily-transported drugs, morphine and cocaine, supplement the effect of the bad liquor."

*

THE WAYS OF WOMEN

By Ida M. Tarbell. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a very human book, worthy of being read by men as well as women. The opinions and ideas it expresses have "grown naturally out of the author's everyday life and observations". They are here combined,

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not to solve the woman problem, but in an attempt to "interpret, informally, certain activities and responsibilities of the average normal woman." Miss Tarbell is esteemed for breadth of vision and sane thoughts. It is a relief to have her go below the surface and repudiate snap-shot judgments in regard to woman's present status and probable future development. It is a book of hopeful, cheerful thoughts. It makes an especial plea for the young girl, explains why she, naturally and with good results, acquired the reputation of being "talkative"; advises a practical training in domestic science, that women may bring to the business of life a trained mind; and, best of all, calls the reader's attention to the "young girl's thoughts" and the necessity for making them honest, pure, and healthy. It is a very human book, worthy of careful reading.

*

THE CANADIAN IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRIES

By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: The Houghton, Mifflin Company.

THIS excellent study of a particular phase of Canada's economical development is one of the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx series of prize essays in economics. Although the author believes that the iron and steel industries would have developed in Canada from small beginnings, without Government aid, he shows nevertheless how they have been built up by means of tariffs and bounties. It should not be inferred, however, that these methods of assistance are condemned. They are analyzed and considered in so exhaustive a way that the reader leaves the book feeling that he derived an intimate knowledge of the economics of a great country. Dr. Donald, the author, is connected with McMaster University, Toronto.

In the same series there is another volume—"The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education"—by a Canadian, Albert H. Leake, inspector of manual training and household science in Ontario. The book deals with such subjects as the education of country children along agricultural and home-making lines, the training of the adult farmer in methods of soil cultivation and farm management according to scientific principles, the condition of the farm home and causes of drifting to the cities, and the development of sound business methods in all farming operations.

*

PRINCIPLES OF ARGUMENT

By Edwin Bell. Toronto: The Canada Law Book Company.

WHILE this book should appeal to all thoughtful laymen, one can scarcely imagine a lawyer who would not want to read it. A great many books have been written about logic, but this one discusses and propounds in an illuminative way the peculiar kind of logic that must be the basis of all good argument. In other words, indeed in the words of the author, the book aims to "facilitate the processes of thinking which are subservient to argumentation; to enable students readily to detect and expose fallacies; to simplify logical theory, and make it available for practical application in making and attacking arguments". It would make an excellent text-book, besides being of much service to the practising lawyer, and as well a guide to journalists and others who engage in the practice of argumentation. The style is concise, lucid, and not weakened by ornamentation.

*

THE WAR AND THE JEW

By the Rev. S. B. Rohold, with an introduction by Prof. T. B. Kilpatrick. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE two outstanding claims made in this book for the Jews are that they are among the trusted servants of all the powers now engaged in

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war, that they are loyal to the countries of their nativity, and that they are to be found, by the thousands, fighting in the armies of the various nationalities. Owing to this fact, men of the Jewish race are confronting one another as enemies on the battlefield. Then there are the terrible conditions under which Jews have lived in Russia. The book deals with these various Jewish problems in a broad yet sympathetic manner.

*

LAURENTIAN LYRICS

By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a small brochure of poems, some of which have appeared previously in *The University Magazine, The Canadian Magazine,* and other publications. They display a fine sense of colour and a keen appreciation of poetical values. The following verses, written "To the Memory of Rupert Brooke," the superb English poet who died in service at the Dardanelles, are a sample of the work:

He loved to live his life with laughing lips,
And ever with gold sunlight on his eyes,
To dream on flowered uplands as they rise,
O'er which the moon like burnished metal slips;
To hear the gypsy song in sails of ships,
And wander o'er the waves 'neath azure skies,
Seeing the splendour of tired day which dies
And into lone oblivion slowly dips.

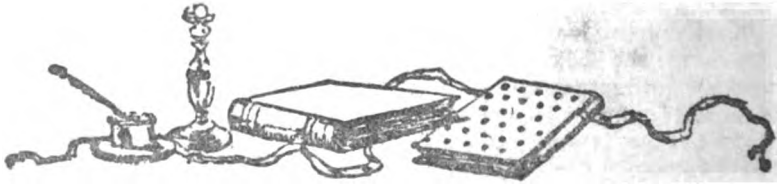
But suddenly his country clashed in arms,
And peace was crushed and trampled like pale bloom,
Beneath the careless feet of man and beast—
The world was turmoil, stirred from west to east,
And song and gladness had no longer room,
For drum and bugle called with loud alarms.

*

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

By William Frederic Bade. New York: The Houghton, Mifflin Company.

WHAT shall we do with the Old Testament? This is a question that confronts many men and women to-day. We cannot say that Professor Badé answers the question conclusively, but the book at least attempts to solve as untechnically as possible the difficulties of those to whom the Old Testament is still a valuable part of the Bible, but who find it "an indigestible element in the Biblical rationale of their beliefs". He admits that in his own case a frank evaluation of the morals of the Old Testament in the light of historical criticism has proved to be the only effective solvent. The book is a scholarly study of Old Testament history and literature and of Jewish ideals and practices.



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A Passport

The Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in London. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages unmolested. When a dusty four-wheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cabby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of 'ere," one of them called briskly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrepressible cabby replied cheerfully:

"I 'ave the old duffer inside."—*Christion Register.*

*

Prowess

Apropos of the Russian officer who, according to yesterday's official *communique,* "received in a very short space of time ten thousand bombs on his front," there was a report of the battle of Santiago, published by an American paper, in which it was stated that "Admiral Sampson had a very narrow escape. He was hit on the brow by a six-inch shell, which bounded off."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Ill-timed Howl

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while and then said:

"What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Unprepared
—*The Columbia Dispatch*

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Scotch Thrift
(*From the Argonaut*)

An Englishman, Irishman and Scotchman made an agreement among themselves that whoever died first should have five pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and asked him if he had fulfilled the agreement. "Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?" "Oh, I just wrote my cheque for ten pounds," said the Scotchman, "an' took your five sovereigns as change."

*

A New Attack

"Excuse me, sir," said the panhandler, shuffling up to Dubbleigh's side, "but you couldn't let me have fifteen dollars, could you?"

"Fifteen dollars?" echoed Dubbleigh, "Great Scott, man; do you for one moment suppose I'd be fool enough to give you fifteen dollars?"

"No, chief—I didn't," said the panhandler, "but I sort o' hoped you'd regard it as a kind of personal assessment and swear off fourteen-ninety, leavin' me with a dime to the good!"

He got it.—*Chicago Herald.*

*

Not Backward

Country School-Teacher: "You notice that boy who stands at the foot of his class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school."

Committeeman: "He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove."—*Puck.*

Some Hero

"This is one of my ancestors," she said, pausing before a portrait. "He fell at Waterloo. Have you any ancestors?"

He suddenly remembered an uncle who had sole charge of the front of a cinema show, and murmured, "Er—yes, one."

"Did he fall anywhere?"

"Not exactly; but I remember being told how, clothed in full uniform, but unarmed save for a light cane, he stood before an Eastern palace and kept a howling, surging mob at bay single-handed."

"Really! How splendid!"

"Oh, he thought nothing of it. Did it every night for years."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Less Than Human

Tom, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be nice and clean in white suits and shoes and stockings. Tom answered scornfully: "They're not children; they're pets."—*Harper's Monthly.*

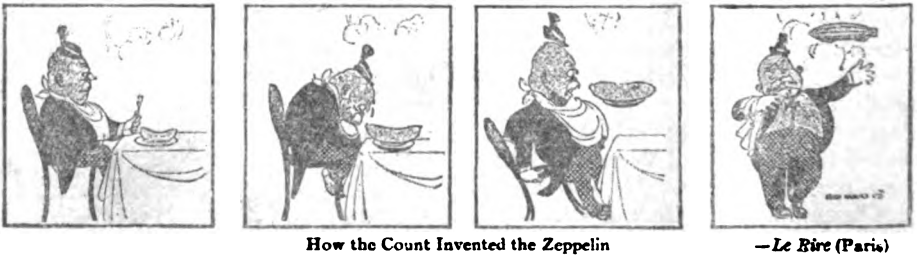
*

Impecunious

Mrs. Newriche: "I believe our next-door neighbours on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram."

Mr. Newriche: "What makes you think so?"

Mrs. Newriche: "Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand."—*Puck.*



How the Count Invented the Zeppelin —*Le Rire* (Paris)

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THE MARKET-PLACE, ST. MALO

From the painting by
J. W. Morrice

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI TORONTO, MARCH, 1916 No. 5

BATOCHE: A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL

By H. W. Hewitt.

WHEN I missed the train which should have carried me to Saskatoon, the Wonder City of the British Empire, I determined, on second thought, that fate had been kind to me. Here was I, watching the fast receding smoke from the "Capital Cities Express" losing its identity in the blue air of the limitless prairies, left by fortune to celebrate the birthday of the Dominion of Canada in a town where business was going on as usual because every day is a holiday there.

There is little in the modern Duck Lake to interest the commercial traveller, the theatrical manager, the real estate speculator or the tourist whose interest in the West dates no farther back than the day of the traction engine and the gang-plough. To such as they the eighteen hours of waiting between trains seems like a veritable eternity. It was because I had scanned the pages of history with perhaps as much, or more, interest than the pages of the daily newspaper that I determined that Dame Fortune had served me well. I would have been sorry had the train, on arrival at the next station, learning of my absence, backed up to carry me on to Saskatoon.

Duck Lake has a history, though its appearance does not betray its past. It is built on the model of every other Western town, with its main street running parallel with the railway and a second business street meeting it at right angles near the station. A couple of hotels, for the first time in their history feeling the pinch of temperance legislation, by reason of the banish-the-bar legislation, which became effective that very day, a bank, a number of stores, a flour mill, some elevators, and numerous telephone poles disguise effectively its romantic past to all save those able to penetrate the veneer of twentieth century progress which hides nineteenth century history.

On this forty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of the Dominion of Canada I stood on ground where patriots had spilled their blood in its defence before it had attained its majority, and where equally patriotic, if more misguided patriots, had spilled their blood in defence of one of the most

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THE BATOCHE HOUSE

Batoche had the blood of four races in his veins. He was wealthy, and built this house, which was a pretentious one for that time and place.

remarkable governments ever established on the North American continent—the government of a madman whose hallucinations were to lead him to the scaffold—Louis Riel, the métis leader.

Within a stone's throw of the station platform were those who had walked and talked with the two dictators, Riel and Dumont, who had tried to dissuade them from pursuing careers which could have but one termination, but who sympathized with them as fellow-pioneers who realized that sacrifices such as they and their compatriots had made in building homes in a new, wild country deserved recognition. Others there were, no doubt, within the same range, who had marched under the strange banner of the "Exovede", giving and taking hard knocks, and now living, with the past forgiven, in love and charity with their neighbours. Up by the lake, where the old town stood before the advent of the railway, lies the first battlefield of the Rebellion of 1885. The unripened grain waved over the spot where halfbreed and red-coated police and volunteer grappled and shot in an uproar which was destined to reverberate throughout the whole length and breadth of Canada.

Across the Saskatchewan, hidden in the seclusion of a heavy growth of aspen, their leaves quivering perpetually as if with fright at the horrors they had looked down upon, lies Batoche, the most romantic capital west of the Great Lakes, preserved by its very inaccessibility in a condition practically the same as in the stirring days of the "Exovedate".

I traversed the intervening miles between Duck Lake and Batoche battlefields in a livery motor car, annihilating distance at a rate which would have made the two dictators, Riel and Dumont, gasp for breath. "Joy riding" is not particularly conducive to romancing, and it was with a sense of relief that I stepped from the car to the romantic streets of the erstwhile capital.

Most of those who answered the roll call of the two rulers have crossed the valley which lies between the church of the living, St. Antoine, and the historic cemetery on the opposite hillside, where repose the ashes of those killed at the battle of Batoche, many of those who took part in the different battles of the rebellion, and Gabriel Dumont, whose body was brought from Belle-

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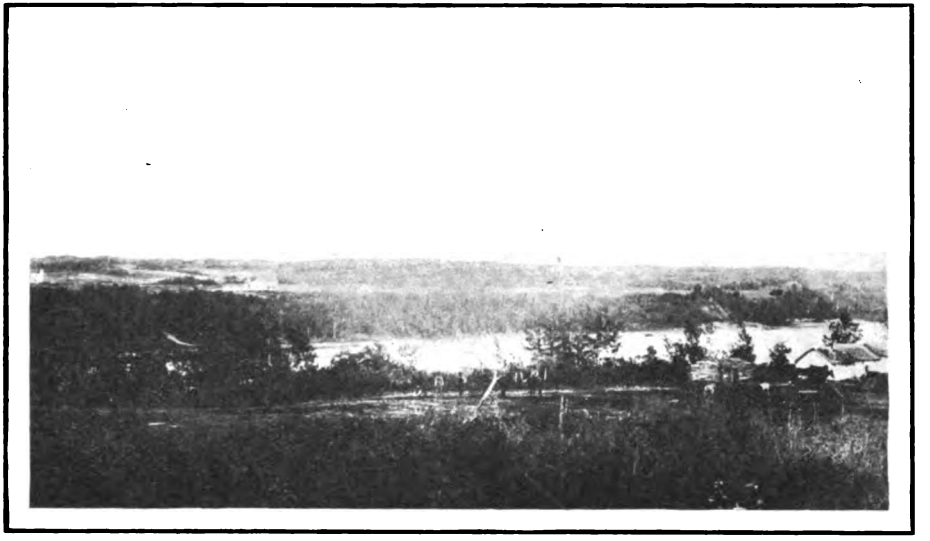

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BATOCHE

From a photograph taken in 1885

vue, Saskatchewan, on his death on the nineteenth of May, 1906, for burial in the national cemetery of the métis. This cemetery, with its great wooden cross crowning the hilltop, and its scores of smaller wooden crosses marking the graves of the pioneers of the country, is held in reverence by all halfbreeds. It is an example that death levels all distinctions. This year marks the thirtieth anniversary of the rebellion, and in all probability the grave of Dumont would have been suitably marked by a monument had the great war not upset all plans for a commemoration. On the twentieth anniversary, however, there was erected to the memory of the fallen métis, a granite shaft containing the list of those buried at Batoche and different places who fell in the battles of Fish Creek, Batoche and Duck Lake. As a compliment to the métis leader, whose life was taken by his conquerors as the penalty for his rashness, Riel's name heads the Batoche list. A great part of the cost of the monument was defrayed by men whom Riel had designed to expel from the country, but who buried all differences and gladly took this opportunity to do honour to a brave, if misguided and impetuous, foe.

Some living links with the past remain, one of the most interesting being the parish priest, Father Julien Moulin, O.M.I., who still attends to the spiritual wants of the resident métis. Bent by the weight of many years, the aged priest finds abundant time to muse on the events of the stirring past, in spite of the fact that up to the present year he coupled with his parochial duties that of postmaster.

Doubtless Father Moulin was the oldest postmaster in the service of his Majesty, and at the same time one of the most respected. He carries with him a perpetual reminder of the days of the Exovidate, for a chance shot from a gatling gun lodged in his left thigh during the siege of the capital, while the parish house, in which he and three other priests were detained by the dictator, was under fire. Riel, disregarding his protests, had seized his church for occupancy as a barracks, and the loyal priest suffered the weight of the Exovede's displeasure.

Batoche, as it is now called, but which at the time of the rebellion was

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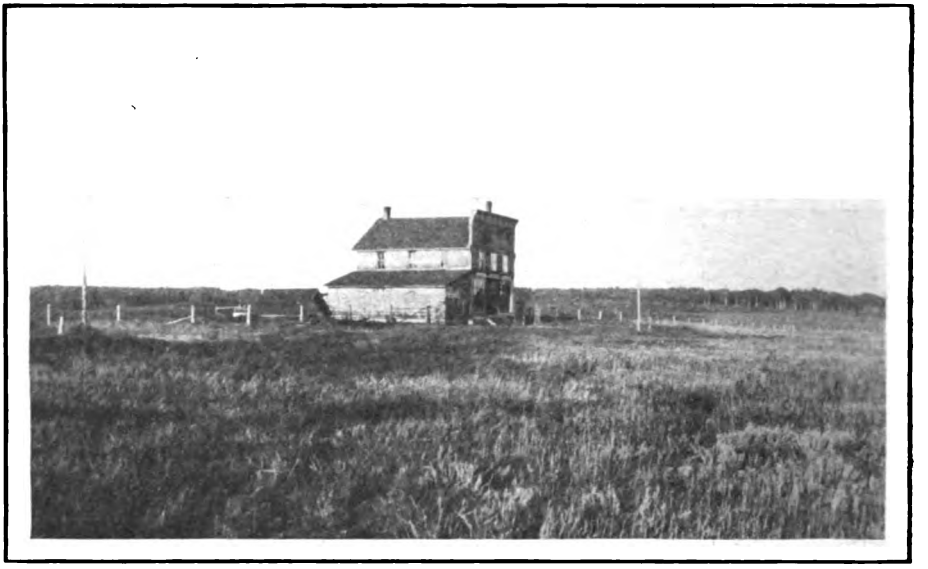

A PRAIRIE STORE

It was looted by Riel's followers and used as a prison for Canadian soldier

generally known by the church's name (St. Antoine), received its present name from Batoche, whose name actually was not Batoche. This nickname was given to him by his compatriots, and the ferry below his house took its name from the nickname, likewise the village. When the trouble broke out Batoche left the scene, but his departure helped him little, for his pretentious home was confiscated by the Government and converted into a barracks for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police detachment which was stationed there for some time after the rebellion.

In one of the front rooms upstairs Captain French lost his life at the hands of a half-breed. The bullet-hole is visible still in the board partition. Across the road is the store used by Riel as a prison, after he had attached its conetnts for the use of his little army. Like the church, parish house, Batoche's house and most other dwellings in the one-time capital, this building bears the marks of the assailants' bullets. The rifle pits about the poplar bluffs still remain, and it is comparatively easy, with the assistance of a local guide, to conjure up a vision of the days gone by.

Batoche, when the rebellion commenced, was a place equalled by few others in importance. Here it was that the distribution of freight, brought by the voyageurs or traders from Winnipeg, was made to Duck Lake, Fort Carlton, Prince Albert and other northern points. Sir William Butler thus describes the characteristics of the French half-breeds:

> "They are gay, idle, dissipated, unreliable and ungrateful; in a measure brave; hasty to form conclusions and quick to act upon them; possessing extraordinary powers of endurance and capable of undergoing immense fatigue, yet scarcely ever to be depended upon in critical moments; superstitious and ignorant, having a very deep-rooted distaste for any fixed employment; opposed to the Indian, yet widely separated from the white man."

Politically, Butler found them a counterpart of their Manitoba compatriots.

Batoche was one of the greatest buffalo hunting centres on the continent up to a time bordering close upon the rebellion. It had the distinction

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of being the capital of a buffalo hunters' confederacy, under the leadership of that most famous hunter Gabriel Dumont. General S. B. Steele, in his recent book entitled, "Forty Years in Canada," has much of interest to tell of the buffalo hunts and of the necessity for thorough organization. Speaking from experience, gained through his long connection with the Police, and from personal acquaintance with Gabriel Dumont, he pays a tribute to the latter and describes the great hunts of the spring, summer and autumn. How the men of the band were organized with councillors and leaders, the word of the latter being law, and how the buffalo would be slaughtered by a simultaneous rush on the part of all the hunters at the conclusion of a prayer of one of the older members of the band, and again how the hides were tanned and the flesh converted into pemmican.

With the herds numbering in many cases from 50,000 to 60,000 bison, all ready to stampede at the first sign of a human being, it is manifest that strict regulations regarding concerted action had to be enforced for the benefit of all concerned. Modern seal hunting and other such operations are governed by a recognized code, and none are allowed to transgress. Gabriel Dumont, who was recognized all over the West as the prince of buffalo hunters, saw the need of this organization. He united the two great bands operating from Carlton and Batoche into a confederacy. As no legislation provided a procedure for the hunt, Dumont made rules which received the support of everybody except a few lawless members of the bands who defied the authority of the leader. Dumont, elected to the highest office in the gift of his compatriots, claimed independence of the Dominion and governed his countrymen from his capital at Batoche.

Whenever the law of the plains was violated, Gabriel took strong measures to enforce it. A charge of assault was once laid against him, and a newly-

FATHER MOULIN, PARISH PRIEST AT BATOCHE

He was wounded during the siege and held as a prisoner by Riel

appointed Justice of the Peace, not in sympathy with the leader, issued a warrant for his arrest. The attempt to carry out the order failed, but this state of affairs could not be winked at by the authorities charged with the enforcement of the law, and Major-General Sir E. Selby-Smith, who was on an inspection tour of the Northwest at the time, held a conference with the half-breed chief at Batoche, at which an understanding was reached, under

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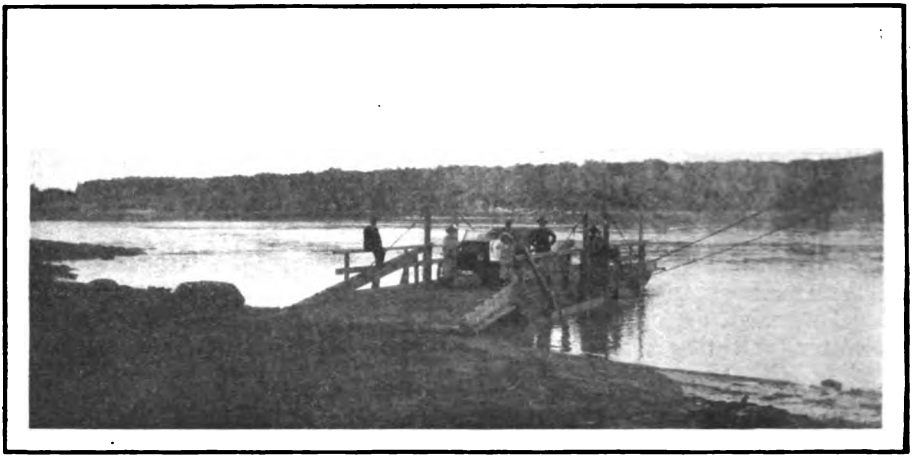

THE FERRY AT BATOCHE

Propelled by the current of the River

which the confederacy was dissolved and the dictator's powers curtailed. This ended the first government at Batoche.

Naturally the man selected by his compatriots to govern a body of men altogether unaccustomed to restraint had outstanding qualifications for the position. When the confederacy was formed in 1875 Dumont was only thirty-seven years old, but even his father and his uncle, mighty hunters as they were, deferred to him when trouble loomed large on the horizon. There was not, from the border settlement of Pembina to the far northern post of Carlton, a braver or a kinder-hearted half-breed. Happy-go-lucky, spending as he acquired, utterly uneducated in the matter of letters, but a living dictionary in regard to nature, a born horseman, an unerring scout, and a faithful friend, Dumont was beloved and respected by white and half-breed alike, and feared by the Indians. It was only after all the poor members of the hunting bands had filled their carts with buffalo meat that Gabriel Dumont began to fill his own. His industry benefitted him little pecuniarily, for he was a born gambler; he sat at the gaming table on some occasions for days at a time. He was a good loser, however, and took his defeats philosophically.

When Dumont, in order to avoid arrest and persecution, was obliged to release his prisoners, return their properties and the fines collected from them, he relinquished the reins of government and retired to his home at Gabriel's Crossing, not far from his former capital—Batoche. He was still looked to as the leader of his people, and none worked harder than he to secure justice for them. It was natural, when organized opposition to the Dominion in defence of their rights was contemplated, that he should be one of a delegation sent to Montana to persuade Louis Riel to espouse the cause of the métis or half-breeds. Largely by reason of his representations, Riel consented to return with the delegates to Batoche, and thus, ten years after the inauguration of the first government under Dumont at Batoche, a second government, under Riel, with Dumont as military commander, was established.

The causes leading to the establishment of the new government had multiplied as the years went by, as a result of inaction on the part of the Dominion authorities at Ottawa. It had required a rebellion to secure jus-

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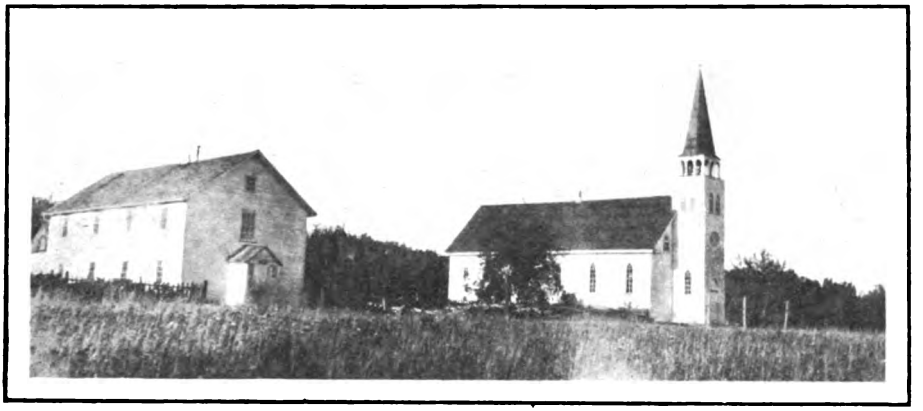

CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE AT BATOCHE

Both were riddled with lead during the storming of the place

tice for the Red River half-breeds and it seemed that only similar action would bring the unsympathetic officials at Ottawa to a realization of their duty to a long-suffering people. Private citizens and public officials had frequently written to Ottawa in support of the half-breeds' contentions. A petition from the French half-breeds of Batoche, dated September 4th, 1882, summarizes the situation in other parts of the country. It draws attention to the fact that owing to the extermination of the buffalo they had been obliged to settle on the lands bordering on the South Saskatchewan, with a view to farming. They had located on unsurveyed land and, in ignorance of the regulations, had done so without taking into consideration the charge of two dollars an acre on land in odd-numbered sections. They asked that their lands be considered as even-numbered sections, and that an exception be made in their case, on account of their people having held the country at the price of blood against the Indians. They asked, also, that when the survey should be made, the lots should be surveyed along the river, ten chains in width by two miles in depth, the established mode of division in the country.

The answer in this case was a survey on the forty-chain-square system, without heed to previous claims. Some half-breeds lost their lands, their neighbours grabbing it, and others had sowed for others to reap. All this in the face of the other system having been followed at Prince Albert and elsewhere, leaving everybody there satisfied. Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney wrote that many of the half-breeds were *bona fide* settlers and deserved consideration. It is no wonder that the half-breeds assembled in conference and passed a series of resolutions, and that, later, under Riel's guidance, a Bill of Rights was adopted and sent to the Federal Government.

This Bill of Rights contained seven demands or provisions, namely, the subdivision of the Northwest Territories into provinces, similar grants of lands and advantages to the Saskatchewan half-breeds as those given the Manitoba half-breeds, patents to the colonists in possession, the sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands to provide for institutions and privileges for the half-breeds, the reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of half-breeds during 120 years, a grant of at least $1,000 for the maintenance of an institution to be conducted by nuns in each half-breed settlement, and better provision for the support

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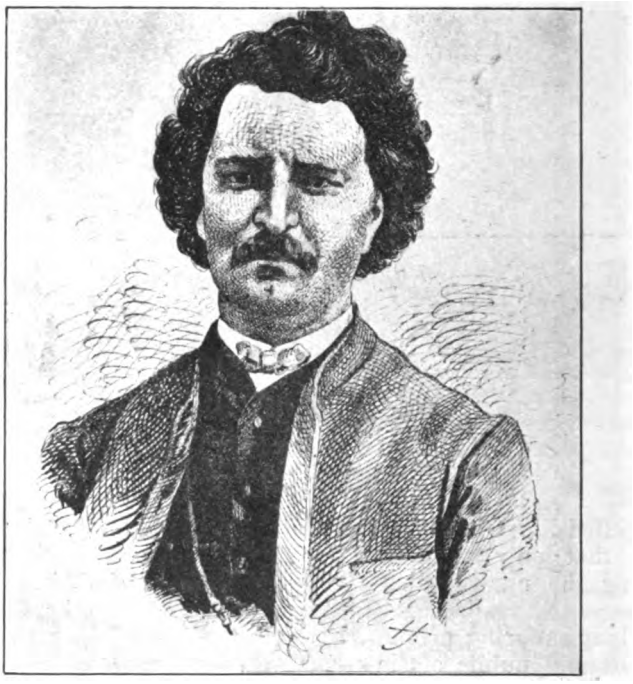

LOUIS RIEL

Who set up a provisional government at Batoche

of the Indians. No reply was received to these demands.

Why the half-breeds sought the assistance of Louis Riel can be best learned from a short recital of his life up to that time. Born at Red River, now Winnipeg, in 1844, he had for his father a man who had organized an armed force to secure justice for his half-breed compatriots. His mother was the first white woman born in the great West. Riel was one of three métis lads in attendance at the little college at St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, on the occasion of a visit by Archbishop Taché to St. Boniface. He, with them, were sent, through the Archbishop's influence, to colleges in Quebec, to complete their education.

It was expected that Riel would become a priest, but his college escapades showed his unfitness for the priesthood. On one occasion he entered a house in Montreal and demanded $10,000 from its wealthy owner. On another occasion his poor mother sold all her possessions, on his persuasion, to further his plans. On his return to the West he became the acknowledged leader of his compatriots by reason of his superior education and his prepossessing appearance and disposition.

Opinion differs on the point of Riel's action in the so-called Red River Rebellion of 1869-70. The Canadian premier himself declared that the resistance of the half-breeds was evidently not against the sovereignty of his Majesty or the government of the Hudson's Bay Company, but against the assumption of the government by Canada. When the Dominion Government bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company and planned to annex it to the Dominion, the ten thousand settlers, whites and half-breeds who had their homes in the country were ignored in the matter,

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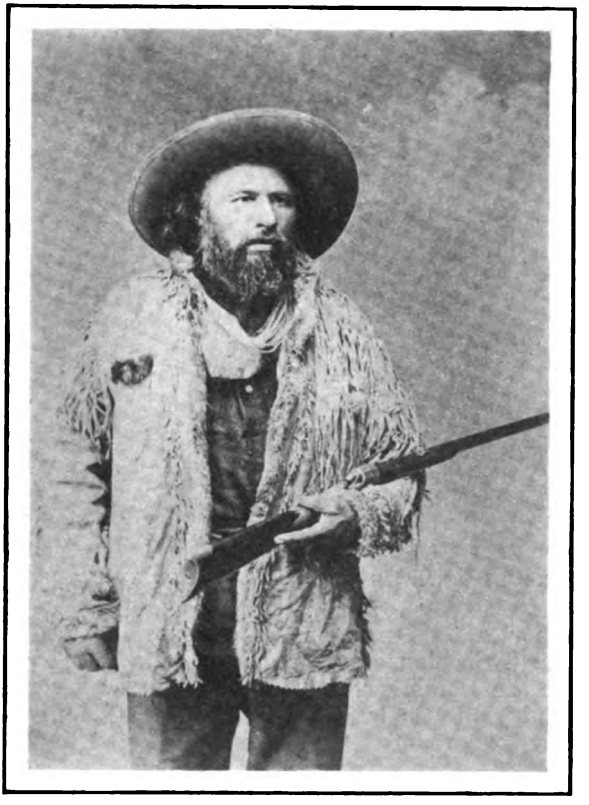

GABRIEL DUMONT

As he appeared while a leader of the Metis of Western Canada

and the action of arrogant land surveyors and other officials sent out to change existing conditions made the colonists suspicious and determined to assert their rights. A provisional government was formed in December, with Bruce as its president; but it gave place in the early days of January to a government under Riel. Riel claimed that his was a constitutional government, and had he not taken the irrevocable step of executing Thomas Scott, one of his most persistent and annoying opponents, he might have emerged from the whole affair honoured at least by his own people.

The late Lord Strathcona, who, as plain Donald Smith, was sent to the Red River to establish order, speaks of Riel's personal appearance as follows:

He was "a short, stout man, with a large head, a shallow, puffy face, a sharp, restless, intelligent eye, a square-cut, massive forehead overhung by a mass of thickly clustering hair, and marked with well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable looking face, all the more so, perhaps, because it was to be seen in a land where such things were rare sights."

Couple his appearance with his manner and add the appeal of youthfulness to the trinity of his attractions (for he was only twenty-five years old when called upon to act a part which many an older man would have taken with far less success and tact), and one can imagine that a great career might well have been his had he not alienated so many former admirers by his arbitrary execution of Scott.

Disloyalty to his Sovereign cannot be ascribed to Riel, and as Manitoba

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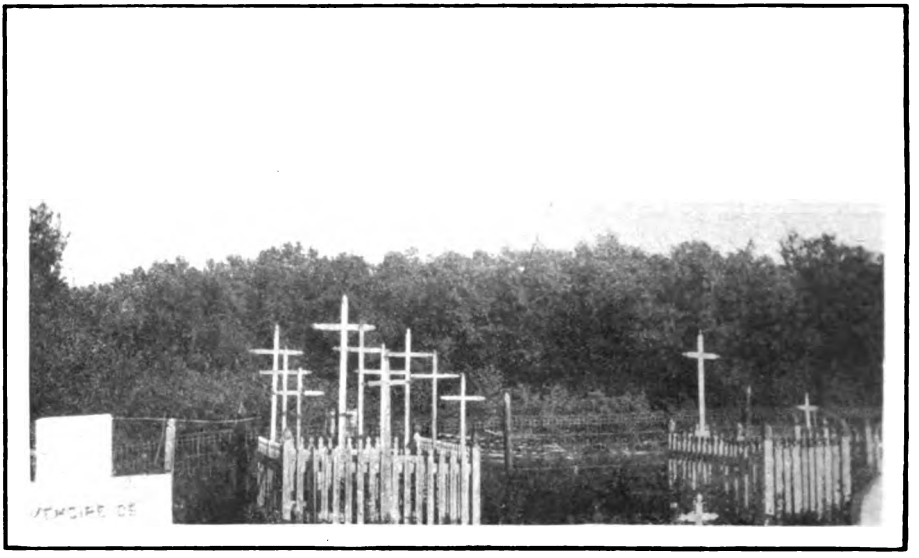

GRAVES OF METIS REBELS WHO FELL AT BATOCHE

did not become a part of the Dominion till 1870, it can hardly be claimed that he was a rebel to the Dominion. At any rate, Riel was loyal to the land of his birth and his compatriots. The Union Jack flew to the breeze along with the flag of the provisional government, and even the arrest of his two delegates at Ottawa failed to make him accede to O'Donoghue's demand that the British flag be replaced by that of the United States. Riel placed an armed sentry at the foot of the flagstaff with orders to fire on anyone attempting to lower the Union Jack. This O'Donoghue, the secretary-treasurer of the provisional government, represented the Fenian element in Riel's council. Archbishop Taché is authority for the statement that "sums of money amounting to more than $4,000,000 and men and arms had been offered" by Fenian Americans on condition that Riel would support annexation to the United States. Riel had refused. In 1871, when the Fenians again threatened to invade Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba himself asked Riel to render assistance, and two hundred and fifty mounted half-breeds were placed at the disposal of the Government by Riel.

Riel was, on several occasions after the union of Manitoba with the Dominion, elected to the Federal House of Commons, but on going to Ottawa to take his seat he was confronted by a true bill on the part of a grand jury, naming him as the murderer of Thomas Scott. He was never placed on trial, however. This true bill, together with a reward of $5,000 for his arrest, made the East a troublous place to live in. Notwithstanding this, on being again elected to represent Provencher, Riel went to Ottawa and tempted fate to the extent of signing his name on the members' register. By vote of the House, he was banished from the country for five years, being first expelled from the Commons.

Defying the Government, the ex-dictator went to Quebec, but his mind was becoming unbalanced. In 1876, at Montreal, on one occasion he interrupted the celebration of mass and demanded permission to conduct the service, claiming superiority over the celebrants of the mass. His commitment to the insane asylums at Longue Point and Beauport followed, eighteen

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months being spent at those institutions. He, on his release, visited Washington, where his insanity brought about his arrest. He was released in a short time, however, and allowed to rejoin his family. He went, in 1878, to Minnesota and thence to Montana. Everywhere suspected, and with his erratic career known, he came into conflict with the Montana State authorities in 1879. He then sought seclusion.

Down in the half-breed settlement of the Judith Basin, at the little mission of St. Peter's, in the county of Lewis and Clark, overshadowed by the majestic Rocky Mountains, Riel found employment and rest. He married a French half-breed woman and had two children. He was employed as a teacher in the Industrial school of the Jesuit Fathers, and devoted his spare time to inducing the half-breeds to vote for a political party he had affiliated with. Here it was that the delegation from Batoche found him, presenting their credentials and the public invitation to assume the leadership of the half-breed movement. The recipient of these honours asked for twenty-four hours in which to think the matter over.

Riel lived in absolute simplicity, his surroundings giving eloquent proof of the fact that he had not profited in a financial way by his extraordinary career. This duly impressed the delegates, who were overjoyed when, at the expiration of the twenty-four hours, Riel and his family left with them for the little village which was to become the capital of the crazy school teacher. He stated to his employers that he would return in the fall.

Had the leader's reason stood the strain it is quite probable that the agitation would have ended in a peaceable settlement. But hitherto revealed passions came to the surface. He became inordinately egotistical, believing himself to be not only a leader of his people but a priest and a prophet, the centre of a national movement. He believed himself entitled to $35,000 from the Government, which he demanded as the price of inactivity on his part. This money, he claimed, he would have used to establish a newspaper to advocate the rights of the métis. It is doubtful if he contemplated bloodshed before the fight at Duck Lake. After this battle, however, his previous weak mentality gave place to a total lack of self-control, and he became a menace to the cause he was to have championed.

Riel became a permanent resident of the settlement, having been presented with a house and a purse of money by his admirers. His eloquence in the cause of the half-breeds enrolled under his banner most of the half-breeds and many of the Indians. On March 18th, 1885, in the face of the granting of scrip by telegraph to the half-breeds of Manitoba, Riel established a provisional government at Batoche, himself assuming the presidency and delegating to Gabriel Dumont the task of organizing the half-breeds as a military force.

Riel had long claimed supernatural power. At his trial he stated that a realization of his power came to him on the 18th of December, 1874, while seated on the top of a mountain near Washington, Dakota. The same spirit who showed himself to Moses appeared in the midst of fire and cloud to him, saying, "Rise up, Louis David Riel, you have a mission to fulfil." Stretching out his arms and bending his head, he had accepted the mission.

Naturally excitable, the half-breeds were deluded by the earnestness of their temporal leader, and his followers, for the time being, disowned the Roman Catholic faith. To allay the uneasiness of the half-breeds, who at times fretted over their alienation from their mother church, Riel hoisted a flag of his own making, bearing the ten commandments on a white field. His Commonplace Book, written at Batoche, is full of dreams and visions. He prays that an unbelieving councillor, Moses Ouellette, will

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turn from Rome. On the 6th of April he had a vision showing him that the great Captain of the Eternal City would shortly arrive at Montreal, where Ignatius Pierre Bourget was to be made Universal Bishop or Pope. He prays that the French Canadians in General Middleton's expedition, advancing to overthrow his rule, will lay down their arms or make peace with him. He ascribes the loss of so many half-breed horses at the Battle of Fish Creek to the métis practice of betting on horse-races.

Four-days of fasting having been observed, the half-breed leader, late in April, comments on the good effects of fasting, prayer and mortification. He asks God that a good arrangement may be made with the Dominion of Canada and that Canada will pay him the indemnity due him; "not a little indemnity, but one just and equitable before Thee and before men". He asks for the gifts of the priesthood for his councillors. In a sort of oratory in the church of St. Antoine de Padua, decorated with a cross and some holy pictures, and an old letter from Bishop Bourget of Montreal, whom he intended to make Pope, and a special blessing for the half-breeds from Bishop Grandin, Riel spent much time in prayer. Very often military operations were greatly hampered by his interpretation of visions.

On May 6th Riel addressed a frenzied appeal to the "Citizens of the United States of America" through *The Irish World*. His commonplace Book of the same period is not at all flattering to that nation. He narrates that the Spirit of God put him and Michael Dumas into a conveyance and they set out for the United States. Dumas went on, he returned.

He writes:

"O, my God, preserve us from the misfortune of having anything to do with the United States. Let the United States protect us indirectly, spontaneously, and by the arrangement of Thy Holy Providence, but never by a direct engagement, or by any understanding on our part.

"I have lived miserably in the United States among serpents, in the very midst of poisonous vipers. I was there so surrounded that whenever I wished to place my feet I saw them swarming. The ground was positively alive with them. The United States are, in a sense, a perfect hell for an honest man. The virtuous, respectable family is there held in discredit; it is turned into ridicule; it is made a jest of. O, it is an awful misfortune to be obliged to seek a refuge in the United States!"

Riel's council, fully believing in his supernatural power, promulgated his religious orders as they did his civil orders. They as a body acknowledged by resolution their belief in him as a prophet in the service of Christ, a prophet at the feet of Mary, under the powerful and most favourable protection of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the patron of the half-breeds, the imitator in many things of St. John the Baptist, patron of the French Canadians. Only one of the councillors refused to subscribe to this belief.

With only three dissentient votes the Council changed the Lord's Day from Sunday to Saturday, "the Holy Day of the Lord's Rest". The pagan names of the days of the week were to be replaced by others of a more Christian character. Sunday was to be Vire Aurore; Monday, Christ Aurore; Tuesday, Vierge Aurore; Wednesday, Joseph Aurore; Thursday, Dire Aurore; Friday, Denil Aurore; and Saturday, Calme Aurore.

It is interesting to learn that Riel regained his religious balance as the time for his execution arrived. At the Regina prison he wrote a very touching letter to his mother and expressed his love for his wife and his family, and in his last will and testament, having little of this world's goods to leave, he extends to them his blessing. He announces his entire adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith, retracting what he had said and professed contrary to her teaching, asking pardon for the scandal caused by his deflection, and concluding by stating that it was his wish that there should not be the difference between the priests and him as great as the

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point of a needle. He died bravely, repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Life at the woodland was anything but monotonous after the establishment of the rebel government, called by Riel the "Exovidate," a word originating in his fertile mind. He styled himself "Louis David Riel, Exovedo," the David being added to his name to indicate his combined kingly and priestly attributes. Hundreds of half-breeds responded to his appeal for supporters, and numerous Indians joined his ranks. Half a thousand of his compatriots and Indians at one time were gathered about their chief at Batoche. Their devotion to him and the cause varied, and deflections took place after the real outbreak of hostilities, so that, when the capital was captured by Middleton's troops, only ninety supporters were to be found in the vicinity.

The period of actual fighting was of short duration. At Duck Lake Dumont defeated the Police and Volunteers from Prince Albert. Riel rode among his followers unarmed, carrying a crucifix in his hand and dissuading the rebels from following up their victory. Dumont was shot in the head towards the conclusion of the battle. On April 2nd, Big Bear's Indians massacred the settlers and two priests at Frog Lake. At Fort Pitt Francis Dickens, a son of the great novelist, with his twenty-three police, repelled the Indians and afterwards made his escape in good order. At Cut Knife Creek, not far from Battleford, Colonel Otter's force was defeated by Poundmaker and his Indians. General Middleton, with his troops, met Dumot at Fish Creek, on the way to Batoche, and was greatly surprised at the splendid fight put up by the rebels. His experience there caused him to delay his attack on Batoche until May 9th, when the three-days siege of the capital commenced, culminating in its capture on the fourth day. The church and parish house and other buildings in the village still bear the marks of bullets from the gatling gun under Howard, as the rebels had to be driven from the church and other structures and the rifle pits in which they entrenched themselves. Riel evaded capture for several days by escaping to the woods. On the morning of the fifteenth Moses Ouellette reached him with a note from Middleton promising him protection until the Dominion Government should take action.

The deposed leader could even then have escaped to the United States, but he preferred to give himself up in the interests of his followers. His trial at Regina resulted in his conviction and execution on the 16th of November, 1885. His body was taken to Winnipeg and interred in the cemetery at St. Boniface, under the shadow of the church with "turrets twain" immortalized by Whittier. The great Cathedral which replaced this church was erected quite a distance back from the grave, around which his grateful compatriots annually gather to decorate the grave with flowers. The simple monument over his remains bears no eulogy, merely the name "Riel" and the date of his death, doubly eloquent by reason of its simplicity.

Dumont, faithful to his chief till the end, searched for him till he heard of his surrender, when the redoubtable commander, with a very scanty ration of sea biscuit, accompanied by Michael Dumas, another of Riel's councillors, who had accompanied Dumont to Montana less than a year before for the purpose of bringing Riel to Batoche, rode the six hundred miles between their former capital, where the miserable survivors of the ill-fated rebellion were kept from starvation only by the generosity of their victors and the United States. Few would have cared to stop him, and many helped him to make his escape. Four years later he visited Montreal, where his story of the rebellion was taken down and published. Respected by friend and former enemy alike, he passed to his reward in 1906.

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THE DEVIL'S POOR

By A. M. Belding

A MILD FORM OF SLAVERY AS PRACTISED IN NEW BRUNSWICK

THERE is proof of "poor farming" in New Brunswick as recently as the year 1914. "Poor Farming" is, in many instances, an inhuman method of dealing with paupers. In some counties in New Brunswick, and, though perhaps not so recently, in Nova Scotia also, the keeping of paupers was sold at public auction to the lowest bidder. A useless old person cost the county more than one that was able to work. The idea was that if one man offered to keep another man a year for fifty dollars he would expect to get much more than that in actual service.

In January, 1914, *The Press*, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, published the following paragraph:

"To our shame be it said, this prosperous county of Carleton has continued in the old inhuman way of putting up its poor by auction to the lowest bidder. In some cases we are told the offer to take care of the poor man is very low, as the bidder expects to use his charge for work around the farm, and in consequence the pauper is made to work when physically he is not able to do so. There are many other objections to the present method."

The Press made these observations in the course of an article in which it pleaded for the establishment of a poor farm for Carleton county where all those who through poverty had become a charge upon the public could be cared for in a proper way. The article appeared on the day the municipal council met, and the council appointed a committee to investigate the whole subject and report. The councillor who moved for a committee said there were forty-five persons who were a charge upon the various parishes, and he deprecated the term "devil's poor," which some persons applied to those who became a parish charge. In his view the interests of humanity demanded something better than the system of farming out the poor to the lowest bidder. The result of the council's action is shown in the following paragraph from *The St. John Globe* of June 17:

"The county of Carleton is preparing to establish a poor farm, and at the first session of the Legislature will ask the necessary authority. It should be made obligatory on each county in the Province to establish and maintain a proper home for its poor, either by itself or in conjunction with some other county or counties. An end should be put forever to the system which still prevails in some sections of farming-out the poor."

I very well remember a vigorous agitation in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia more than twenty years ago, and there can perhaps be no better illustration of the steadily growing recognition of the humanitarian principle in Canada than a comparison of present methods of caring for the poor with those in vogue a quarter of a century ago. Speaking of conditions in New Brunswick, with which I am most familiar, a reference to the conditions, say, thirty years ago could no doubt be applied to a much wider field.

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Here, for example, is a copy of a notice (names omitted) which was publicly posted for the information of the people of Sussex, one of the thriving villages of this Province in 1884:

NOTICE

The board, lodging, and clothing of (names of four persons),

PAUPERS,

will be let to the lowest approved bidder for a period of time, on Wednesday, the 31st December, inst., at the railway station, at two o'clock.

.....
.....
.....

Overseers of the Poor.

A later report shows that the board, lodging and clothing of one of these paupers was "let" for a year at $90, that of another at $72, and a third at $64.50. No one would bid on the fourth, and a private arrangement was necessary. The newspaper correspondent, who attended the sale, wrote: "Your correspondent does not hesitate to say that the purchasers are unable to keep these paupers in the way they ought to be kept". It may be added that the county of Kings, in which Sussex is situated, now has an admirably conducted home and farm for the helpless poor.

In one of the villages of the county of Kent a notice posted a year or two later than that already quoted was even more brutal. It read:

AT THE LOWEST BID

I will sell at the lowest bid, on Monday, 5th of May, at or near L. Block (names of two persons).

.....

Overseers of the Poor.

The newspaper correspondent, referring to this sale, said:

"Competition is generally pretty keen, and as a consequence in many cases the amount is so low that the successful bidder does not consider himself obliged to bestow any great amount of care upon his unfortunate purchase. He has as absolute possession of the latter during the year as any southern planter had of his slaves, and at the end of the year the bargain is sometimes renewed by private arrangement with the overseers, especially if these officials consider they have made a good bargain. It is said by those who have attended these slave-sales in this vicinity that only a few years ago they have seen the human chattels taken to the place of sale in an old cart, that the purchasers might become better able to judge of their condition."

The writer added that of the two men offered to the lowest bidder one was nearly a hundred years old, and the other had a son who apparently was a well-to-do farmer of the county.

A correspondent writing from Queens county about that time said:

"At the late sale at Briggs's Corner, three paupers on the parish were disposed of in the usual way to the lowest bidder."

This prompted the editor to observe:

"Had they been horses, cattle, or dogs they would have been mercifully emancipated from their misery, or the S. P. C. A. would have seen to it that they were provided with a sufficiency of food and shelter."

At these sales it was quite the common thing for the paupers to be taken to the place of sale, in order that those who "bid for their keep" might be able to form an estimate of the amount of work they might reasonably expect to get out of their charges during the year; and the comments of bystanders were not always sympathetic, since the care of the unfortunate men and women was a charge upon the taxpayers. When an agitation was begun in the newspapers to bring about a change in the system, it was learned that many people regarded any change with absolute disfavour. For example, one correspondent, protesting against a change wrote:

"We are taxed quite heavy enough at present, without being burdened with the maintenance of a poor-house. We are more in need of some protection against fire than an almshouse. If a certain amount is needed to keep the poor at present, what amount will be needed to erect an almshouse and pay the salary of a head officer, with two or three assistants? The number of paupers will surely increase, if an almshouse is erected, where

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they will fare probably as well as the taxpayers who keep them, and have other conveniences and enjoyments, such as fire escapes, Christmas trees, etc., which the taxpayers can seldom afford at home."

Other economists protested against "an endless tax upon the ratepayers of the county" for an expensive public building, and one sympathetic soul drew a picture of a poor widow with two or three children sent to the poorhouse to have the finger of scorn pointed at her ever after, when a few dollars a year for a few years would tide them over their difficulty. Protests which did not reach the newspapers were made on the ground that the paupers had spent their money for liquor or had wasted their substance in some other way, and therefore did not deserve any consideration from the hard-working taxpayers.

But perhaps the most remarkable case was reported from Nova Scotia, and at a period somewhat later than that of the cases already mentioned. *The Halifax Herald* contained a letter from the rector of a parish in Nova Scotia who made an appeal for $354.77, for a man who had been subjected to law costs to that extent in an effort to prove allegations he had made about the inhuman treatment of the farmed-out poor. The rector wrote:

"Old abuses, sheltering in the pockets of interested and influential people, can only be attacked through danger and expense. This man, whose graphic pen was mainly instrumental in exciting pity for the farmed-out poor in their secluded dens, was violently attacked by maintainers of the old system, and subjected to heavy expenses in proving his allegations. Being a poor man, his outlay so far has cost him the mortgaging of all his property."

The rector added that the amount must be raised, even if he were compelled to go out and make a personal canvass. Let us hope that mortgage was lifted.

In the years that have elapsed many municipal farms have been established, and the article in the New Brunswick newspaper, from which the opening quotation is taken, came as a surprise to most people who had perhaps come to believe that the old system of farming-out the poor had been entirely abandoned. No doubt it has been abandoned in its more brutal aspects, but it is obvious that, wherever the care of those who have become a public charge is let to the lowest bidder, there must arise a doubt as to the quality of the care to be bestowed upon them, and the amount of work expected from them by bargainers who hope to profit by their bargain.

Possibly we are not yet ready to adopt the principle of old-age pensions or that of state aid to indigent widows with children; but that the principle should be growing in favour throws into sharp contrast the system which even within a quarter of a century has had stout defenders, among men who would be deeply grieved or grievously offended to be told that they were not obedient followers of the Man of Nazareth. The mere suggestion that they might not themselves enjoy everlasting felicity as a reward of their Christian life would have been regarded by them as but the ignorant chatter of a perverse mind. The broadening circle of humanitarianism is a hopeful sign of the times, when there is so much to weary and perplex the souls of those who study social problems and find them hard to solve. When it has so broadened and developed that it will insist upon the fit earning their own living, while it cares for the unfit, and strives earnestly and diligently to create social conditions which will prevent the rapid multiplication of the unfit, the Christianity which sold paupers to the lowest bidder will have a nobler conception of God's purpose and of man's duty.

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ROMANCE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

JUST as the car rolled from the city pavement to the more buoyant smoothness of the country road, the rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall, an April rain that shot in long silver lances from a gray-veiled sky.

I had spent a wearying day in my profession of hospital surgeon, and that at the end of a winter which had made more than ordinary demands upon my endurance. Furthermore, to combine the tenderness of a woman with the nerves of a grenadier had cost me something, and to-day my head had paid the price in grinding pains that had driven me finally to summon *Jean* from the garage and take to the open road.

So it happened that this uncivil shower allured rather than repelled me. I whipped off my cap and bade the wind and weather work their will.

I wanted to forget the exigencies of my daily work; even the thought of my comfortable red brick house, where at that moment my good aunt doubtless waited tea for me, brought no sense of comfort. It was my soul that hungered.

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Rows of poplars in their young brown leafage whirled past us; a flight of crows, vagabonds of the sky, rose shrieking from a fresh plowed field, startled by *Jean's* French horn.

Speeding downhill, crunching, panting uphill, it seemed that the good car, too, was keen for the quest. Spring had us by the throat and was lashing us with April rain away from the commonplace and the unknown, and teasing us with all her myriad scents and sounds to venture farther into her mysteries.

It was all but dark when we reached the cross-road.

Other cross-roads there had been a-many, but it alone lives in my memory, because of what befell me there.

Upon first acquiring *Jean* I had learned to shun it, for it bore an unsavoury reputation for mud-holes and ruts, combined with a lack of breadth that made the passing of two vehicles a somewhat hazardous feat. Finally, said its disparagers, it meandered through a dismal swamp, down into a village long since dead, and was at last obliterated in a cow-pasture.

It was not a road to tempt the wary motorist. And yet—that night it seemed the only road for me. Descending steeply as it did from the high road, as if hurrying from a bond that fretted, I had a fellow-feeling for it.

At the base of the hill it was undermined by a shallow stream, from which rose the ardent piping of frogs. Perhaps it was this insinuating moisture that gave an added greenness to the trees that shouldered each other on either hand to watch our progress across the moss-grown bridge of decaying logs that led to their fastnesses.

There were many sudden curves blocked out of giant cedars, and deep ruts brimming with water, which made the way an arduous one for *Jean*.

After a little the rain ceased, and a white fog, heavy with the tang of fern and fungi, trailed down the road to meet us. Then it became night indeed—night, peering and expectant, against whose veiled presence the pointing spires of the evergreens were adumbrated, and, once against their blackness the white spectre of a finger-post.

Of habitations there seemed but few. Some scattered clearings of small farms, made more desolate by the barking of a dog or rasping of a pump. In one place, indeed, the fog was reddened by a bonfire, and I could dimly discern the figures of two women and an old bent man, who turned to stare.

Translucent white ovals of the road were plucked from the darkness by the lamps, and sometimes there projected the long draped arm of a spruce or hemlock, as if in warning.

Trees crowded always closer, touching fingers overhead. It was as though behind their pensive luxuriance they concealed what they feared I sought. The way became more difficult, but wind and rain had blown the ache from my head and the unaccountable sensation of happy expectancy still held me.

Suddenly as *Jean* rounded a curve, wheel deep in water, there blinked and swung before me a small red light that filtered through the pierced iron of an old-time lantern. It hung on the arch of a massive gate. The gate stood open.

I know not the wherefore of it: perhaps *Jean*, despairing of the road, turned in the gateway of her own accord. Be that as it may, the next moment the red light was blinking above my head, and the wheels crunched the gravel of the driveway.

I felt rather than saw the towering row of poplars that marched on either side of the avenue that led to the front door of the house, which appeared, even in this uncertain light, to be a fine specimen of Georgian Mansion. Stained glass windows cast a flowery radiance from a light within, upon the white pillars of the porch.

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As I slowed up at the steps, the door opened and an elderly man of decorous bearing stepped out, as though he had anticipated my arrival.

I ascended the steps; thereupon the old man took possession of my hat.

"We have been expecting you for some days, sir," he said in a low voice. "I was to ask you if you would please to go upstairs directly."

At any other time I should have dispelled his illusion with a word, but to-night, as I have said, spring had me by the throat and now she thrust me headlong into the adventure.

"I will go up on the instant," I replied. "I should have been here before, but the road was almost impassable."

We were now in the hall and he assisted me to remove my coat.

"Well, you *are* wet, Mr. Cadenhouse," he exclaimed. "These muggy spring days are highly disagreeable. There is a hot supper prepared for you when you come down, sir. I will light you up the staircase now, if you please. We still use the oil lamps here as you see."

As he spoke, he picked up a small brass lamp from a marble-topped table and advanced to the stairway.

I followed without perturbation. I had begun to persuade myself that I was destined to do some act of service in my role of Mr. Cadenhouse, the expected guest.

I could see as I glanced downward that the hall below was furnished in dignified old walnut pieces, and that the walls were hung with oil-paintings, mostly of rigid gentlemen in side-whiskers and military uniforms. Above the fireplace a great moose-head glowered beneath its antlers.

The butler, as I took him to be, led the way down a dim corridor, where the deathlike stillness was broken only by the solemn ticking of a grandfather's clock. He paused at a closed door.

"He has been asking constantly for you," he whispered, then turned the knob softly and opened the door.

"Mr. Aleck Cadenhouse," he announced in a subdued voice.

The room thus discovered was lighted by a lamp with a green shade, placed on a table at the head of a large four-poster. The bed was without curtains, and the lamp-light fell with calm radiance on the leonine head of an old man, propped up on the pillows.

His thick white hair fell over a stern brow and hung in strong locks about his well-bred acquiline face. He wore a crimson silk dressing-gown, the Oriental richness of which, made him look like some fine old Rajah.

All this I saw as I went three paces into the room. The door closed with a subdued click behind me.

He loosened his fingers from their tense grip on his long white beard and pressed them for a moment on his sunken eyes. Then he opened his eyes and turned them with a sort of stern gladness on me.

"Well, Aleck, man," he said slowly with a slight Scotch burr that was not unpleasant to the ear. "So you have had the grace to come and see me die? Eh, Eh! Well—sit down. I believe there is a chair nearby. Ah, you have it."

I fumbled with the chair and at last seated myself by his side. He raised himself on his elbow and peered into my face; and it was not till then that I perceived with a start of mingled pity and relief that his deep-set black eyes were sightless, and that it was the yearning look of the blind that shadowed his face.

"God," he groaned, "if I could but see you—to know what sort of heart you've brought back to me."

I could not for the moment frame any reply, and he exclaimed bitterly, but as though to himself, "sullen as ever. Sullen as ever." Then——

"Give me your hand!"

His hand closed on mine with an icy pressure, yet tenderly I thought. For my life, I could not bring myself to speak. Then he sank back on his pillows.

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"Eh, boy," he said, more kindly, "it will not be long till I see the mother that bore ye—see her dear face. And having you near like this—you were her little lad once—makes me long for the time." His long fingers moved restlessly in his beard. Then he turned again to me.

"But first," he said, "we must talk about our trouble, yours, and mine, and——Grace's. You know why I sent for you?"

"No," I answered, almost in a whisper, and think of me what you will. I did not undeceive him. "I do not know."

"You knew she had come back to me. You've known that all along. Come now—come now," he insisted vehemently.

"Yes, I knew she had come," I said to pacify him.

He laughed harshly.

"You knew that and yet you let us both pine away, for the sight of you—eh, for the sight of you—your father go blind—like a dog. But, by Heaven, she has been a better daughter to me than you ever were son. What?"

"I know," I said. "I know." His face softened.

"Such devotion as she's given me! You'd never believe it. Read till her eyes ached, I know—led me about, talking brightly of this and that, that she saw, to make my growing darkness less unbearable. Ordered the house so carefully—even your room was not forgotten, Aleck. Often I've heard the faint rustle of her dress in there. Just a perfect daughter. And all the time her heart breaking for you—don't speak—I know what you are going to say—about Murray, hey?"

"Yes," I stammered, "Murray."

"You drove her to it! No woman could stand your neglect of her and your complete absorption in your horses and dogs without a bitter resentment. Then came Murray. And Grace is just tender flesh and blood. She thought you did not care. Now, I know how much you cared. And mind you, Aleck, I respect you for biding your time too, 'though it was hard on Grace and me'."

His long fingers fluttered about his beard, then he laid them on my arm with a pleading gesture, and went on:

"Now when all is said and done, she left Murray that same day and came and told me everything—wanted me to intercede with you for her. And you know how I did that, Aleck, and how you flung away in spite of her entreaties, ay, and my commands!"

He pulled at his under lip in silence for a moment as though lost in sad reminiscence. When he spoke again it was in a deeper stronger voice than I could have believed possible for him. Evidently he had held some force in reserve for this last great effort of his—the re-union of the two he loved best on earth.

He said.

"Aleck man, you know what I want—and it's dying I am—but no, I'll do no whimpering—not begin it now. You take her back freely and fully, or sure as there's a God above, I'll leave her everything—cut you off with the little your mother left you! That touches a tender spot, hey? But, Aleck, I want to leave it to you *both*. My heart is set on it. It should be easy to forgive a winsome creature like Grace, should it no?"

His voice broke and his darkened gaze sought mine with passionate wistfulness. I saw that the end was very near.

Well, seemingly, it lay in my power to make the passing of this fine old man a little less sad, and, Aleck or no Aleck, I was going to do it. I took both his thin hands warmly in my own, and I answered in a low but sturdy voice:

"It shall be just as you wish. I will take her back with all my heart."

Any scruples I might have had vanished before the radiance that transfigured his worn features.

He gripped my hands tightly and

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held them so for a moment to his breast in silence, there.

"Man, I'm proud of ye! I knew the Cadenhouse would show in you yet. My boy! Eh, eh, but there's no time to lose! Grace! "He called the name strongly, jubilantly—"Grace!"

A door half-hidden by a crimson repp curtain was instantly opened, and a woman appeared in the aperture. Against the blackness of the room beyond her white gown and pale face and crown of cloudy fair hair showed with austere purity.

I stood transfixed. I had sprung to my feet at the opening of the door. I think I prayed for dissolution. As a last hope I tried to make some sign to her to implore silence, but she hesitated in the doorway, straight and slender as a wand, with downcast lashes, while the only sound in the room was the difficult breathing of the old man, and the hammering of my own heart.

A voice came from the bed.

"Don't be afraid, child," And then, "Go to her, Aleck."

She took a couple of steps towards me, waveringly; then I sprang forward and caught her as she swayed.

"Try to control yourself," I whispered, with my face against her hair, "I will explain later on."

But with my touch, what self-control she had possessed, seemed to vanish and she clung to me sobbing passionately. If I could only get her from the room before she discovered her mistake!

I said in a trembling voice:

"Had I not better take her away, sir?" She is not well. You must not be excited too much, you know." He smiled.

"Take her down to the library, poor lass—I think there is a fire there—be good to her, Aleck, and God bless you both! The nurse will come to me."

I led her out to the dim hall and closed the door behind us with a groan of exquisite relief. Yet here was the woman to face!

Well, I was prepared to deal with her, and that summarily. No scream of consternation or terror should break the peace of the dying man. So, when we had reached the staircase, I just picked her up in my arms, as though she had been a sick little patient of mine, and carried her down the thickly carpeted stairs. At the foot the library door stood open and a warm red glow haunted the book-lined walls.

She slid to her feet on a bearskin that lay on the hearth. So we stood for, say ten heart beats, she clutching the lapels of my coat in both hands, and her forehead pressed against my gray tweed breast. A delicate perfume rose from her hair and caressed my face like a cool scented hand. I was deeply moved by her fragility and loveliness.

Suddenly she tilted her chin upward—her lips were pouted—her eyes closed—a smile flickered over her face, like moonlight over a white flower. She was wanting to be kissed!

I have tried to lead an honourable life; I know I have lived a sedate, even prim one. I do not think that I had ever willingly kissed any woman save my aunt who had brought me up.

Yet it seemed that this madcap April was not done with me. At her whim I had become an interloper and deceiver; now it appeared that she would make a villain of me. Wherefor I kissed this defenceless girl, ardently, as a lover might have done; as, in truth, I had never expected to kiss any woman. I like to think that Aleck Cadenhouse had never given her such a kiss as this; I felt her tremble.

A mound of coals collapsed with a sputtering, hissing noise, and fierce blue flames and sparks from the ruins. She drew a long breath, and, opening her eyes, looked straight into mine. A look of bewilderment crept into hers. Her body stiffened.

I was poignantly miserable, yet mysteriously elated. All the while I was thinking: "So this is what all the

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events of the evening have led up to —in short, what all my life has led up to! So your eyes are a deep harebell blue, just as I expected!"

Neither of us had heard the sound of voices in the hall, nor a step on the heavy rug. I think what made me raise my head with a start was the sibilant intake of a man's breath through his clenched teeth. At the same instant Grace Cadenhouse pushed me fiercely away from her with a cry of terror and turned to face the man who had entered, with her hands pressed to her throat.

He was a tall strongly made young man. Our proportions were nearly equal. He had black over-hanging brows above small fiery dark eyes. An outdoor life had given him a full well-coloured face, which now glistened with the moisture of the fog. He wore riding breeches and carried a crop.

"So this," he spoke with difficulty, "this—by God!—is my home-coming!"

His wife had reached his side and clasped his arm with her hands.

"Oh, Aleck, Aleck," she cried, "believe me, I had never seen this man until to-night!"

He shook her off roughly.

"Egad! I believe you!" He grinned with bitter irony. "I take your word for it! I go away leaving you in Murray's arms, and I return to find you in the embrace of this—fool! How many, may I ask, have there been in the interval?"

"If you will only let me explain—" I broke in.

"If I can only keep my riding-crop off you——" he thundered.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Grace Cadenhouse pleadingly. "Your father is dying upstairs!"

"Well, by the Lord Harry! He shall not die till he hears of this!" retorted her husband, striking his leg furiously with his riding-whip.

I saw that it behoved me to keep my temper with this man, for the sake of the woman who swayed, white with fear and indignation, between us.

I began coolly—

"I am a physician—"

"Whose specialty is grass-widows, eh?"

"Have you no sense of decency?" I burst out, losing my temper.

His ruddy cheeks turned pale, and he advanced towards me menacing, a powerful figure. I held my ground.

So we stood facing each other, motionless, rigid, all our primal passions aroused. And the woman stood beside us, motionless, alert. She seemed to have lost her identity and become an instinct. A red core of fire glowed deeply on the hearth.

Then, changing, transfiguring all, like a gust of cold air on a scene of torrid heat, the linen-clad figure of the trained nurse appeared in the doorway. She looked intently at each of us in turn with her pale composed eyes, then she said quietly.

"I am sorry to tell you that Major Cadenhouse has just passed away."

Aleck Cadenhouse did not move for a few seconds, but he lowered his gaze from my face to the floor, and stood thus, switching his leather legging with the riding crop. His face worked as though he were going to cry. Then, sharply, he wheeled about, and without a glance at either of us, he shouldered past the nurse in the doorway, and hurriedly mounted the stairs. We could hear him springing up, two steps at a time. Then a door closed upon the retreating sounds. The nurse moved sedately away. I turned to look at Grace Cadenhouse.

She began to walk feverishly up and down, wringing her hands.

"Oh, take me away!" she sobbed. "Take me away from this terrible house!"

I stepped in front of her. My longing to take her away, into the April night, was intense.

"Are you in earnest?" I asked.

She threw her hands out in a gesture of despair. All her movements

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"If I can only keep my riding-crop off you"

were full of a delicate and sensitive grace.

"What else can I do?" she said. "Now that he is gone from me? And Aleck thinks of me what he does? There is nothing left. We have a friend—a neighbour—Mrs. Leigh—I can go to her for a while—if you will take me!"

She seemed to accept my part in the affair with the simple fatalism of a child. After all the flagrancy of my offence against her, she was about to put herself again in my hands, without resentment, without suspicion. It was delicious to me; and yet, in that moment, my anger toward Cadenhouse became pity.

"My motor is at the door," I said, "and I am—at your command. I only regret that what I can do is so little.

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Her blue eyes looked questioningly into mine, then she said slowly,

"Of course, I don't understand why you are here, and—all the rest. Perhaps you will tell me everything, when we are outside. I stifle here." She pressed her hand to her forehead and raised the thick fair locks from it. I felt for the moment that she belonged to me.

We went to the hall, and found a velvet wrap of hers, thrown over a settle.

This room was deserted, save for a gaunt old staghound, that, when he saw us in our outdoor coverings, rose, stretched himself, arching his back, and came forward, with his upper lip lifted from his teeth in a deprecating grin. At the sight of him the eyes of the girl filled with tears. She caught his grizzly head between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Ah, Roderick, old fellow," she whispered, "you will never see your master again!"

The dog made little noises, half yawn, half whine, when we closed the door upon him. Then we could hear the joint of his hind leg tapping the floor as he scratched himself—and made the best of things.

A warm moonlight was whitening the fog. The trees seemed to have moved closer to the house as though to guard it.

As we sped softly down the avenue, it seemed to me as though she who sat at my side had come to me by a miracle.

I was strangely happy. I was filled with the hilarity of youth.

The march of trees on either hand led like a lofty aisle to the gateway, where the rosy light of the lantern glowed like an altar lamp. As we passed beneath the arch, I had a momentary glimpse of her, sitting, fragile, and composed in her corner of the seat. One hand lay palm upward in her lap.

The road now seemed less execrable, although the searchlight showed deep ruts glimmering like ribbons, and, now and again, a well-like puddle. I think I gave an exclamation once, as the water splashed over us, for her voice came with a note of compunction.

"I am so sorry! But really, it will soon be over—even now, I can see the Leighs' white fence."

It was quite true, and in a moment more the house itself appeared, white and many gabled. There were lights in several windows.

"Now," she said, "before I get out, will you please tell me *everything?*"

I turned sidewise in the seat to face her.

"How far back shall I begin?" I asked.

"As far back as your name and—and why you came—and whither," she replied with a judicial air.

So, clasping my knee in my hands, I peered into the gloom at her, and told her everything.

"There!" I said, when I had done, "now, can you forgive me?"

"Oh," she said earnestly, "there is nothing to forgive! The one great thing that stands out is that you made father's last moments happy. I shall never, never forget that!"

"But," I argued remorsefully, "I have evidently spoiled all *your* chances of happiness."

She spread her hands in front of her, and looked at them. "I don't know," she said slowly. "These two hands thought once that they had caught the Blue Bird and would hold him fast forever, but—he slipped away! He comes and he goes. Even now I thought I heard the flutter of his wings among these trees!" She listened with upturned face.

"Do you think," I ventured, "that there is any hope—?"

"I think it is very doubtful that Aleck and I could ever be happy together."

"But—"I hesitated, "I understood from the way—your father spoke, that you greatly desired his return. Of course, I have no right—"

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"Well," she answered, with an air of brave candour, "I did long for his return. I longed for life, and love, and romance. What woman doesn't? I have lived in books—and dreams. And then you came riding into this lonely valley like a knight errant bringing adventure and romance. Everything is wonderful and beautiful that happens to me. I have no resentment against life—nor you." She laid her hand for a moment on my arm, and our faces like white blurs against the darkness of the trees were close to each other. A vapour, twining around us, seemed to cut us off from the rest of the world. I could not speak, but I was thinking to myself—" So this is what all the happenings of to-night have led up to —what all my life has led up to. By Heaven, I'll see this thing through!"

Suddenly, with a start she rose. "Look," she said, "the Leighs' lights are going out. "It is getting late, I must go."

I went to the gate with her. It was a low white wicket gate, and a vine-covered arbour led from it to the front door. It looked to me like a long dark tunnel through which she would run like a rabbit to its burrow and be lost to me forever. She held out her hand. I wondered if she were thinking of the kiss I had given her.

"Good-bye!" she breathed.

I took her hand.

"I suppose it is forever," I said.

"I suppose so," she answered, and passed through the little gate, and ran through the tunnel, just as I had expected.

As I cranked up the machine, I could not help thinking that she hoped I would be very miserable because of her. And I was very miserable.

The road, after leaving the heights, sloped steeply downward with few deviations, was broader, and more open, as though in a moment of expansion it would, at last, fling its secrets at my feet.

Soon, far below, I could discern the glimmering lights of the little village, like fire-flies hovering in a hollow. As I jolted swiftly down hill, *Jean,* in spite of her dishonouring cloak of mud, had never seemed so desirable, so strong, so flexible, so cognizant of my mood. She was the mottled charger that had borne me from the grind and monotony of life, out into the April night and romance.

Now I made out the greater bulk of the inn, with its outbuildings and paved yard. The stable door stood partly open, emitting a shaft of light, and from within came a man's voice, vigorously singing a psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," he trolled, "I shall not want."

What manner of hostler was this!

I bumped in over the wet uneven pavement, and sounded the horn. The blare was echoed from the surrounding walls. The singing ceased.

A shirt-sleeved man appeared in the doorway, holding a lantern above his head.

"Hi!" he called out. "Who's there?"

"A poor devil of a motorist," I replied. "Can I get shelter for the night?"

He came forward with alacrity.

"I have a shed that's just the thing for the automobile, sir. Though it's not many that come this way. Your the first this year. Now shall we run her in?"

When *Jean* was safely installed we went back to the stable while he finished rubbing down the horse.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir," he apologized, "but she's just come in a bit sweaty. The Lord won't let me want, as I was singing when you came, and I won't let her want, will I, old girl?" And he bent double, drying her legs. The mare kept nipping him roguishly on the back.

"She's some better than an automobile, hey, sir?" he asked, peering up at me.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied.

It turned out that he himself was the landlord; and in less than twenty minutes I was seated at a small table in a corner of the dining-room, with

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a meal of cold beef, bread, and a glass of ale before me, while my host, washed and coated, waited on me with his own hands.

"I can tell you," I mumbled, between mouthfuls, "you have the worst road here I have ever seen! From the time it leaves the highroad there is not a decent quarter of a mile in it, excepting down the hillside, and that is pretty rutty."

"I know," he replied complacently. "It's the narrowest, windingest road hereabout. We're quiet folk down here, and we like to be quiet. We have our own ways and we don't care much what goes on outside. Not that we don't have any doings, mind ye." He drew nearer, and the lamplight shone on his pink cheek bones. "Did you happen to notice a lantern hanging on a high iron gateway beyond the hilltop?"

I nodded.

"Well," he went on, "that's hung there every night storm or shine, these two years, ever since young Mr. Cadenhouse left home. He and his wife had their differences. Some takes his side, and some takes hers. I'm inclined, myself, to his side, because women's women, and there's no getting around that. But she's been wonderfully good to the old gentleman, and now he's dying. They've sent word to young Aleck, and they're expecting him any minute. Man, you might ha' met him on the road! That would have been a note! He's as big a man as you be. A drop more, sir?"

He replenished my glass, and filled one for himself, which he stood drinking, with his back to the wall, and with a little apologetic air.

"And that isn't all," he continued, swallowing carefully.

"Major Cadenhouse, being a veteran of wars, with medals and all that, he is to have a grand military funeral with a band and a regiment of soldiers. Mr. Leigh is seeing to everything—such a business. There never was the like here before—and never will be again," he added with zest.

Now, seeing that I was ready for my room, he led the way to the stairs, but before ascending he removed his heavy top boots and stood them on the lowest step.

"My two boarders," he explained in a whisper, "are very light sleepers. I shouldn't like to disturb them. Mr. T. Tugwell been with me seven years, Mr. B. Libbey five—fine men."

So we crept softly upstairs, and he cautiously opened a door in the hallway above. As he handed me the lamp he pointed to another door across the hall.

"T. Tugwell," he whispered, "seven years." Then he indicated the adjacent door with, "B. Libbey, five," and disappeared.

I found myself in a large square bedroom, which, though low-ceilinged, was amply furnished, having in addition to the walnut bedroom set, a large wardrobe and a marble topped centre table. Obviously, this was a decent inn, and I had no doubt that Messrs. Tugwell and Libbey were made very comfortable there.

I sat down by the marble-topped table and wrote two notes, one to my aunt, and one to my professional assistant. I explained that I had been called away on business for a couple of days, and gave a few directions to be followed during my absence. The notes were abrupt and to me seemed unconvincing, but I let them go at that. My ever-recurring thought was, "I'll see this thing through," and I clung to it with the tenacity of youth.

I undressed hurriedly and was soon beneath the large flowered coverlet. But not to sleep. The haunting personality of the woman with whom I had been thrown into such sudden intimacy hovered between me and slumber. It was amazing how her face fitted into my mind as though it were the one thing I had lacked. Her hair, her eyes, her lips had been a revelation to me.

Outside the open window an eave was dripping with harmonious monotony. As I lay listening, it resolved

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itself into her name, "Grace Cad-en-house, Grace Cad-en-house," and so persisted that I was fain to cover my head with the bed-clothes, but I could no more shut out the sound of her name than I could obliterate her face from my thoughts.

Gray dawn showed me where the window was before I slept. My sleep was sound and long. The unaccustomed sound of a pump, creaking and splashing awakened me. The hands of my watch pointed to ten. My strange night was over and a new day had begun.

I washed my face, neck and chest in cold water at the basin, and while still rubbing with the towel, I went to the window and made a preliminary survey of the street below. Directly opposite was a smithy, around the open door of which a group of men stood in earnest conversation. There was a baker with his pallid face smudged with flour, and a shoemaker whose hands were rolled in his leathern apron. The smith himself stood somewhat aloof, tossing up and catching a heavy hammer. Occasionally one of them would turn and stare up the road; whereupon the others would immediately do likewise, as though they feared he would behold some looked-for phenomenon first. I made no doubt that they had learned of the death of Major Cadenhouse.

I hurriedly finished dressing and went down to breakfast. I had a pleasant feeling of being at home in the quiet inn, as I found my way to the table where I had supped the night before. A slip of a girl brought me a rasher of bacon, and toast and tea. All very good.

I was not the only occupant of the dining-room. At a table between the two windows that gave on the street, there were seated two rubicund old gentlemen, whom I mentally hailed as Messrs. T. Tugwell and B. Libbey. They had evidently finished their breakfast some time ago, for the table was cleared, and some newspapers and a cribbage board lay before. However, the two old gentlemen took no heed either of the newspapers or each other. They sat with their hands clasped over their rotund waistcoats and stared gloomily, each out his own window. After a brief survey of me and a short whispered colloquy they resumed their attitude of resolute melancholy.

Presently the landlord entered, tiptoeing to my side. He bent over me confidentially, yet with deference.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered. "Ye've happened along at a lucky time. The old Major passed away last night between nine and ten. Young Mr. Cadenhouse is home again. I can't just rightly make out whether he arrived before or after his father's death. The servants are all mighty close-mouthed up yonder, ye see. One thing is certain, Mrs. Aleck left the house the moment her husband set foot in it, and went to the Leighs'. There's a woman for ye! Mr. Leigh's a busy man this day. The funeral is to be held with full military honours, with a gun carriage for the body and a regiment of cavalry and the Town Band. There never was such a business here before—and to think that ye'd happen in on it!"

He was staggered into silence for a moment by my good fortune, then, with a sly glance in the direction of the old gentlemen, he bent his head closer to my ear and breathed:

"My two boarders, T. Tugwell with the Dundreary whiskers—B. Libbey in spats. Both old gentlemen feeling very depressed."

"Friends of the Major?" I inquired.

"W—ell, no—not exactly," he replied. "But, ye see, they're great cribbage players; in all the years they've lived here I've never known them to miss their game after breakfast. However as members of this community, and wishing to show their respect to the departed, they have determined not to put in a peg until after the funeral! But it is depressing for them. Very."

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With a commisserating gesture, he tiptoed over to the two mourners, who each blew a deep sigh as they turned to greet him.

Later, he accosted me in the porch, where I was lighting a cigar, with the inquiry whether I had a mind to take a constitutional. I replied that I had.

"Well, if you should ask my advice," said he, "there isn't a prettier walk in the countryside than up to the graveyard. Straight down this street and up the hill, sir. You can't miss it. There you will see the great Cadenhouse monument of Scotch granite; and there Major Cadenhouse's wife and her two babes has lain these twenty year; and there they be preparing a place for him before sunset. Yes."

The fellow had all the pride of a cicerone. He stood watching my progress along the street with an air of proprietorship.

The fog still held, though now it moved uneasily as though stirred by some hidden force that would wave it aside and reveal the miracles that had been worked under cover of its pall. The outlines of the shops and houses were blurred but I could see that many of them were hung with a network of vines that were putting forth their ruddy tinted leaf buds. The woodland crowded to the very backyards of the dwellings, heightening the air of remoteness that the village wore. Now and again the cry of a child came with startling distinctness. A speckled hen scratched and pecked on the very sidewalk, but she bustled away under a hedge at my approach.

Soon the street was left behind; the sidewalk ended, and I took a path that led across a common and up the farther hillside. The village lay between two hills. A flock of geese followed me, hissing and squawking to the foot of the hill, where they turned back and resumed their quiet grazing.

I was alone. Why had I come? What would be the end of it all? I tried to analyse the motives that had led me to hide myself in this obscure village, and now prompted me to visit the burying place of people who were nothing to me. It was an incredible adventure for a sane and busy physician. Then a vision of Grace Cadenhouse as she had looked when we passed beneath the lantern in the gateway flashed into my mind. I saw her hands like white flowers lying in her lap and a wisp of fair hair blown across the black velvet of her cloak. I knew that it was the desire to see her once more that held me here. Yet, what, in the name of God could that lead to? She a married woman! But, estranged, mind you, from her husband! "I will stay," I said aloud, "until after the funeral, and then I will go, whether I have seen her or not." Whereupon I trudged doggedly up the hillside.

The air on the hilltop was freer. The mist swept across it in clouds, now obscuring, now leaving it clear.

I pushed open the gate of the graveyard. Among the low and weather-stained tombstones it was easy to distinguish the tall red granite column of the Cadenhouse family. I picked my way over sunken graves to it. The plot was surrounded by a privet hedge, inset with an ornamental iron gate. There were three graves inside, one long and two very short ones. On the granite was cut the name of "Janet," beloved wife of Roger Cadenhouse and a date of more than twenty years before; and below that, the names of "Ninian" and "Hugh," infant sons of the same, aged respectively ten months and seven months. At the head of both infants' graves a small metal hanging basket for flowers was hung, from which a few vines dangled. Ninian had his little basket and Hugh his, but Janet lay with her head to the granite column, little recking that her lord would so soon lay him down beside her.

As I stood and stared, I heard a crunching noise, and turning, I saw

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a man pushing a wheelbarrow, coming toward me along the gravel walk. It was the gravedigger.

I passed the time of day with him and as he was a very civil fellow I stayed and talked until his work was done. He told me, among other things, that many a time he had met Major Cadenhouse and his daughter-in-law walking arm in arm to the graveyard, followed by the dog, Roderick. They three were the best of friends, he said.

It was noon when I returned to the inn.

I spent the afternoon in overhauling *Jean,* and what with tinkering and cleaning and oiling, the time passed quickly enough.

After tea I was accosted by the two boarders, who introduced themselves. I found them very interesting old gentlemen. T. Tugwell was a retired tea merchant who had spent much of his life in India and Ceylon, while B. Libbey was a naturalist with a hobby for collecting bees and spiders.

As twilight fell we sat in the dim porch and chatted. They accepted cigars and smoked them with an air of doggishness.

My attention was drawn by two grotesque, hump-backed figures that came slowly down the street and turning into the yard of the inn, disappeared. They were followed by several others, one with a great protuberance in front.

"See those fellows?" said T. Tugwell, indicating the figures with a wave of his cigar. "That's the band." They've come to practise the Dead March, you know. They're not often called on to play it. Expect they'll make an awful mess of it."

It appeared that once a week the band practised in the stable loft of the inn.

"We retire late on those nights," put in B. Libbey.

"Usually play cribbage," added his friend. They each blew a sigh.

After the preliminary tunings the band staggered bravely into the opening bars of The Dead March in Saul. They staggered into it, and when after a brief period of brazen discord, they broke down, my two companions said "Tck—tck!" sympathetically.

But the band was there to conquer, and it did. The noble requiem, heavy with the sadness of tradition, poured out into the April night. No meanness of execution could spoil it. Groups of women gathered on the sidewalk to listen. We fell silent. I was again in the room with the dying man.

When the stealthy figures had departed we threw away the ends of our cigars and said good-night. I undressed in the dark.

Then that sensation that I dreaded, and yet courted, came to me, the desire to see Grace Cadenhouse, burning like a steady lamp within me. I had no peace for it. I was filled with wonder and self-pity to think that just when my practice, which had heretofor absorbed my every energy, was coming along so well, I had been subjected to so violent an emotion. Nothing mattered to me now; nothing except her. Nothing, except that I loved her!

When once I had said the words out loud—had acknowledged my weakness—had admitted that I was beaten—a sense of relief came over me, as one who struggles against destiny no more.

Well, the high gods had sent me this love by a miracle. I would question no more. I would accept it. And if I could never attain possession of the fragile bloom of it, I would still carry the perfume of it with me for the rest of my days—an exquisite torment.

I did not sleep, but the time did not seem long. Midway in the night a gale arose. I could hear it whirling and whistling down the street. Shutters banged. The inn sign strained and creaked. My window curtains blew straight into the room. The fresh, fragrant air caressed my hot

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Suddenly there appeared an open space, centred by a sun-dial, and, sitting on a marble bench, I saw Grace Cadenhouse. Her form was outlined in silver.

I stepped eagerly to the edge of the moonlit space, then halted, and held my breath, for, kneeling beside her on the grass, I perceived the figure of a man. His face was hidden in the folds of her dress, but I could see that the form was that of Aleck Cadenhouse. One of her hands lay on his head.

I hesitated for only a moment, then I strode boldly out into the light, bared my head and stood before her so, motionless.

She saw me. She recognized me. Her hand left his head and she pressed the fingers of it to her lips.

For a second I thought she did so with a gesture of warning. Then I saw that she was kissing her fingers to me, once, twice, thrice. Her eyes had a mocking light.

I made her a low bow and then turned back into the shelter of the woods, stumbling along the path over last year's sodden leaves.

THE LONELY SOLDIER

By HUGH S. EAYRS

RATTLE and roar,
A hand, impatient, swift, grasping the coach's door.
Tumult, yell, shout,
The rest of them clamouring to get out
Ere yet the creaking, groaning train had stopped.
A gladsome hail,
As father glimpses son: a muffled wail,
As wife, on a sudden, glancing up aloft,
Sees husband—one arm gone—but still, dear God! alive,
Relic of that memorable drive.

But you had none
To greet you, kiss you. There you stood as one
Who, dreaming, watched some ghostly, strange parade,
Some quaint, unreal, fantastic drama played.

For all your loneliness and lack of friend,
And heart to mourn your leaving, cry, "God send
Him back again"—this, when you went, as now;
For all you suffered, harsh, portentous row
Of shot and shell,
Marking the time of some poor hero's hell.

For all you gave
When, without questioning, you risked a grave
Among innumerable ones,
Digged by the weapons of the Huns.
(And you the same slim chances took as they!)
For all these things
You have reward. If you have none to greet,
Let not your heart be troubled. Day by day
We thank our God for you. Your name is sweet.
And many a heart your deathless praises sings.

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THE SUGAR CAMP

From the painting by A. Suzor Cote

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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GLORIANA

By Britton B. Cooke.

A ONE-ACT DRAMA, WITH THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS: Hilda, grim, all in dark colours. Pomona, kinder, has a touch of colour at her throat. Simon Hadler, Gloriana's husband.

SCENE: A culvert by a roadside. A small brook, swollen by a recent rain, runs bubbling under the culvert, over-riding a rank growth of water-cress. The two women have met at the brook-side to gather cress. Each has a basket. They are on opposite sides of the brook.

The old women, crouched down, heads as close together as possible, are apparently conversing over the work of plucking cress. There are long silences between them, allowing the thread of conversation plenty of chance to pass from topic to topic easily.

Hilda *(in a strong firm voice):* I've told them what to do for her. Goose oil and turpentine rubbed on. Slipp'ry elm for the cough, and sassafrass tea.

Pomona: And red flannel on her chest. You should have said red flannel. There's nothin' in the world like it. It ain't like gray flannel or white flannel, or any other sort of flannel in the world. There's virtue in the red.

Hilda: Virtue to the eye, mebbe, but what virtue to a wheezy chest?

Pomona: Virtue to the chest, too, Hildy. Ye better tell them that.

Hilda: Mebbe I will. Who taught ye that?

Pomona: Losh! I forget now. I think the peddler told me once, and I tried it on a poor sick body—Sary Trotter. Poor Sary Trotter. D'ye remember her, Hildy? On the Amaranth road. Poor body.

Hilda: Aye. Her man married again. He's an uncle of this Glory girl I'm dealin' with. Mebbe—*(she goes on plucking)*—mebbe if I don't get her better they'll ask for you, Granny.

Pomona: Na. Ye know more nor I do, Hildy; unless it be the spotwood tea I heard of from the Indians last time old Hawk Wing went this way. His squaw brought me a bundle of the twigs. I'm givin' it now to a man in our village—Hadler! Simon Hadler, the local preacher. Mebbe you heard of him, Hildy?

Hilda: Heard of him! His tongue runs around in his head. Too clever t' yer face. And too much noise—like shavin' a pig for wool.

Pomona *(gently):* Ah! I think he's grand—so young and handsome, and so smart in his ways. What like's your girl, Hildy?

Hilda: No like at all for such a land.

Pomona: Sickly, ye mean?

Hilda: Not sickly, but like a flower blowing in the grass where cattle's feedin'. Like a bit of milkweed silk feshed out by the wind and glimmerin' in the sun in the fall o' the year. She's the beauty of town. When she moves, it's like a cloud courted by a high wind before the face of God, and when she speaks—it's like when other women of our other, firmer kind, feel their first tenderness, talkin' to their babe.

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Pomona *(who has been sitting back on her haunches as the description proceeded):* That be the Glory? Gloriama of the Tidgley's place. Ooh-aye! Ooh-aye! *(And she suddenly resumes her plucking of cress. She sighs).*

Hilda *(sharply):* Ye heerd of her?

Pomona: Heerd of her? 'Tis her he wants. 'Tis her that's wrong with him.

Hilda: Yer preacher-man?

Pomona: Aye. Simon Hadler, and a grand man.

Hilda: A fool more like.

Pomona: No. Ye've not heard him preach?

Hilda: I've heard him preach, and what's more, I've seen him farm.

Pomona: Aye. It's not a good farm. But the preachin's grand.

Hilda: What right has a man t' preach and let his crops wither in the sun? Him and his words. Another fit for no country such as this.

Pomona: A harsh country, true. But when a country's harsh, how much more is it to find beauty flowerin' here and there like bits of buttercups on a hot bald hill in summer, or to hear the voice of a man talkin' like music, with great words, and with a voice like an east wind in a slashin' of the woods.

Hilda *(sneering):* And white-skinned chests that perish in a bit of wind. and hands like for naught but spinning flax, and moulding candles in a corner by the fire, after dark. And your man—with his roarin' voice and his great words—and *(with changed inflection)* with his cattle neglected and his farm run to waste with him savin' souls in the countryside. Why *(with sudden interest)* I heard they offered him money for his preachin', and he said it was the Lord's work he would do, and not be paid for it. Was that true?

Pomona: It were true. But weren't it noble. Yes, Glory knows it, too.

Hilda: Glory! How do ye know? Knows what?

Pomona: Knows of him refusin' money for his work—refusin' to be paid t' preach.

Hilda: A dreamer. A vain man. Loving to be as other people are not. Lovin' t' stretch his neck and crow like a cock from the wheel of an idle wagon. Lovin' t' be playin' on the hearts o' people like upon strings. What is wanted here is oxen with their necks in the yoke and their heads low. drawin' the plough through the sod, hearin' the soft fallin' of the brown earth in the lengthenin' furrow. Who is your Simon man that he could keep a wife or babes, or even see a new-born colt was warmed in straw? And *(to herself)* who's the girl, that she should be dreamin' after great words, and the noise of wind in a slashin' in the woods!

Pomona *(to herself):* He has a great frame and a great head set on the top of it like a house peering out over the great country from a high hill. He has eyes like a woman's, and a great nose and great mouth with a fine curl to it, and he sees great distances, and tells the like of us which way the crooked road is running through the wood. Hildy! He'll win her yet, and when he's won her there will be a flowerin' house with angels for their children, sure.

Hilda: And the cattle lowin', hungry in their windy barn.

II.

A grassy spot in the woods.

Hilda enters and finds Pomona, huddled down, gathering something from among the green things on the ground.

Hilda *(a trifle sharply):* Ye've found my mushroom spot.

Pomona *(looking up):* Yours, Hildy? Na. I found it long ago. The Tidgeley's cows lies here. It is their warm bellies brings the beauties up.

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Look, Hildy! Ye can have a half of mine. I've known the place this year and more.

Hilda *(a little less sharply):* They're yours. I used to get a basket every dawn. I come to-day t' get a few for Gloriana's supper in her own new house with Simon Hadler, the fool, that's gone and married her.

Pomona: Ye're ever free with callin' people fools, Hildy. 'Tis seldom enough in this wide land there's time for spending all the joys of foolishness. What with the Scotch here, and the Irish there, and the Methody's prayerin', and the Presbees fighting mad with drink—what with the women scratchin' at the foot of the tall trees for loam to make potatoes grow, and layin' their babies in the sap troughs while they sweats with the men in the fields, 'tis time enough there was a little joy. In a land where sons is fortunes and daughters weights, a family like a string o' stones, where the sons demand, and the daughter marries, or keeps the bread from the last baby in the house —'tis time enough to see a little joy such as I seen when I was young, Hildy—and you, when you was young.

Hilda *(suddenly thoughtful):* That was another land than this. And even there—all that I saw was foolishness, and but a dream—*(nodding backward)*—like theirs.

Pomona *(still in her other vein):* Ye can begrudge them naught. All the ringin' empty words of his head, all the foolish flowin' out of tenderness for her that is s' frail and pretty to the eye. Ye know yerself that it is good to see, and in a land where women dare not know the joy of wetted eyes, it damps the parched corners of the heart, with joy.

Hilda: Ye have a mauderin' mood, Pomony, and I'm that tired I let ye talk it out.

Pomona: Aye, and let me finish while I will. 'Tis little more of joy I'll see like hers when I came upon them speakin' softly by the graveyard gate, when I see her, flushed with the pride of chosen womanhood, move down the street—just as ye said one time, "Like a cloud courted by a great wind, before the face of God". And in the courtin' days I saw her smile and buddin' out with redder cheeks and brighter eyes, and saw him, hoverin' above her—tenderly—doin' rev'rence to her bits of hands and feet, and the smooth cheek of her softer than a briar petal glowin' in the swamp. And when the circuit rider marrit them in her father's house, with a ring brought from York by the peddler himself—she in her gray flannel dress, and he in his homespun stuff—I thought at last a touch of something more than need in all this wilderness. 'Twas happy that I was. 'Twas out of happiness that I came out, like you, to gather mushrooms for her feast in his old shabby house.

Hilda: Aye. Happiness. But can yer happiness make hands strong or wind soft, or soil less stubborn than it is? Can it take words out of the head of the man and make a cunning mind to cheat the frost of the potatoes, or the rust of the wheat, or put the fat grass on pasture-lands that burned with the shameless sun. It is a stubborn country fit for stubborn men, fit only for the brave of body, as well as brave of heart. It lies here like a horse that's down and won't get up, or like a strong woman that must needs be mastered by a mighty man. And he's—not mighty. But a preachin' fool with dreams he might have sold, except he thinks they are the Lord's—and can't.

Pomona: And she thinks so with him.

Hilda: Well—then they'll starve.

Pomona *(with fire):* They shall not starve.

Hilda: Ye talk, Pomony, but ye cannot plough. We'd die, like them, except at childbirth or at death, they call for us to help; to wash the babe;

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to lay the poor dead out. And we pick up odds and ends of food and value for our winter's keep.

Pomona: Hark! I hear them callin' from the door. They're clangin' at his rusty bell. They're waiting for us, Hildy, sure. Let's hurry back *(glancing at her basket)*. I have enough for all.

She hobbles out.

Hilda huddles on a fallen log, and with the petals of a flower goes through a ceremony. Lights down slowly. Curtain.

III.

SCENE: A log-house interior, fireplace, rude table, scythe on the wall, a Bible on the table, some little flannel garments, as of children. In the far corner (right), a pallet of straw and a figure lying on it. Before the fire, the crones, watching the boiling pot. Seven years have elapsed.

Hilda *(sharply):* Leave the fire be. There's luck enough has hit the house.

Pomona: Aye. But the floor's cold. It was the coldness of the floor that struck her lungs again.

Hilda: It can't strike your lungs nor mine. The children's gone with the neighbour women to be fed, and your great man has gone to the mill for boards. Why should ye stir the fire?

Pomona: I'll leave it be.

Hilda: If they was Irish folk they'd hold a wake.

Pomona: Aye. But they're not. There'll be some 'taties on the shelf, and nothin' more.

Hilda *(rising and going toward shelf):* We'll leave enough for him. *(Rummaging on the shelf).* She was a poor keeper of a house. Her hands was small.

Pomona: Aye, and red now, with tryin' t' make them useful. She were brave enough.

Hilda: Aye. Never a whimper in her pain. Five did she give.

Pomona: I'll keep her bit o' flannel for the baby's chest. It has a cold.

Hilda: A cold! Another one. O, what a crime they came, to live in such a bitter place, and fight—in vain.

Pomona: 'Tis you that says in vain. Not I. There *(indicating the couch)* were a little sort of happiness. There were some spirit such as other folk in these parts seldom show. There was some love. She lived, and she was loved. She loved, and though she could not master that which followed her, nor make her dreamer husband rich with wheat and lands as well—she lived a fatter life than any in these parts. Listen! . . . He's coming up the lane.

Hilda: Aye. With the boards.

Pomona: Think ye he can put them together right enough?

Hilda: I do not know.

Pomona: Sh!

Sounds of someone approaching. Lights down a trifle. There is a fumbling at the door, and the door opens. Boards are stood within the door one by one. The women hold still by the fire, now almost out. Enter great figure of husband, muffled. He impatiently throws part of the muffler away, and with a gesture points to the door, while he faces the women. They go out into the next room. The man drags in a stool, then another stool, and lays a board along the length. He gropes about for his saw, lays it out with his hammer. He looks once at the pallet. Turns facing audience. Sits down, blindly, and buries his face in his hands.

Lights down.
CURTAIN.

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DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES

By Herbert L. Stewart.

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

MR. SLOSSON'S translation of Professor Bergson's little book on dreams has recalled us to a most interesting and at the same time a most elusive problem. It is curious that on such a subject savage man, and man in a pre-scientific age, should have been more reflective than many nineteenth century investigators. Every anthropologist is struck by the extent to which primitive thought revolved around the facts of sleep and dreaming; from this source emerged, beyond doubt, that greatest of all distinctions—the contrast of body and soul—whose familiarity today makes one forget how large a step it once was in intellectual advance. It was noticed that at regular intervals the limbs sink into torpor, the eyes close, the body remains motionless, and while the condition lasts no awareness is shown of the events that are happening around. Yet the sleeper on awaking could often describe a whole series of sights or sounds, a whole drama of war or the chase, in which he had been a spectator or an actor, but which had somehow passed away. What account could be given more natural or more satisfactory than to say that within the bodily frame there dwells a thin filmy substance, which from time to time leaves the body in a state of repose, goes on an excursion to other scenes and tasks, returning again in due time to its normal tabernacle?

Sir James Fraser has collected in "The Golden Bough" a multitude of quaint savage practices which witness to this interpretation of the dream. You see it clearly in the precautions that are taken to facilitate re-entrance into the body for the wandering "manikin" when it comes back: "A Fijian suddenly awakened from a nap by somebody treading on his foot has been heard bawling after his soul and imploring its return". There is thought to be danger in disturbing or altering the appearance of the sleeper's body, lest the soul may not recognize its home and may go to and fro on the earth. Thus if the head is placed where the feet should be, or if whiskers are daubed upon a woman's cheeks, identification may be prevented. And the truant may obstinately delay its return, so that recourse must be had to savage spells and incantations.

In later times interest in dreaming took another form. It was long believed—in many quarters it is believed still—that man has here a clue to forecasting events. The seer, like Joseph and Daniel in the Old Testament, undertook to interpret the visions of the night; and Mr. Slosson has reminded us that "when a scholar laboriously translates a cuneiform tablet dug up from a Babylonian mound where it has lain buried for five thousand years or more, the chances are that it will turn out either an astrological treatise or a dream-book". The latter type of literature

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commands a considerable circulation among certain classes even at the present day. Whilst we smile at these fancies we should remember it to the credit of a simpler age that a real problem was seen in occurrences which most of us simply take for granted, and that a rude theory was devised to explain facts on which most of us have not exercised our ingenuity at all. Since psychologists have really taken the matter up it has been found the more fascinating the farther it is probed. In this paper I can only set forth in outline some of the more interesting suggestions which have been offered to cover the data.

What is a dream made up of? What are its elements? And how are these elements disposed? We do not simply reproduce when we fall asleep that which we have lived through on the preceding day or at any preceding time. We pass into a world in which familiar data are recombined in new ways. And that which comes before us is, above all, a *picture*; it is the sense of sight which plays the greatest rôle. The other senses are quite capable of leaving each its own memory-image behind; but somehow in the dream we deal comparatively seldom with sounds, with perfumes, with tastes, or with tactual sensations. The "stuff that dreams are made of" is, as a rule, visual imagery, and that imagery seems to be in constant change. It unrolls itself like a drama that we watch upon the screen of a picture theatre—a succession of dissolving views where each passes insensibly into the next.

But, unlike the pictorial drama, the action we witness in sleep seems incoherent, inconsistent, lacking a unity of purpose. Plays are works of imagination, but they have a plot which must be preserved throughout, and the spectator is quick to notice a contradiction. In dreamland, on the contrary, criticism seems to be in abeyance; we attend our own funerals without a thought that we are doing anything extraordinary, the scene changes with lightning speed from one country to another, and the rose tree on which we gazed a moment ago has been transformed into a human face. Part of the reason is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that sense-impressions from the outside world are excluded. While we remain in touch with the hard reality of concrete physical objects fancy is restrained, its vagaries are constantly brought to a touchstone, constantly corrected. If we think of that artificially-deepened sleep which we call hypnosis this view is confirmed, for there every suggested image is at once accepted, there is an intensified passivity, the critical attitude seems wholly destroyed.

Yet there is a connection among dream images, though it is one which the ordinary consciousness would condemn as grotesque. If a person when wide awake sees a human face apparently growing out of the petals of a rose he suspects his own condition. In a dream there is no such questioning, or at least a reduction in such questioning, of the perceptual data. The images are accepted, but not chaotically; at all costs they must be welded together into a whole, and any assumption necessary for this purpose is cheerfully made, no matter what scientific principle must be violated in the process. If a miracle is required then a miracle is supposed, but it is not thought of *as* a miracle; for once we reach a state in which there is no contrast of natural and supernatural. In short, the point of view of science is inverted, the deliverances of sense are supreme. "seeing is believing".

Mr. Havelock Ellis has very acutely pointed out that dream imagery is spontaneous, while that of waking life is, generally speaking, purposive. When in contact with the outside world we concentrate our minds upon a particular subject, we exclude the irrelevant, and we do so because we have an end in view, an interest in

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thinking along that special line. This is, of course, a matter of varying degrees; there is the type of mind which the French call *distrait*, and there is that vacuous condition in which we enjoy a reverie, deliberately refusing to concentrate. Contrast a mathematician bringing all his powers to bear upon a problem, with a person staring into the fire, thinking about nothing, but seeing all sorts of weird shapes disporting themselves among the flames. The latter state of relaxed attention comes near, and it may easily pass into, a genuine dream. The will is in abeyance, we are "fancy-free".

Again, there are some curious features about the *action* which we imagine ourselves carrying out in a dream. Sometimes we seem to do things with præternatural facility; difficulties which would be insuperable in waking life are at once overcome; or, on the other hand, movement may be utterly frustrated; we struggle to speak or to raise the hand; we fail, and we commonly awake in a state of painful excitement. How shall we explain this? What difference of origin can be found between the normal dream and the "nightmare"?

Think of the sleeper's body as looked at by an outside observer. It may remain absolutely still, or there may be convulsive twitching of the muscles, the kind of thing which Scott refers to in the case of dogs:

> The staghounds, weary with the chase,
> Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
> And urged in dreams the forest race
> From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor.

Everyone has noticed the half-suppressed barking of a dog while asleep. There is a difference only of degree between this and the elaborately co-ordinated movements of the body in somnambulism. A sleep-talker is a mild example; one who rises, dresses, goes for a walk, and comes back in safety to bed is a more developed instance of the same. In the normal or healthy dream the motor nerves are in a state of suspended activity: action is only imagined; but where the suspension is incomplete we are partially awake, action is half carried out and half frustrated; hence the "uneasy slumber".

Do we always dream? Or is there such a thing as that "deep and dreamless sleep" which Socrates thought preferable even to the pleasing excitements of waking life? The problem is perhaps insoluble, though confident answers may be given by those who speak only from their individual experience. At one end of the scale is the man who declares that he dreams every time he sleeps, at the other there is he who believes, like Lessing, that he never had a dream at all, and that he knows of such a thing only from hearsay.

The question is not, "Do we always *remember* our dreams?" and when we draw this distinction it becomes plain that the answer is very difficult. For the experience may be totally forgotten at the moment of waking, and yet, as everyone knows, it may return suddenly into consciousness during the day, revived by some trifling circumstance in the day's business, or by some object that we notice in the street. We pass by insensible gradations from deep sleep to wide-awakeness, and there is ample time for the vision to disappear entirely, provided it was not of a very emotional kind. Those who have tried the unpleasant experiment of getting themselves roused abruptly tell us that they catch themselves dreaming at the transition moment. Moreover, that curious power which some of us possess to decide mentally the hour at which we want to awake, and to obey our self-suggestion in the morning, points surely to some means of marking in our sleep the flight of time. Professor Stout has alluded to this in the phrase, "the organism as time-keeper". Without undue dogmatism on the subject I think we may feel sure that we dream far oftener than we know, and we must admit

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that there is some real evidence in favour of the view that sleep has this accompaniment invariably.

Passing now to explanatory theories we may enumerate three. (1) It has been urged that the dream state is essentially a process of *reasoning* or, perhaps it would be better to say, a process of *interpretation*. The material, we are told, is a set of unconnected pictures, or a series of unconnected sensations; the dream activity is directed to forcing these chaotic data into an ordered whole. It is as if a painting were constructed by taking up fragments of many different paintings and joining these mechanically together; the effort of the dream is to think such a chance aggregate into a rational whole, making any assumption, however vast, which may be required. Thus fantastic links are often forged and unnatural sequences often accepted.

Sounds from the street fall upon a sleeper's ear, the bedclothes press upon his body, badly digested food causes visceral sensations. Again, there are the remnants of retinal stimulation. These blend together in a mass which waking consciousness would call a medley, but sleeping consciousness struggles to unify them. We have an attack of indigestion and dream logic makes us suppose that we are in a ship heaving up and down upon the sea. Or a man with a weak and palpitating heart has conjured up before him the picture of a pair of perspiring horses struggling uphill under a heavy load. Mr. Ellis, who is a leading exponent of this view, holds the stomach accountable for a great deal, for its disturbance causes a diffused emotional excitement, and for this excitement some plausible cause must be pretended. He quotes in illustration of the effect produced by posture a very gruesome night-mare that he experienced himself. He dreamt not only that he was dead, but that a post-mortem was being carried out upon his body. He was somehow aware of what was going on, including the preparations for the funeral; on awaking he found that he had been lying with his head and neck in an unnatural attitude. There is no limit to the ludicrous explanations which the dreamer will thus devise. Thus, too, noises dimly heard are transmuted in dream-consciousness; the scratching of a mouse or the ringing of a door-bell may be the starting-point of a drama. And in the same way images from childhood may mix strangely with the events of the present. I have myself had one singular dream of this sort at least three times. I fancied that I was a candidate in a certain school examination, and I passed through just the same tumult of nerves which I can remember when I actually *was* a candidate many years ago. In my dream I felt extremely ignorant, and rightly so, for I did not even know the names of the text-books upon which I was to be questioned. I searched up and down for a programme, but none was to be found. Then the thought occurred to me: "What a horrible scandal will arise if I fail in this examination, for it will be said that a person who has acted for three years as an examiner was found incapable of passing himself!" Under this fear I hunted for the programme with feverish haste. At last it occurred to me that my fears were groundless, for I would be debarred from the examination on the score of age. This consoled me greatly and with a feeling of deep relief I awoke. An odd mixture indeed of past and present imagery, with the dreamer's peculiar logic determined to make sense out of the whole.

(2) The second hypothesis to which I must refer is that of Professor Freud, of Vienna; it is commonly called the "theory of a concealed wish". Freud thinks of a dream as a piece of symbolism, and of the thing symbolized as always some desire deeply placed in the soul of the

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dreamer. Thus he distinguishes between *explicit* content and *latent* content. This view seems a valuable supplement to the "reasoning" theory which I have just explained. To say that in a dream a cause is devised to explain some sensation which we feel is to over-simplify the facts. The dreamer has no clear awareness of a sensation to be explained; if he had he would not be asleep, but awake; neither is the cause which he feigns really explanatory. What happens is rather that a diffused and vague emotional state conjures up a picture, full of irrelevant detail, in which the same or a kindred emotional state is observed, it may be in someone else. He is like the poet, having everywhere suggested to him quaint and out-of-the-way analogies, far more than he is like the scientist seeking causes for effects. Very often, as in the case of the sufferer from heart disease, he objectifies his own feeling, and fancies he sees it manifested by some other person or even by some other animal.

But is a dream *always* symbolic? How can we thus understand the scraps of imagery, representing actual events of the past somewhat confused and mixed up with incidents of some other time, an aimless random picture in which on awaking we can identify the bits as drawn from real life? After all, no phrase seems here more fitting than the old one, "accidents of the cerebral machinery".

And, even in those cases where the stimulus has undergone profound transformation in sleeping consciousness, can we always detect, or have we reason to think that there is always present, a disguised *wish*? The disguise, according to Freud, is commonly assumed because the wish is one of which in waking life we should be ashamed, some cherished malevolence or some unruly passion, which we normally refuse to express, because it contradicts the character which we want to maintain. He argues that in a dream we often get nearer to the elemental instincts, in a word, we cease to play the hypocrite and let ourselves go for what we genuinely are. But at other times we wrap up the impulse in a plausible disguise, or represent its action symbolically. It seems true that there is no crime too heinous for us to commit in sleep; and there is, no doubt, little compunction while the sleeping consciousness lasts; it is when we begin to come out of it that we are obsessed with horror. We like to awake and "behold it was a dream". But in claiming that our true characters are revealed to us in sleep, Professor Freud, I think, has libelled human nature. Mr. Ellis points out that "criminals do not commonly dream of themselves as committing crimes, but of perfectly innocent activities"; is it then their sleep character which is fundamental? Moreover, even if it be true that there is no moral sense in the dreamer, this goes no way at all to prove that the moral feelings of one's waking life are either affected or illusory. We have seen that the element of active attention, of purposive control over imagery, is wanting; passive receptivity prevails. If so, how could there be a place for moral decision? Does not this involve above all else active self-determination? If the failure to reason coherently and the acceptance of the most absurd visual pictures does not prove that we are fundamentally irrational, why should acquiescence in all manner of crimes prove that we are fundamentally immoral?

(3) The third theory to be noticed is that which regards dreaming as an activity of the *subconscious* mind. This is the view which was propounded by Frederic Myers in his great work, "Human Personality". For Myers ordinary sleep is just the simplest, the most familiar, but for that very reason the least observed of the "mutations of personality". In it the supra-liminal energies of the mind are depressed and the subliminal energies are set free.

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It was part of his doctrine on this matter that the unconscious mind far surpasses the conscious in grasp and in range. Hence in treating of sleep he points out its extraordinary recuperative effect upon our mental apparatus. Of this there seems to be no sufficient physiological explanation, for, as he truly says, and as every victim of insomnia can corroborate, "a few moments of sleep, a mere blur across the field of consciousness, will sometimes bring a renovation which hours of lying down in darkness and in silence would not yield". He next argues that in sleep there may be and there often is an intensified activity. The somnambulist can thread his way over difficult and dangerous mountain paths with a precision and a self-possession which would be impossible for him when awake. And referring to purely mental performances he claims exalted power during sleep, (*a*) in sense-perception, (*b*) in reasoning, and (*c*) in telepathic and telæsthesic action.

In respect of sense-perception Myers quotes the statement of R. L. Stevenson in his book, "Across the Plains", that it was his practice to determine before going to sleep the subject of his dream imagery, and that not only was he able to fulfil his own programme, but that the pictures were vastly more vivid than any that he could conjure up in wakeful imagination. He instances the well-known hypnagogic and hypnopompic experiences, that is the pictures which float before us as sleep is just beginning or just passing away, where those who visualize badly when awake discover in themselves an extraordinary and an unsuspected power. But more striking to my mind is the evidence from dream-memory. The things we had apparently forgotten often thus reappear, as if they had been stored up in a great mental treasure-house, inaccessible to the consciousness which guides bodily life, but capable of being laid hold upon by this subconscious activity. Thus the real question becomes not, How do we remember? but, How do we forget? Myers answers that memory is a thing of evolution, it has become specialized from a primitive retentiveness which held all things alike into an instrument which aims to keep only that which we require. One may compare Professor Bergson's view that waking life is *interested*, while sleeping life is disinterested. Many notable cases are on record where events are thus recalled in a dream. Take this one from the "Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research". The narrator is a merchant in Cardiff engaged in a shipping business, and his story was verified as far as possible at the time:

"In September, 1880, I lost the landing order of a large steamer containing a cargo of iron ore which had arrived in the port of Cardiff. She had to commence discharging at six o'clock the next morning. I received the landing-order at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when I arrived at the office at six I found that I had lost it. During all the evening I was doing my best to find the officials of the custom house to get a permit, as the loss was of the greatest importance, preventing the steamer from discharging. I came home in a great degree of trouble about the matter, as I feared I should lose my situation in consequence. That night I dreamed that I saw the lost landing-order lying in a crack in the wall under a desk in the long room of the custom house. At five o'clock the next morning I went down to the custom house and got the keeper to get up and open it. I went to the spot of which I had dreamed and found the paper in the very place. The ship was not ready to discharge at her proper time, and I went aboard at seven and delivered the landing-order, saving her from all delay."

This case is typical of a large number; it seems very plausible to say that there is an automatic registering machinery by which nothing is over-

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looked, but that only a fraction of the records can be reached by waking consciousness. The most impressive of the cases are those in which a language once known but apparently forgotten is recalled and spoken in sleep, in hypnosis, or in delirium. The language need not ever have been understood, it is sufficient that it should have been listened to. So many examples have been noted that the term *Xenoglossia* has been coined to stand for this amazing power; our ancestors used to ascribe it to direct divine inspiration. In clairvoyance, which is only intensified sleep, scenes of the past, unattended to at the time, are beyond doubt reproduced in vivid detail. Such hypnotic recall confirms Myers's suggestion, especially as hypnotic experiences often vanish wholly when the trance is over, but are revived in a later sleeping vision. Moreover we have not a few instances which lend countenance to the view that the higher mental activities may be rendered more acute in dream consciousness. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is the classic example on the artistic side; the number of well-attested cases of dream mathematics where problems that have baffled one in waking hours are solved during sleep seems too great to be dismissed; and it is stated by one careful student, though with what evidence I cannot say, that inventions made in a dream have been successfully patented.

To consider the cases of "telæsthesic perception of distant scenes", and again the cases of veridical apparitions to a sleeper, would take us too far afield. I must content myself with referring the reader to the large collection in the works of Myers and Gurney, and with the remark that they seem to me too numerous and too striking to be explained away, save by a preposterous stretching of the long arm of coincidence.

Let me now offer very briefly and with the utmost tentativeness a word of criticism on these hypotheses. Why need there be only one interpretation of all dreaming? Why need all dreams fit into the grooves of a single theory? May not the specific quality of some of them be explained by the random activity of dissociated centres, that of others on Ellis's principle by the effort to make a whole out of chaotic imagery, a third by Freud's wish-symbolism, and a fourth, especially the telepathic and telæsthesic sort, by the action of subconsciousness? What is called the "demand for unity of explanation" may easily be overpressed, most of all where such unification seems premature and when the complete data are not yet available. We have seen how difficult it is to apply the same principle everywhere, and it is plain that between sleeping and waking consciousness no sharp line can be drawn. Between the one end of the scale, where the senses and the judgment are alert, and the other end, where they are in profound abeyance, we can interpose many degrees of distraction and reverie; the mental process of the savage or of the young child approaches more or less closely to what we call dreaming.

One point at least seems securely established, I mean Professor Freud's theory that dream consciousness is to a great extent a manipulation of symbols. Those who have in all ages professed to read the "meaning" of dreams, who, for example, have interpreted a vision of fire as signifying hasty news, were groping after an important truth. When we call a dream a symbol we need not, however, suppose that it is a portent of the future, capable of being deciphered by experts in "the occult", and of conveying predictions which may be acted upon with advantage, though the suggestion that even here is an element of truth would not to-day be treated with just the same scorn with which mid-Victorian scientists overwhelmed it. The immediate point is that we have before

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us transformed representations of stimuli; the symbols may be and often are very far-fetched; as Mr. Ellis says, "In a headache during sleep the head may be represented by a room with spiders crawling over the ceiling". But the fancifulness of the symbols can often with sufficient patience be penetrated, as Professor Freud himself has so conspicuously shown.

It is the view of Myers which takes us into the deepest and the most difficult waters. Those who are satisfied, as I am, that subconsciousness is a fact will be prepared, of course, to grant that it *may* be at work in dreams. The view which seems certainly correct for the explanation of crystal-gazing and hypnotism may very persuasively be applied to that simpler phenomenon of which these are more extreme cases. That a dreamer should have passing before him in fullness of concrete detail events happening to someone else at a distance cannot be explained by invoking only "the usual channels of sense". And when the hypotheses of fraud and illusion have been strained to the uttermost there is a large residuum of such cases which have not been met. Into these with their abounding difficulties I have not space to enter, but that Myers has furnished the only clue which makes them intelligible at all I have little doubt; his case seems most irresistible just when one examines the arguments by which his critics would discredit his facts or when one considers the feebleness of rival attempts at their interpretation.

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THE REAL STRATHCONA

By Dr. George Bryce.

IX.—AN EMPIRE-BUILDER AND PATRIOT

IT is a difficult task to estimate the exact force and influence of any man's life. Life is so many-sided, and circumstances and environment count for so much that it is almost impossible to clearly distinguish any one man's part in the events of his time. For example, in the case of the kings of England it is maintained that freedom was gained under her worst kings. This, however, does not prove that bad kings are desirable. Probably it would be truer to hold that it is the weaknesses of good kings which give rise to decay and disintegration of states. The lack of one good quality may ruin or divert a man's career. Lady Macbeth declared that her husband had great ambitions but his lack of "illness" staid him in attaining success. No one contends that Lord Strathcona was perfect. He had ambition, loved praise, or as one of his friends remarked to the writer, he was fond of prominence, accepted the plaudits of the great, and was pleased with the smile of royalty.

The writer remembers the pride with which Lord Strathcona told of the late King Edward with much geniality dispensing with a formality of court life on one occasion when he was receiving him after his return from Canada where his Lordship had in an accident received an injury. That his Lordship's aspirations were great, his courage notable, his admiration for intelligence and education most marked, his regard for national honour high, and his love for domestic purity and happiness with a desire for peace and good will among men most characteristic—no one can deny.

It had been Lord Strathcona's lot to spend well nigh one third of a century in the dreary region of Rupert's Land from Moose Factory to Labrador, but his conversation, manners and general bearing when he came into the wider sphere of newer Canada showed a notable grasp of what was greatest and truest in life. He was markedly free from the vices often incident to a life spent among Indians, Eskimos, and ignorant traders and fishermen. He greatly assisted education—both higher and the more elementary—subsidized learned men, built and assisted colleges, and was on good terms with all the churches in their efforts to advance religion. He was an admirer and a most liberal supporter of advance in science,—especially in its application to health and general convenience, in medical research and civic prosperity. His good taste was seen in his acquisition of masterpieces in painting and statuary. His mansion in Montreal contained many beautiful works of art. Nothing pleased Lord Strathcona more than to see his friends made happy—and this regardless of their origin, nationality or circumstances—so long as they were reputable and deserving—yes, to use his habit of

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repetition—"respectable and deserving."

Lord Strathcona's great wealth seemed—as he became older and richer—to rouse within him a sense of responsibility which he did not possess when his fortune was smaller. He was a man who grew greater as his vision widened and as his environment became more complicated. What a rise it was to spend so many years of his life among the "angustas res" of Labrador and then to be appointed to fill the high place in London of representative of the Canadian Dominion as High Commissioner, and to be the familiar companion of the rich and the great! Yet he always retained his simplicity of manner. A notable feature of his simple Scottish character and sturdy common sense was shown when on his visit to Winnipeg in 1909 at the meeting of the British Association when the train bearing 200 members of the British guests met his special train coming from British Columbia, although having the right of way he considerately ordered his train to be side-tracked till the visitors passed by.

In nothing did his increasing breadth of mind show itself more than in his conception of "Empire building". Though he had been "cribbed, cabined and confined," by the narrow traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company and by his life among the servile Labrador fisherman, he broached the plan of a free and world-wide British Empire. In this development, however, he was surprisingly free from the "jingo spirit". He never thought of limiting the liberties and aspirations of Canada by taking away any of her privileges. He believed that unity of action could be secured throughout the Empire by Canada and Overseas Dominions—each being mistress of her own house, though being always willing to render homage, devotion and assistance to the mother across the sea. Lord Strathcona never forgot that he was a Canadian and he recognized from the first that an artificial and ill-considered Imperial union would not be acceptable to any of the Dominions.

Again, Lord Strathcona was naturally averse to war. He was essentially a man of peace, and his whole career as Agent General of Canada aimed at promoting good will throughout the Empire and giving kindly treatment to minorities. His coming to Montreal—the largest commercial centre of Canada—was about the time of Confederation. He approved of kindness and conciliation there. He always favoured a policy of good will. He showed this in Manitoba, in his relation to the United States, in his general influence for a good understanding between the French and English people of Quebec, and also among the elements of far-western Canada. In 1897 he even acted as Chairman of a Royal Commission sent to Winnipeg by the Dominion Government to overcome the difficulties raised by the abolition in Manitoba of Roman Catholic schools.

As one of the leading spirits of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it was his policy to connect all the British Overseas Dominions and Colonies by lines of steamers and railways, and to show by trade facilities and mutual intercourse that not only does "trade follow the flag" but that acquaintanceship, trade concessions, and especially hearty good feeling, between the different members of the Empire, would bind them together firmly into a homogeneous whole. In nothing did Lord Strathcona show this spirit more than in his willingness to embark largely in what was called "The All Red Route". This scheme professed to be a work of real Empire consolidation by the connection of ocean steamers and leading railway lines into an endless chain girding the whole earth with Great Britain as the Empire Centre. The undertaking was gigantic and would involve the Governments of Great

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Britain, Canada, New Zealand and Australia in a united sum of five million dollars a year for twenty years. Lord Strathcona offered for the furtherance of this patriotic and imperial project, a sum, if needed, reaching up to a million and a half of dollars. While the exigencies of the various members of the Empire prevented the carrying out of this very great enterprise, the magnificent offer of His Lordship cannot be ignored. It was said that the All Red Route would make Canada, with her transcontinental railways, the connecting link as well as the "half-way house" of the British Empire.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that the patronage by Lord Strathcona in 1907 of the "All Red Route" was but a sequence of one of the grandest exhibitions of munificent patriotism that the world had seen. Nearly a decade before the question of the "All Red Route" problem came up, the fratricidal war of South Africa had taken place. While Lord Strathcona never approved of the unfortunate and maladroit steps which brought on that war, when necessity demanded it, he, with splendid patriotism, undertook, as we have seen, to provide the Strathcona Horse —a mounted corps—at his own expense. This contribution to the Empire was so notable that it drew forth the unwilling encomium even from his enemies when they declared that "this action has no precedent in the history of any country".

The writer can state from personal knowledge in London that never did Canada's place in the Empire and the respect and admiration of its High Commissioner stand so high as they did in the latest year of his Lordship's life (1913) in London.

But the feeling was very general that though a sound constitution, good habits, temperate living and activity in life's business and duties had blossomed out into a hale old age in this notable man of ninety-three, that the end was approaching. In the last months of 1913 the writer had the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of Grosvenor Square residence in London, where he met Lady Strathcona for the last time. A short time after this came the sad duty of witnessing in a London church the funeral of her Ladyship and of seeing the veteran with bent form and sad footsteps following his partner of half a century and more to her last resting-place. Not many weeks afterward the writer had an interview with his old friend of more than forty-two years of acquaintance. His Lordship was in the office in Victoria Street. He and the writer had for more than forty-two years been having many a talk together. His Lordship was busy writing at his desk. The writer remarked: "It is wonderful how a man of your age can even yet write his private correspondence". "Oh, well," he said, "I can't do it except with difficulty. You know ever since I had the fall in British Columbia, I have had a lame arm." His reference was to his having been thrown out of a carriage by a pair of mettlesome horses at Okanagan Lake on his visit to British Columbia in 1909. His right arm was seriously injured. "I do not write so easily as I used to do," he continued —"not so easily." But his mind was as clear, his manner as benevolent, and his voice, with its tinge of the Morayshire dialect, was as firm and decisive as when he addressed the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society as its premier President in 1871.

Early in 1914 the news came out that Lord Strathcona was dangerously ill. It seemed as if all "Business-London" knew it and was interested in the outlook for the nonagenarian. The old Hudson's Bay man feared that he was in danger. All Canadians in the metropolis spoke to one another of it. Even his Royal friend, Queen Alexandra, showed great personal interest. The news spread abroad that a "wire" had been sent to his chief legal adviser, Garson, in

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Edinburgh, to come at once by special train. His pastor, Dr. Fleming, of St. Columba Church, was in constant attendance. But the end came and the news spread, "The great old man is dead". The news took hold of all London. The authorities of Westminster Abbey offered a place for burial among its famous dead. But his family decided that his Lordship should lie in Highgate Cemetery, where the partner of his Labrador, Montreal and London life had been buried a few weeks before. The public regretted their decision, but it would have been his own wish. But all London insisted that at least the funeral should be in Westminster Abbey. Royalty was represented at the funeral, his fellow members of the House of Lords were largely there, many Canadians were there, and his thoughtful friends of the St. Andrew's Society, Winnipeg, asked the writer to represent them. The business men of London even came in great numbers, all the Overseas Dominions had representatives, and the Great Abbey was not large enough to hold all who asked for admittance.

The service was conducted by his friend and countryman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in compliment to Lord Strathcona being a member of the Church of Scotland, the special service was adapted to include the hymn "O God of Bethel," which Lord Strathcona—as a recollection of his Scottish boyhood—was repeating after his pastor when his spirit passed away.

Before leaving London we made a pilgrimage to the beautiful Highgate Cemetery, where was Lord Strathcona's vault in a closed grassy quadrangle with only the covering of a single slab not yet inscribed with his name. There might be engraved on it the words:

> Here lie the remains of the Empire Builder, the generous benefactor of churches of different faiths, of Hospitals and Homes, of University men and women, and of many thousands of needy and unfortunate ones who received his bounty, without his left hand knowing what his right hand did.

"He was a man, take him for all in all. I shall not look upon his like again."

CONCLUDED

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IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

BY EMMET F. HARTE

SMOKEY hailed originally from the Big Horn basin and—apart from his worldly habits of tobacco, profanity, bad whiskey and aversion to work—was of breezy manner and playful disposition. A subtle air of romance clung to him—the picturesque, airy glamour of the great West, the West of the Unfenced Range. It was rumoured that Smoky had in bygone days attained a not enviable repute along the line of altering cattle brands — even that Wyoming had become too warm a climate for him. But, be that as it may, Smoky held his hearers, when he willed, in the net of his fancy; he was a conversational artist.

"Speaking about this dry wave which is sweeping over the South and East where they say you have to get a pill-peddler's prescription in writing before you can even take a bath," remarked Smoky, on occasion, "reminds me that Southeastern Utah would be a hot location for these parched-throated, temperance rooters to colonize in; they could take their drinking water along in tablet form and when they wanted a wash they could get down and flutter in the alkali dust, like a hen does. I once took a saunter across the Nioche desert which to think of to-day gives me a thirst; I thank you, I don't care if I do. As I was saying, it was some years ago, along about the time the free range went into the low-down hands of the sheep-herders. The cowman was feeling pretty pizenous and four of us boys made a so-called raid into the Green River country, one night, expecting to smear out a certain camp of unclean desecrators of the white man's grass. We struck snags; we stirred up a nest of skunks which could pick off vest-buttons with Winchesters by moonlight at a hundred and fifty yards and had not a compunction — not one. Squirrel-shooters was what that outfit consisted of, man, fancy gun artists. Our party left two with their troubles over and one plugged through and through the upper lungs who got away by the assistance of yours respectly that also received a .30:40 through the shoulder, a graze on the side and two through the hat. That sheep-herder outfit was entirely too sarcastic with their shooting. Then they sent compliments and delicacies of the season and mentioned that they would feel more or less worried during the few days that elapsed before they made a walking sieve out of a certain person called Smoky, placing bets on the same. I, feeling disgusted with such notoriety, rode three days and nights and took a change of scenics.

"Went into the prospecting business on a small scale after that, and worked across the divide that fall, getting as far south as Colorado. The following summer I took a contract to explore the Nioche desert, the same being a second King Solomon's mines for treasure, according to my figures.

"I wandered around in company with a person called Skeeter Malone, Irish with blue hair, and good com-

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pany until we run short of tobacco, whereupon he hits for Carson or Tucson, I forget which, and promises to drift back inside of three weeks with more grub and a pack-mule. He took along all the money. I afterwards heard of him in Sydney, Australia. If I should ever run across that same Skeeter I'll shore take the time to change the map on his face considerable as a token of remembrance. I puttered around in that vicinity until my water-hole went dry and then I moved over about ten miles eastward to another place. That was getting low also and I thought I'd better skip across the desert while I had a chance and not waste any more time. It was about three days' journey, I figured.

"It was the same old fool-story, there's been others; some of them got through and some of their bones are out there yet, lying around between the Rockies and the Sierras. Take my word that little three letters d-r-y means something on the alkali plain with the sun overhead making a mummy out of you. I went dry. It wasn't long or I wouldn't be here to-day, saying here's to your good health! (That's a mighty fine article!) But, as I was saying, I remember the thirst and beginning to get biled.

"Then I staggered around a sandy rise, down into an arroyo and on to a little dried-up wart of a man, wearing spectacles and one of these here helmet-hats and accompanied by a solemn-looking and uncomplaining burro as natural as a photo.

"I tried to say something casual and sociable and also borrow a drink, but all I could do was make a noise like a dust-storm 'rattling o'er the stony street,' during a protracted drought; the little man wasn't all day taking in the exact situation, though, and the way he put me under treatment and softened up my caked places was good to look at even for a burro, who was the only spectator. They only had about a gallon of water themselves, and no more in sight except in a mirage lake off to the south, which was good Christian Science but awful poor for wetting, but my new friend just splattered it around promiscuous, like he owned a perpetual water right. As soon as I got the roof of my mouth and my tongue soaked loose from each other I mentioned it. The little man twiddled his spectacles contentedly and chuckled and the burro wiggled his long ears. They didn't seem to be worrying overly, so I didn't see any use of me borrowing any trouble myself, to prove which I finished up the last drop they had an' joined in the general satisfaction prevailing, even if the thermometer was about a hundred and thirty-five or forty in the shade, with the understanding of course that there was shade, which there wasn't.

"The water made me feel better. I had renewed my lease and felt revived enough to crack a joke when I happened to let my gaze wander to a near-by cactus and as plain as day saw a yellow and white tom-cat sitting there with a blue ribbon around his neck and right by him, curled up snug, was one of these stubby-nosed, curly-tailed pug dogs, asleep. I didn't make no fuss at first—I waited to see if it would wear off. It didn't. Then I asked the gent in spectacles if he noticed anything peculiar about me? He said nothing struck him funny enough to laugh at. All the time I was watching that tom-cat and finally he blinked his eyes.

"'Mr. Man,' I said, reaching for my six-shooter, 'don't pay any attention to me, but I'm going to take a pop at that there cactus to ease my mind. I'm seeing things.'

"'Holy Cæsar!' he yelled, 'don't shoot! There's my cat and dog under that cactus.' I fell on his neck.

"'You've saved me!' I said. 'I thought I had gone wrong in the attic, sure enough, when I saw them two animals there in a place like this.'

"'I'll introduce myself,'" he said. 'I'm Professor Charles Van Strenger of Boston.'

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"'Happy, I'm sure,' I said, 'I'm William H. Riggs of the Big Horn Basin, sometimes called Smoky for convenience. I take it, you're one of them Science fellows, from your magnifying glass. Bugs or bones?'

"'Well, just now I am looking for a certain kind of a cactus,' he said, not seeming to see any joke. It was a joke even to a dying man to see that little, solemn-looking cuss with his burro, pug-dog and tom-cat pattering around out there under that sizzling sun on the alkali sand. I laughed loud and long. It finally nettled the Prof somewhat, and he asked:

"'Are you sure you're not having some kind of a spell now?'

"'Don't mind me,' I said, 'I'm laughing at a funny story I heard last summer; the point just come to me. Are you staying around in this condemned country very long?'

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't expect to make this my home. Do you live here abouts?' I exploded again.

"'I've been prospecting a little,' I said.

"'Know much about minerals?' he inquired.

"'I should sniker and snort!' I returned, scenting a tenderfoot, 'I'm an original mineral expert. What I don't know about the yellow and white and red metals in their native haunts wouldn't pay you to fool away time over.'

"'You surprise me!' he said, producing a fat black cigar by which he saved my life the second time.

"'Aside from a few little whims in the animal line,' I remarked, 'you and me could get along fine, Prof for days and days—in token of which loan me a match.'

"'Don't you like harmless animals?' he asked, surprised.

"'Well,' I said affable, 'I don't mind confiding that a pug dog makes me feel hateful; they look like they might have been going somewhere in a thundering hurry sometime and run into something; a pug dog looks insulting and sneery to me. As for that there cat, I should think if you'd skin him, he'd be more comfortable in this climate. The burro I indorse.' And I changed the subject.

"'How far are we from any accumulation of moisture, if you won't be offended?' I asked.

"'About four hours,' he said. Which same answer relieved me, so I took the Prof in as a chum and a side pard, menagerie and all, even helping to corral and load the pets on to the burro before we started.

On the way across the hot, sandy plain I even loosened up a few and related the Prof. some lurid ones to beguile him.

"'And you say there have really been diamonds found in Arizona?' he inquired.

"'I do say so,' I declared, 'I've found at least a peck, myself; one I remember I sold to an insurance agent in Tombstone for $30,000.'

"'Phew!' said the Prof.

"'Sure!' I continued. And there's a tribe of Injuns called the Pinheads, or something, that live in caves along the cliffs, and they have gold and silver mines, nobody knows how rich, and precious stones of all kinds—rubies, garnets, topazes, amethysts, opal and others I disremember—to throw at the birds. Arizona is lousy with 'em,' I said.

"'I've heard there's many old ruins in that section,' he said. prehistoric ruins of cities and such.'

"'Now you've touched on my hobby.' I said gleeful, 'Six Eastern scientific guys and me once dug out a buried city in New Mexico, and say, we made a clean-up! Fine statutes and oil paintings in gold frames and brass furniture and everything you could thing of. You wouldn't believe me if I'd tell you we found a solid gold buffalo, life size; we did.' I wanted to see how much he would stand without squealing.

"'You surprise me!' was all he said, without batting his eye.

"Then I hitched my six-shooter around more comfortable, took a new

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hold and told him about Lost River and the locoed chief of the Hualpies and the petrified forest and that mastodons and other strange creatures roamed in droves along the head waters of the Snake. I spread myself on the wonders of Canon Diablo, where, I said, awful-looking, weird things come out of holes and dance around lakes of boiling brimstone at night. I told him about the mammoth red bats of Roaring Cave in the Grand Canon and the big Serpent of the Gila River. The more I came through with, the tickleder he was—and interested? I should say so.

"Then I handed him the one about the rooster I saw in Butte that had his head shot off just about the wings and they put a silver tube in the top of his wind-pipe with a valve in it so he could breathe; I thought that would throw him, but in didn't.

" 'Wonderful!' he said. 'Most remarkable!'

"Then I unraveled a fragment or two about Moqui Medicinemen and how they could conjure up thunderstorms in a tent and grow a stalk of corn with ears on it in two hours, or turn a cur-pup into a bull-snake right before your eyes. I couldn't do nothing with him; wore myself out trying to make him beg off, but he swallowed it all.

" 'Your experience has been wide and varied' he said, 'and your observation very keen and comprehensive. I might say the things you have related are, in fact, uncommon.'

"I should say they were; they were pretty near imaginary.

"Well, we had covered about ten miles or so, in the meantime, and the desert looked as flat, barren and dry as ever, as far as I could see. It was an unbroken stretch of alkali and the heat was flaring up something fierce, even if the sun was getting a little lower in the west and not beating straight down.

" 'Say, Prof,' I said finally, 'what about that water? I can see ten miles all round and more than that straight up and it still looks discouraging; you wouldn't lie to an orphan?'

The Prof looked reproachful and the yellow cat blinked at me out of his basket like I'd forget my manners.

" 'You can take a bath, if you want to, in ten minutes,' said the Prof shortly. I never come any closer disagreeing with my own father than I did then with him, but I kept still for a wonder, concluding to wait the ten minutes at least.

"Then we came to the jumping-off place. Nature cracks some funny jokes around over the country, but she never framed up a completer surprise than that there Prof. Van Strengers' jumping-off place; you walk along on the alkali, with the dust and the hot heat fogging up into your blistered face and the sun slathering away at you from over and behind, and all of a sudden you start to step, and catch yourself just in time to keep from walking out into air; right there before you is a gash in the ground about fifty yards wide and no fence to keep you from falling over; you sneak up a step and peek over and grab yourself by the suspenders; that gash is cut to the bone. About a mile or so down you can see a little silver lake and some green grass and a cottonwood tree, all correct. It's as nice as a mirage and about as accessible.

" 'Amiga,' I said thoughtful, after taking a look while the Prof waited, 'you don't happen to have a balloon, that's in good working order, about you, do you?' The Prof got in a good humour immediate.

" 'Come along,' he said with broad smiles, 'I know a way down.' And he did; a little narrow, dizzy trail wound around the side, and after some acrobatics and risk to life, liberty and the course of true love, we landed in the nice soft grass and uncrated the enthusiastic and despisable pug dog and the self-satisfied tom while the burro loosened the drawstring in his ears and mowed a few swaths.

"The little lake in the centre was

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as smooth as ironed silk—not a bit of wind, I don't suppose, had ever roughed it since it first happened. The botton of the Canon was wider than the top; and the whole gash was about a mile long, with hardly a way to get up or down, only the trail we come by. The sides didn't look so high from the bottom. I think the Prof said it was about 200 feet from the desert straight down to the water. I shook hands six times.

"'Prof,' I said, 'I'll take back everything I ever thought about you, and I hereby proclaim that if you want to keep a guinea-pig, a white rat, or a bush-spider for a pet, you've got a right to, and I'm for you most prodigious. You are an extinguished gentleman and a true sport.

"'I'm much obliged for your good opinion,' said the Prof, 'come into the house.' I hadn't seen any house, but he had one all right, and that wasn't all he had.

"Around a jut in the rocky wall was a three-story, stone, cliff-dweller mansion as neat and fine as Fifth Avenue, New York, which I haven't seen but have heard of, and if that there science scamp didn't have everything modern, up to standard and bar none, I'll kiss the first Chink I see. He had rooms—about a hundred and fifty of 'em—fitted up for high-living: Cook-room, bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room, parlour, library, cloak-room, ante-room, cellar, roof-garden, vestibule, chapel.

"He had a junk-shop he called a laboratory with all kinds of little contraptions connected therewith. He had books and magazines to read and everything to do heavy housekeeping with, except a female cook. Down alongside the little lake he had a garden with a toy irrigation ditch, and lettuce, radishes and spuds growing fit to tickle you to death. The whole lay-out appeared to me to be just about as snug and comfortable as Robinson Crusoe ever dared to dream about, and I started skirmishing for a job in a roundabout way.

"'Prof,' I said, 'as near as I can observe by your samples, you've got convenient quarters when once in, but you seem to be some shy a cook. I'll mention, casual, while on the subject, that that's my strong point—I am there with the skillet.'

"'You surprise me,' he returned, and since you mentioned it, I'll allow you to get supper.'

"Well, I spread myself on that supper. No spuds was ever lucky enough to be fried as them, no coffee ever as delicious, no flap-jacks half as temptatious. The bacon by itself was enough to entice a man five hundred miles away from his happy home, if he knew about it; and we cut a can of apples of some ancient vintage and made turnovers in the grease. The Prof tucked away six and fell back gibbering with delight. I was elected cook without a dissenting vote. If there was any salary attached to my new job, I'll swear I never heard what it was. We forgot to mention it at the time and afterwards things got so interesting and entertaining that I never thought to remind the Prof that I was hired help. The job wasn't hard. I just prognosticated around and smoked the Prof's black cigars and concocted viands whenever we got hungry. I made myself solid with the menagerie and the blooming pug-dog got so he'd follow me around like I was his school chum. The tom-cat was too lazy to follow anything, and a burro prefers his own company to anybody else's—but the pup was a born accompanist. The Prof was busy. I've met a lot of these here science galoots trailing around over this Western country, and they're mostly pecking at rocks, piking for fossils or accumulating fool things like caterpillars or other specimens as they call them, and think they're smarter than range people anywhere. Perhaps they are—I've never heard what the United States court says on the subject. But the Prof wasn't collecting specimens; he never pecked a rock or caught a butterfly, of which

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there were some six or eight at large in the valley; he puttered around in his laboratory once in awhile and had bottles of gummy-looking stuff he'd ponder over, besides crocks full of smelly roots and things asoak. One day he says to me:

"'Smoky,' he allowed, 'I wish you'd take the donkey and go down to the south about nine miles, where you'll find an arroyo with some cactoribus scandalous combustibus—or something that sounded like that—growing. Gather me about a bushel and come back by return mail, will you?' I did. And scratched up my hide some doing it. When we got back the Prof. had rigged up a regular distillery, up in one of the rooms, and for awhile I surmised he was going into the moonshine business. I didn't discourage him—it was a thirsty country.

"Well, he made sour-mash out of the cactus and then he had me make a four-days' trip to the settlement to get an express package for him. The town was a Mormon village called Prophet's Choice—I've heard it's been discontinued since—and they had a twice-a-week stage-line to the railroad. There wasn't a drop of anything better to drink than water in the town without positively exhibiting at least two rattlesnake bites, so I didn't sojourn long after I got my errand done. I took back also a few lines of bacon, salt, sugar and other luxuries, and wafted in, sober and melancholy, a whole half-day ahead of schedule. The Prof said he'd missed my cooking, and the pup and the tom were right glad to see me. The Prof opened his package, which consisted of a lot of little bundles and bottles like he was going to start a drug-store. He squinted at them and hum-hawed to himself most sociable. Finally he said:

"'Two drops of this would destroy all the nine lives of our friend here,' holding up a small bottle and indicating Thomas curled up on the floor, 'and I mix it in a glassful of sugared water and a teaspoonful of these other two with it and it makes a harmless drink, pleasant and beneficial.

"'I'll take your word for it,' I said, 'though I wouldn't pass up about four fingers of good fire water just now if I had it.'

"'Why didn't you mention it?' he said, surprised, 'I've got a little somewhere around, I think. I'll look for it and back he comes with a flat bottle he'd had cached somewhere with not even the label broken. He had saved my life the third time. In return for them two drinks—he allowed me two—I architectured a supper for the bunch that put them all down cooing. Prof said it was a culinary, that's the word he used, a culinary masterpiece.

"'Prof,' I said, 'without meaning any offence, and if it's a fair question, what kind of dope is this you're concocting up there in your lavatory, or whatever you call it? You're not making anything good to drink and overlooking your old friend Smoky?'

"The little cuss hobnobbed with himself for quite a while before answering; he didn't seem crazy to tell everything, but finally he loosened.

"'Smoky,' he said, after awhile, 'I'm engaged in a secret work—a work of a vast importance and far-reaching possibilities—and if I was not certain of success I wouldn't even give you a hint; as it is, I'll confide that I have discovered the Elixir of Life.'

"'I never dreamed of such a business,' I said, 'or I'd 'a' been tiptoeing around with my heart in my throat. What the devil is the Elixir of Life, if it's a fair question?'

"'I'll explain,' he said, patient as a schoolmarm with an unusually bullet-headed kid, 'all down through history, certain men have searched and worked to discover a serum that will arrest the decay of tissues'—that was what he said, exactly—'and they have all failed. This wonderful Elixir, this

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infusion into the veins of new energy and the restoring of youth, again and again, the prolonging of the life of man into an indefinite period, has been sought after a heap,' he said, 'and it remained for me, Professor Van Strenger, in the beginning of the twentieth century, to find the key to the problem.' I was so interested I forgot to puff and my cigar went out. I hadn't ever sized up the Prof for being such an entertainer.

"'I must ask you to keep the secret awhile longer,' he went on, 'until I have completed a sufficient supply for extensive experiments.'

"'Sure,' I said, 'Prof, you needn't be afraid of me spreading it; I don't see very many people lately and I'm known as the most ferocious kind of a liar anyway, so it wouldn't be believed.'

"'Thank you,' said he, and continued; 'I have gone further than the others; my discovery not only prolongs life, but restores it. I can raise the dead.'

"Now I had related the Prof. some pretty fanciful ones from time to time as they occurred to me, but I hadn't expected him to try to get back like that. I guffawed. What does he do then? He snapped his talkograph shut like a collapsible tin cup and closed up like a clam. Not another word. Nitto. He had no sense of humour. I saw that the little cuss actually believed what he'd been telling and I tried to square myself. No, he had his feelings hurt and was sorer than barber's itch. We went to bed that night non-committal and uncommunicative and in the morning it took two soft-boiled eggs and an armload of tortillas to make the Prof smile; I forgot to say we had, among other things in the animal line, four hens and a terrible pompous old rooster in our gully, and our eggs were as fresh as if just from college.

"Well, when the Prof had lapped up about a dollar and eighty cents' worth of home cooking, he burst into bloom and commenced to tell more.

"'Smoky,' he said, 'of course you couldn't be expected to believe everything about the Elixir without some visible manifestations of its properties. I have decided to give you a proof. Which of the animals, now, would you say that I thought the most of, if asked?'

"'Well,' I said, 'the burro is the usefulest, the pup is the friendliest, and the kitty is the least account for any possible thing—I should say, I guess, that you are most sentimental of all about the kitty.'

"'Good!' said he, 'we'll drown Thomas.'

"'Drown him?' I said.

"'Drown him,' he said, getting up, 'till he is deader than an Egyptian mummy. Then I'll bring him back to life with the Elixir.'

"'I'd much rather get rid of the pug,' I said finally, 'he's such an insolent, insulting, over-fed, smart Alex and—'

"'All right,' said Prof, 'drown 'em both if you like.'

"'How about the burro?' I asked, 'and the poultry?'

"'Never mind them,' he said, 'for the present, the two will do.' The Prof never saw a joke during our acquaintance.

"Well, I caught the pets and attached a twenty-pound rock to each one, under the Prof's directions; then I tied a rope to 'em and anchored 'em to the shore and there was two splashes about a minute apart in our lake and the pug and the tom were across into the happy hunting-ground. I hated to do it—it is against my grain to kill a creature like that for nothing—I even wanted to yank 'em out again; almost begged the Prof to let me, but he said 'No.'

"'Leave them in until night,' he said, 'then you will admit they are reasonably dead.'

"'I'll believe they are fairly well exinct in half an hour,' I said, 'neither one being frogs or turtles.'

"'Good!' he said. 'I want you to be satisfied.'

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"Well, we left them defunct animals in ten feet of water all that day. Till six p. m. by the Prof's John Deere watch they soaked, and then, one by one, I pulled 'em out and viewed the remainders. They was shore dead—I'll vouch for it. Drowned plumb, exact and complete, and we toted them, all wet and drippy, into the lavatory where the Prof expected to do his stunts. I laid 'em out on a flat rock where they could drain, and the Prof got out his little bottles and his tools.

"'Which first?' he asked, rolling up his sleeves.

"'You're the doctor,' I said, 'one's as dear to me as the other.'

"'Hand me Thomas, then,' he said. I drained the yellow cat a minute and then held him up while the Prof took his bicycle pump and shot four fingers of plate blue dope just back of his right ear. Now, wonders never cease in this Western country, and sometimes a man doubts his own eyesight, but this here is straighter than the first five cards out of a new deck: That there tom-cat begun to twitch, then he squirmed and sputtered a little and kicked with his foot; then, I hope to never raise another glass if he didn't cough, get up and go rub against the Prof's leg as live as any cat that ever meowed and me with my hair riz up fiercer than the bristles of an Arkansas hog in search of a lost acorn.

"'Now for Marcus Antonius,' he said, enthusiastic. I looked at that there pup, all water-soaked and bedraggled, with his lip curled up and peeled off of his teeth in his customary sneery way, but deader than a mackerel, and I first thought it was a waste of dope to bring him back. He wasn't any earthly good, but—I gathered him up and brought him over. There was some water sloshing around inside him which seeped out finally, and in five minutes he was wagging his tail. Well, the Prof had certainly delivered the goods. He had produced the results strictly. He also had me roped and flung spraddling; my voice sounded little and far away when I perked up enough to say something out loud.

"'Prof,' I said, 'you win. Deuce high is my best. I'm considered something of a judge of cattle, a fair shot, can cook, throw a rope, ride, and hold a mean hand in poker sometimes, but I don't perform no miracles. At magic, I pass. Your work is too deep for me.'

"'Tut, tut!' he answered, 'it's nothing, I could do the same with you, yourself.'

"'Here, now, Prof,' I said, scared into a coat of mush-ice all over. 'Prof, you don't aim to try no freak work on poor old harmless Smoky, do you?'

"'My dear man,' he said, 'calm yourself. I wouldn't hurt one hair of that bald spot on your head. I will make a giddy and blithesome youth out of you.'

"'Not me!' I said, 'No, you don't; not for one minute.'

"He looked disappointed. That night I took turn about sleeping with each eye; the other I kept on the Prof, who slept like an innocent baby and woke up just as fresh as I was groggy. All morning he was busy in his junk-shop making dope and tinkering around among his bottles and crocks; then he come out, loaded up the burro with some grub and water and said he would likely be gone for two days, after some more ungodly plants or something he needed to make a certain kind of a poison out of. He was getting rabid. In the meantime I was to look out for the pets, feed the chickens, keep the distillery going and meditate on the mysteries of life in general.

"I breathed a terrible sight easier after I saw his pink shirt and big white helmet fade over the top of the cliff; I could now take it cosy and comfortable for at least two days.

"With all the crazy dopes and medicines that cuss had around, and the designs he had on every living thing loose, I was beginning to feel unsafe

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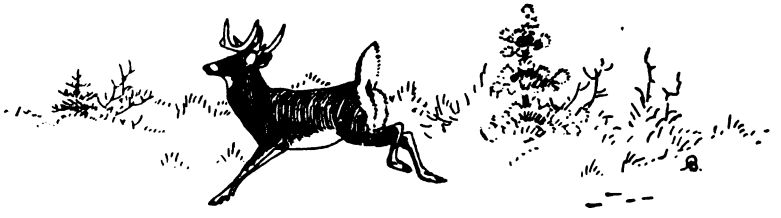
in his company. I couldn't tell when he'd doctor my coffee on the sly and I'd find myself suddenly deader than an Aztec, to be brought back to life, maybe—maybe not. That day I just loafed around lazy, figuring on some scheme to get the Prof's attentions switched off on some other track. Every game has a counter-play of some kind.

"As I said, I thought I was all safe for a day or two at least, and that first night went to roost at sundown without leaving any look-out on duty. I woke up sudden along after midnight. I don't remember *hearing* anything, I just *felt* something, and I opened my sleepy eyes and, over where the moonlight streamed in through the broken wall of the old shack, there squatted the Prof with his bicycle pump, his awls and other things, squinting at a dose of something he was dropping out of a bottle, with his thumb over the hole. I saw it all: He was getting ready to slide me into that there place where you needn't take your suitcase along, and a minute more and I would have been kicking my last. Did you ever see an antelope run? He leaves the ground and swims off through the air, then he floats down, springs, and swims off again. That's the way me and Prof. Van. Strenger parted company. I was the antelope. One yell and two bumps and I was out on the grass and I was moving. Going up that there trail I just made a blur along the face of the cliff, and when I hit the level, sandy desert up above, I just turned loose, let go, and stampeded for Colorado. They say an Apache will lope off and keep it up all day, but that's just loping. I was scorching the air, making a farewell yellow streak across the Nioche country. I was still running at daylight; by noon I was clear away, and I never went back, neither. I never even *looked* back. I've often thought about the Prof and wondered what *did* become of the cuss and his Elixir, and whether he was really fixing up to take a shot at me with that squirt gun that night, or whether he was up to something else. Maybe he was just going to invigorate the burro, after all, or put some corn cure on a sore toe. Anyway, he didn't dope *me*."



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LONDON POOR IN WAR TIME

By Margaret Bell.

THREE SKETCHES

THE RETURN OF MARY

THE shutters of the fishmongers' and grocers' windows were closed, and little crowds of newly released toilers stood about the doors of the public house on the corner. Almost all the talk was about the same subject. It had to do with the public house on one corner, the bakery on the other. The problem of eating and drinking was being discussed.

"Tike awiy the beer from the workman, and w'at is 'e to do? W'at is 'e to do, I siy?"

The owner of the husky voice brought a vociferous hand down upon the window sill. The children hanging about the doorway huddled closer. Perpetual association with loud voices had made them fearful.

The women, with babies in their arms, drew near to listen. That was their heritage: to listen, while man spoke.

It was all a reiteration of the same thing—the problem of meat and drink. And problem, indeed, now in this time of war and taxation.

But I could not linger to hear details. One may listen to the discussions of little knots of bread winners, at any hour of day. It is not lack of sympathy which makes one hurry on, but the desire to unearth some unsolved problem, the case where the solver is not able to go out and discuss it with a score of other perplexed ones, the case of the silent one, who does not allow the eyes of the world to peer behind his curtain of reticence. There are many of these in London.

On a little street, where already everything was hushed in the mystery of night, the individual case was found. I did not notice it at first, because of the seclusion. The blinds were all carefully drawn, and the lights of domesticity told of lives adjusted to the routine of things as they are. Even the household cats refused to leave their doorsteps for the usual night-time brawls. I called this the self-respecting street.

But there was one note to affect the harmonious whole. Just a slight accidental, one might say, but one which could turn the self-respecting avenue of cottages into a place where shame might cause the head to droop. For an old woman sat on a basement doorstep, as if anticipating something. That was all.

I stopped to speak to her. There was no light in the half of the window which struggled up to peep at the stars. Her area was neat, just as neat as the other areas around her, and a few shoots of green told of a former labour of pride. The daffodils had not yet appeared; it was doubtful whether they ever would appear. It takes courage for any new creation to come into the accidental household on a self-respecting street.

Beside the old woman was a small

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bundle tied in a red-and-white handkerchief. In her withered hand was another handkerchief. But it did not contain any treasures. They were all wrapped in the other. But it served to wipe away the mist that gathered before her eyes.

She seemed to be waiting for something.

She looked up sharply when she heard my footsteps. Anxiety shone from the tired eyes. But when she saw me, the old expression came back again. The expression of disappointment and waiting. I spoke to her.

Her voice came back in a despairing monotone.

"I thought you were my daughter, Miss. I'm a-waitin' for 'er. She's been gone this many an hour. I can't stay any longer. I've 'ad nothing to eat all day. Nor nothing yesterday. So I'm just a-waitin' for Mary to come 'ome and take me to the work'ouse. They've got enough to eat there. I've tried to keep from it, all these weeks, but it 'ad to come sometime. An' bread is goin' up all the time. We've only got one room 'ere, but it was 'ome. Well, the work-'ouse is all that's left."

Mary was a model, it seemed, and used to earn a good salary. But with the war had come tortuous worry and the endless search for work. It was always the same story. Artists could not sell their wares, so they were not making them any more. Many had taken other positions, and were not attempting to paint. Perhaps there was something in this vast, cold London which Mary could do, but she had not found it. She was a good girl, and willing to work at anything.

The minutes dragged along. The London clocks went on in unsympathetic regularity. The old woman still sat on her area doorstep. The self-respecting street gradually extinguished its lights, until all that remained were the flickering street lamps, with their sickly hue.

When ten o'clock had sounded the old woman got up from her step and walked unsteadily to the street. Would I take her to the workhouse? She could wait no longer.

It was not far to this house of aged refuge, but it seemed far to the tottering mother. Age is not a safe judge of distance, and age crippled with hunger and despair is still a poorer judge. But at last the iron gates appeared. The hands of the clock were almost at eleven. A sorry hour to arouse the keeper of a workhouse. Repeated jerks at the bell-rope brought a sleepy porter with a candle. A gruff voice demanded what we wanted.

Perhaps it seemed hard that the yawning trustee of the door should have shown so little sympathy. But porters become accustomed to such sights. The workhouses in London have never known so many strangers at their doors as have pulled the bell-ropes during the last few months. Perpetual dwelling in one atmosphere is bound to bore one, I suppose.

It was not the keeper's indifference that hurt, however, so much as the tragedy his words implied. That was what made the thin lips quiver and the tears to furrow down the cheeks.

"We're full up," he said. "The workhouses are all overcrowded."

The door closed, with a bang. And that in the midst of my protestations that the old petitioner was without food.

Up and down the street I looked for some sign of purchasable bread, for any glimmer of light, which might point to warmth and steaming coffee. Nothing. Only the inconstant glare of the street lights, bored by night and its tragedies.

The vision of the cold basement room and its empty shelves came to me. And it came, too, to the old woman with the knotted red-and-white handkerchief. It seemed that there was no place of warmth for her

"Take me back 'ome," she said wearily. "Maybe she will be there by now. It's a long walk."

Just at that moment the scarlet

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flicker of a coffee stall appeared from around the corner. That meant temporary warmth, at any rate. The tired eyes brightened at the prospect of food. After all, she had not quite forsaken her home. And there was still Mary to wait for!

There were no lights in the self-respecting windows now. When the hands of the clock swing round to midnight, it is time for all such windows to be dark.

The basement looked uninviting and forlorn. But the weary basement dweller had eaten food, and to her the old home was sweet.

But everything was dark. Mary had not come back!

As she stood fumbling with the lock, the whirr of a taxi was heard down the street. That was nothing, for taxis whirr all night in London. But, strangely enough, this one was stopping in front of the sombre basement.

Mary's face was flushed. Her hand trembled, as she paid the fare.

"I've got money, mother," she cried, disregarding me. There was bitterness in that cry. And there was more. The anguish of a tortured soul, unable longer to bear the ravages of poverty.

I did not wait to see the expression on the old woman's face. But I knew that something other than joy had chased the anticipation away.

THE BREAD-SEEKERS

THE sickly night lights flickered peevishly, as if despairing of their vigil. Here and there, within closely-drawn blinds, a yellowish glow told of wakeful hours or children terrified of darkness. Above the lamp posts and house tops, a thin, gray mist fluttered, like an immeasurable veil. The fascination of night clung to every cobblestone.

Huddled in a doorway, their heads drooping and eyes closed, were some eight or ten children awaiting the hour for the door to open, and a curt night-worker to listen to their wants. They were of all ages, these children, from the chubby-faced tot of six to the wage-earner of fourteen. And every morning they were there, huddled against the cold wall of practicality, awaiting their turn for the distribution of stale loaves. They were girls for the most part—all but three. One of the three had been a girl. Now the lines about her eyes and mouth told of girlhood banished and premature agedness usurping its place. Now and then the thin lips parted and a cough escaped. The shawl on the shoulders shook and a light shone in the eyes. It was the light of pain.

"I have nine little ones," she told me: "This is one of them. She is twelve. We have to come out here, since the price of bread has gone up. This is the cheapest place I know of to get it."

A slight wind blew around the corner and shivered the budding lilac bushes in the square. She drew her shawl a little closer. About a rod away from the doorway a street fire sent its glow across the pavement. A special constable stood over it, warming his hands.

"Why don't you go and get warm?" I asked.

She smiled.

"I come early, to get a good place. If I leave, I may not have it when I come back."

But the fire coaxed her, as it nightly coaxes the children who huddle in the doorway. And while she stood where the warmth could soothe her body, I took the place she left, where the fragrance of new bread came filtering up from below.

"I'd like to have some fresh bread some time," one of the children said. "But I don't think I ever will. There are eleven of us at home. And even stale bread costs too much, mother says. I get enough for a shilling to

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last us two days."

From down the street I could see the scarlet light of the coffee vendor's stand. If only he were closer. I counted the little group around me. There were now thirteen. Twelve children who should have been dreaming of bulls'-eyes and doughnuts and vari-coloured crackers. That coffee man was luring me away, that constant, scarlet flicker was a finger beckoning me through the gray veil of mist. I counted the bits of silver in my purse. Yes, there would be enough.

And when the pale-faced mother came back from the special constable's fire, I stole away down the street, to the magic coffee stall.

Perhaps it was a curious sight. Of one thing, I am certain: the joy of seeing all the tawdry bread-searchers sip hot coffee was enough to give a new thrill to the most blasé.

Gradually the huddling mass of shawls and caps increased, until it was no longer a huddling mass, but a long queue stretching down the street. Instinct, born of experience, told the boys that they must line up on one side of the door, the women and girls on the other. There were several women among them now, clutching at the indiscriminate array of string bags, flour sacks and tattered pillow-cases. It was their sordid duty to fetch the bread which the husbands, now asleep at home, provided.

Many had walked several miles, and were glad of the prospect of walking back with a precious burden of bread! For at that particular shop the stale loaves were cheaper than in shops nearer home.

When the hands of the city clocks began to point near six, there was a marked energy about the shop. Carts suddenly appeared, and flour-wreathed men carried huge trays of fragrant loaves out to them. How the forty-three pairs of eyes looked at those loaves! How eagerly any of the eighty-six hands would have grasped the truant ones, which overbalanced and toppled into the mud of the streets! But they took their places with others of more chaste complexion in the carts.

Someone appeared inside the shop. There was a movement of expectation. The line of bread-seekers moved a little closer towards the door. The pace-faced woman with the cough was first.

The man came out and spoke gruffly to them. Everyone listened. After this week the line would be at six o'clock in the evening, instead of in the morning.

There were murmurs of dissension. The children would not be home from school in time to get a good place. There would have to be a readjustment of the sordid lives. The early morning habit had clutched them, until now they did not know how to escape from it. They would have to find another shop. And this was the cheapest they knew. More problems for minds unable to solve them!

The multifarious bags were being collected by the man with the gruff voice. Also the pennies and sixpences and shillings. And in place of them the eager hands reached out for bags which soon came back more bulky than when they disappeared. An ordinary fourpenny loaf, when stale, sold for t'pence ha'penny. The first-comers had the best choice. Those farthest back in the line had to be content with weight made up with dried out rolls.

The mist gradually filtered away above the housetops, the flickering street lights disappeared, the special constable's fire died away into a downy bed of ash. Postmen wandered here and there, and the first morning paper bade the day awake.

With the coming of brightness, the little army of bread-seekers hurried away with their precious burdens. And I hurried, too, past the curious policemen, the workmen with their pails, and the blinking cats, which had stolen home for their morning saucers of milk.

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"A LITTLE old lady wants a a nice bit of steak!"

Over the cobbles came the stentorian chant of the meat-vendor, mingled with the thousand other chants of the little world of eatables, which nightly seethes with humanity and humanity's problems. There was colour, there were all the elusive tones which the creator in art strives a lifetime to catch. There was cosmopolitanism, if you will, there was inspiration. And why? Because there was life, tortuous and ecstatic, despairing and riotous in joy.

You stopped to look at the garrulous butcher dissecting the anatomy of a lamb, but you were dragged toward the pale-faced girl in the broad, black hat who sold primroses and violets and daffodils. Or the old woman, whose voice sounded as faded as her tattered shawl,—as she solicited pennies for her tawdry basket of toys.

A stall where pyramids of oranges tumbled in chaotic disorder, and rosy-cheeked apples spoke of luxury, a tiny shop where ribbons in greens and yellows and reds coaxed away your coppers, a hurdy-gurdy playing "Tipperary," a dozen children dancing in the gutter—there were hundreds of fascinating pictures which solicited your discriminating approval. Oh, for a hundred eyes, to see all the beauties of Berwick Street, the people's vitalised showroom!

A mother, with a baby in her arms, stopped before a stall. There was meat in that stall. Huge slabs of carcases displayed there where all the dust from the alleyway—for the street is little more than an alley—could rest on it. And there were some smaller pieces, of questionable colour, ticketed with a price which had caused the mother to stop before them.

"I come every Saturday night," she said, to any chance passer-by who might be interested. "And a long way, too. All the way from Battersea. I find it pays, even with the 'bus fare. My 'usband's one o' the new army. This is our baby. And the very spit of his father. Aren't you, my pretty?"

A resounding kiss on the chubby cheek accompanied the last proud statement.

The butcher was wheedling her to buy. He was wheedling the whole streetful of shoppers, who moved to and fro with the slow, rythmical indolence which only the Saturday-nighters released from toil know how to enjoy. And that butcher had a language all his own, and a persuasion. It is a great art to be able to say the word which tips the balance. The Berwick Street merchants are artists. The woman with the chubby-faced baby soon carried away three pounds of the meat that for four or five hours had been the snare of the alley dust and phantom insects.

Then she stopped before a fruit and vegetable stand. Oranges and cauliflowers vied with each other for the place of highest distinction. It seemed strange that even the inanimate products of the earth instinctively should have taken on the predominant characteristic of mankind. Perhaps it is because fruit and vegetables are in the majority in Berwick Street. The spirit of competition flutters into saleables, just as it does the sellers of saleables.

A good-natured vendor, of excessive vocabulary and superfluous avoirdupois, stood arrayed in smiles and a huge apron, smoking a cigarette. His method of approach was different from the butcher's.

"Yes, lidy. A orange for the biby? A cauliflower for yourself an' some nice new potatoes for the ol' man's Sunday dinner?

Solicitation was unknown to him. His self-assurance told him that it was as natural for housekeepers to

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pause before his stand as the pretty girls to heed the raillery of the silk stocking sellers.

She bought a cauliflower. Three ha'pence was more than twice as cheap as Battersea similars. Her motherly discretion told her that oranges must not yet be included in baby's diet.

Then she moved on, her gray coat fading away in the other grays of the street.

Toward ten o'clock, the solicitations became more appealing. For there were still vegetables and fish and fruits displayed slovenly for latecomers to choose from. Ten o'clock is a magic hour on Saturday night. It tells of closed doors and cheap food. When the public houses eject their sordid guests, then it is that the other merchants put forth their greatest efforts. And as the moments tick away man's opportunities they tick away, likewise, a farthing or two of prices previously asked for food. That is why so many of the shoppers in the people's greatest shopping centre spend their moments in the "pubs," before the opportunity has gone.

Huddled against a cart in a corner where the gaslight disdained to peer were two women with furrows in their cheeks and langour in their eyes. The withered hands wearily held out faded remnants of wallflowers, for which their voices no longer petitioned buyers. Oh, cynical irrelevance! Wallflowers held by faded remnants of the Creator's human flowers, thrust coldly against the wall of poverty. Behind them was a basket brimming with golden daffodils, for which the evening had brought no purchaser. Dejection stood begging, in the midst of gold!

A couple of artists came along, with eyes half-closed, as if to peer beyond the superficial ills of night. They stopped suddenly. The two old women did not know that they were the cause of so abrupt a break in the idlers' journey. One of the artists stepped back, a pace or two.

"My God, what a picture!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see it, Winthrop? And that brilliant splash of gold! It's wonderful! The absolute pathos of it!"

Then he laughed. A hard, little laugh, where cynicism lurked. His voice went on, in another strain.

"And, yet, it's those things that always appeal to me. No, on second thought, I don't think I shall paint pathos. Why keep myself eternally in the only atmosphere I have ever known? I'll go out and hunt for gaiety. But, gad, that is a gorgeous thing!"

The two of them moved on toward Shaftesbury Avenue.

On the corner a gesticulating group of news-sellers were calling their wares. One man was a splendid type. He might have been an importation from the Quartier or the Place de Sablon, Brussels. His head was bare, and long, black hair, in which some silver tints had crept in unnoticed, blew softly in the wind. A cloak hung down from his shoulders and concealed the bundle of papers he held.

"L'Independence Belge", "La Metropole", "Le Cri de Londres", "L'Echo", "Ici pour L'Echo", called the voices in half a dozen different keys. For London has become accustomed to the new language which a common evil has brought into her streets.

Then the clock from the little church on Wardour Street! It reminded the tardy shoppers that the Sabbath was drawing near. The mother with the baby and the questionable meat had gone. The haggard girls from the sweatshops, who weekly wander through the Soho streets to catch a bit of brightness, were gradually turning towards home. The stallkeepers were exerting all their persuasion to clear their stalls. The trinket sellers gathered up their trinkets. There was no use in lowering prices, at that hour. Food was the desired commodity, after ten o'clock. The pyramids of green stuffs

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had tumbled into disarray. One by one the food seekers left the stifling alleyway, with string bags bulging and purses light. The people's war-time showroom fell into the disorder of prosperous sales. The two old women with the faded wallflowers in their hands gathered up their basket of golden daffodils and started wearily away.

London's mart of cosmopolitanism was about to close, but, only a few rods away, an army of sordid night traders, with exaggerated flushes on their cheeks, went out to begin their day.

THE WILD SOUTH WIND

By OSCAR YEOMANS BROWN

THIS late October day the south wind comes
With whirring sweep of wild and eager wings.
Her sun-browned foam o'er field and forest hums,
And in high, mellow tones from Heaven she sings.
Or, sweeping down, the sober lake she churns
Till Jack the Ferryman is white as foam,
Or up again to smite a flock of crows
And drive them farther from their piny home.

So gambols she in fearless, merry sport,
And had I power, I fain with her would go
To see those saucy, long, brown fingers snap
A challenge to the aging King of Snow,
Who now on icy plains the army rallies
That all her joyous works will devastate,
And drive her back, and check her loving sallies,
With legions of pale guards, whose power is hate.

And joyously beneath her rosy banner
For warmth and love, her qualities, I'd fight.
Nor yield an inch of air to Tyrant Winter,
Till Winter's swords had shown superior might.
But I have not the power, and she must blow
In solitude her challenge up the north,
And fight alone the legions of the snow,
Till, like a low-born wench, she's driven forth.

But, ah, she yet will come in might renewed
To banish Winter's gnarled and wrinkled brood!

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REFUGEES IN PARIS

By Mona Cleaver.

PARIS is a sobered city. Her nights are no longer brilliant. Even the hour for after-dinner coffee finds streets and restaurants alike deserted, and the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, once but a dusty canopy over brightly-lighted windows, are so dim that the sudden meeting with a policeman, only a shade darker in his long cape than the prevailing gloom, seems quite a startling encounter. Across the street, along the side of the park, the lights are out—or seem to me, until one peers closely when the faintest blue flame, smaller than a gas-flare capped for the night, is discernible. But one cannot distinguish it from one lamp-post to the next.

Even in day-time Paris in sober, and at the hour which comes nearest to normal gaiety, between four and five, the eye is saddened by the constant intermingling of crepe-clad figures among the dashing uniforms and pretty frocks of the teaward-faring throng.

The shop windows attract more by war-maps and war-cartoons than by smart hats and ravishing dresses.

But of all the sad hearts in Paris the old seminary of St. Sulpice, the home, before the separation of Church and State, of six thousand young students for the priesthood, shelters the saddest. Ever since the terrifying early days of the war the flying villagers of Northern France have sought a haven here, and even yet, after months of wandering in search of work or of lost loved ones, they straggle in for shelter, advice and help.

Storey after storey of the huge building is fitted up, scantily enough, for the accommodation of these people who have lost everything. There is a bit of garden where the children can play; there are rooms fitted up as great canteens to feed the hungry wayfarers; there are big dormitories for the men, of whom there are only the aged and disabled, and straw-strewn sleeping-places for the women and children.

This the Government has done, and every refugee mother receives one franc, twenty-five centimes a day (about twenty-five cents) for food and fifty centimes (ten cents) extra for each child. Many a little family accustomed to comfort and plenty has found itself reduced to this allowance, which is, however, an abundance compared with the provisions upon which they have made their painful march southward. Many a refined woman, with her children, has found herself sleeping on straw on the floor of St. Sulpice among hundreds of other families, of every class and size, husbands gone, homes gone, means of livelihood gone, all in one frightful sweep of the awful arm of war.

This was about all the Government felt able to do for the refugees—simply to make existence possible, and it was left for sympathetic, voluntary

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workers to make that existence worth while, to bring back gradually, oh, ever so gradually, the light of hope to the eye and the glow of health to the cheek.

Particularly interesting is the top floor of the great refuge at St. Sulpice. With a French friend I followed the long corridor upon which open on each side the doors of a row of rooms extending right around the building. One suite of rooms, formerly big and deserted, has been turned into a *crèche*, or, as my friend called it, a *poupinière*, where scores of babies lay, blissfully unconscious of what they had been through and sleeping dreamlessly in their pretty basket beds curtained with white muslin sprigged and patterned in pink and blue, and smiling and efficient-looking the nurses in charge moved about, one hovering over a wakeful little brown-eyed beauty whose small habitation looked conspicuously patriotic with a large tri-coloured ornament pinned to its canopy.

Later I met the lady who was responsible for the establishment of this *poupinière* and whose thoughtfulness and enterprise has made the whole top floor what it is, Madame Crosier, an American woman who has long lived in Paris. Seeing the discomfort experienced by families sleeping together on the floors downstairs; realizing the acute distress such lack of privacy must cause the more sensitive of them, and knowing that there were scores of vacant rooms on the top floor, Madame Crozier went to headquarters with the plea that she might be permitted to fit up a few of them for some of these families. When the matter had been looked into she received the rather overwhelming response:

"Yes, you may have ninety."

"Oh, I could never furnish ninety," she gasped. "I just thought I might, from my own house and those of my frienrs, get together enough things to make six or seven rooms habitable."

But she set to work, equipping each little room first with things which seem to us the barest necessities of life but which, to these poor refugees, had come to be unattainable luxuries. From this standpoint beds were supplied first, and presently three rooms had beds in them and three little fatherless families—whether fatherless temporarily or permanently, who knew?—were brought up from the straw below and made comfortable.

And Madame Crozier, in her enthusiasm, told her friends what she was doing and talked about it here and there until, almost before she knew it, all ninety of the rooms were furnished with beds, and many had other "luxuries" as well. Then, gradually, still other things were added, tables, wash basins, lamps, until, in the hearts of ninety mothers and some grandmothers, hearts almost numbed with physical misery and mental agony, the glow of material well-being began to work, brightening ever so faintly the black outlook of the future and kindling a tiny spark of ambition and hope.

As I made the round of the corridor I read many of the cards tacked to the doors, cards inscribed with the barest statistics as to name and age, yet those statements were eloquent of tragedy. Four and five and six people occupied a room and that meant luxury compared with what they had had, and it meant, above all, privacy, and the opportunity of leading their own life in, to some extent at least, their own way.

Marie Guillemont, aged nineteen years,
René Guillemont, aged twelve days.

read one card and the passer-by pictured the young husband fighting and perhaps dying for his country while the girl wife, driven before the fire and carnage of the fearful Huns, made her laborious way to Paris. And there, in the big, unknown city, frightened and lonely, the little peasant girl had given birth to her child—a boy. And what lay before him? How dark it all looked. What could

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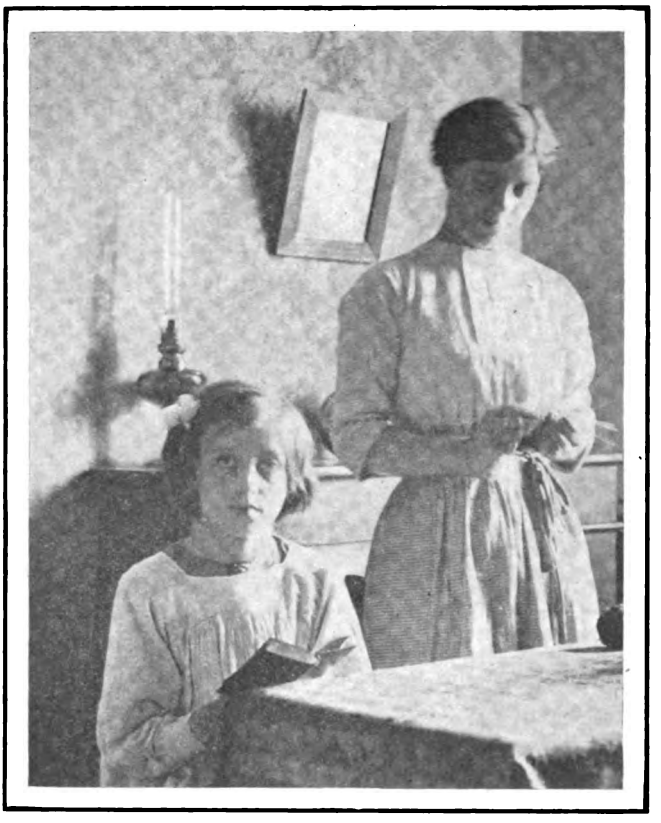

A TYPICAL REFUGEE LODGING IN PARIS

From a photograph by Frank Armington

she do to support herself and bring up this little pink, helpless morsel of humanity that was hers.

At another door a family of five came out to meet us, the grandmother old and worn but comforted by the protection of the little home: the widowed mother, relieved of suspense by the certainty that her man was dead, but crushed by her loss and her responsibilities as she crooned over the baby in her arms; then the two bigger children, wide-eyed with interest in the visitors and eager for all the excitements life had to offer.

Another American lady deeply interested in this work is Mrs. Shurtleff, wife of the Reverend Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, D.D., leader for ten years past of the Students' Atelier Reunions held in the artist quarter of Montparnasse. His was one of the first efforts made in the direction of helping the refugees to establish new foundations and to begin anew their poor, disorganized lives. With Mrs. Shurtleff's help he undertook to relieve the sufferings and re-establish the means of livelihood of the blind refugees, and more than that, to minister to the especial needs of all of the 400 blind men, women and children resident in the invaded French provinces. For they have not all become refugees; some have stayed to suffer in their own homes rather than brave the dangers and hardships of the journey southward. To these, wherever possible, food and clothing is sent, large packages of blankets and other necessities having been forwarded by automobile to suf-

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ferers too near the firing line to be reached by train.

But Dr. and Mrs. Shurtleff have hearts too large to be bound by classifications and soon their work embraced all refugees. A Monday afternoon in their apartment at 6 Place Denfert-Rochereau is worth describing. I came in about tea time, on Mrs. Shurtleff's invitation, and found a group of fifteen or twenty ladies of various nationalities just laying down their work for a few minutes to take up their tea cups. They were making baby garments, and Mrs. Shurtleff took me into the next room to show me the completed layettes, great stacks of them, all so pink and white and pretty that I exclaimed in admiration. Picking up the sweetest woolly jacket in pale pink, I said:

"Why, this is the daintiest thing—and the loveliest shade. Won't the refugee mothers just love to see their babies in these!"

Mrs. Shurtleff's beautiful face was even lovelier when she smiled and responded:

"They might just as well be pretty as ugly, and I think it does the women good to have beautiful things for their babies. And besides, they are so much nicer for us to work on."

If you could have heard the talk at that tea party perhaps you would have thought it gruesome and have marvelled that any laughter could filter in through the gloom. In my particular group was a Canadian member of the art colony of Montparnasse, a young French woman married to an American, and a young American woman married to a French officer. The gruesomeness began with talk of German atrocities and went on to the attitude of the Turco towards his enemy. The American girl had visited a hospital in Switzerland where a Turco had been discovered to have, hidden in the leg of his big, baggy trousers, a human head.

"Oh, how terrible, how blood-curdling!" someone cried.

The other smiled but with an air of finality, nevertheless, gave the explanation:

"Why, you see, it was a German head!" and, amidst laughter, went on to describe the refusal of the Turco to give up his ghastly trophy. There is something of primitive woman, as well as primitive man, appearing as a result of this war.

But, to go back to the top floor at St. Sulpice, happy refuge as that was to the poor wayfarers, it could never represent the zenith of opportunity and prosperity. Mrs. Shurtleff began to find employment for the women and little apartments where they might return, with their families, to a more normal existence and have the opportunity of carving out a new life for themselves. And their moving out left room, too, for other families to be brought up from the common sleeping-places and established in the one-room homes above.

One of the apartments Mrs. Shurtleff has secured is at Putnaux, a five-cent trolley ride from Paris, where for a little less than $180 a year, she has rented a house of three floors, each having a living-room, kitchen and closet. On the first floor has been installed a woman with her aged mother, her sister-in-law, and her four-year-old child, and on the third a woman with three children.

"The furniture has been given and the rent is paid for the first six months," Mrs. Shurtleff declared happily. "With the money the Government gives them for food they will be able to get along and gradually I hope they will get plenty of work and be independent of us."

Getting work for such women is one of Mrs. Shurtleff's problems.

"Many of them are cultured women," she explained. "And they have to get along just as the others do. I have seen members of the Polish nobility eating in a canteen."

One woman of birth who had never done any sewing other than fancy-work in her life was glad to get shirts to make.

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"Once I was a *'dame'*," she told Mrs. Shurtleff. "Now I am an *ouvrière.*" And she set about to become the very best *ouvrière* she could. A shirt was given her as a model and she worked eight days to duplicate it, supplying her own thread and machine. When her employer gave her fifty cents for all this labour she gasped her disappointment and told him the time she had spent.

"Why did you do such beautiful work?" he asked.

"But, if you did not mean me to do beautiful work, why did you give me such a beautiful model?" she asked.

Another woman whom Mrs. Shurtleff was installing in an apartment told of her hasty flight from Maubeuge with her twelve-year-old son. The husband was serving at the front and in their new house, just paid for, his little family felt quite secure and only at the last moment fled before the Germans. They ran, coatless and hatless, to a little wood, where, shivering with cold and terror, they watched the burning of the town. Then, for five days they walked, eating only what was given them by kindly-disposed people whom they passed. Reaching Paris when panic-stricken people were trying to get out before the dreaded siege, they were put on a train and sent to Brittany. So busy were the railroads with rushing troops through that they were four days and nights on the way, without food or drink. One woman in the party and several children died from hardships.

In Brittany these two could not adapt themselves to the strange ways of eating and begged to be sent back to Paris.

Sometimes people with a vacant room at their disposal offer it to some of these miserable ones and a concièrge who had a skylight room unused offered to take a refugee. There was a bed and a chair but no food, no fire, no light and Mrs. Shurtleff's protegées from Brittany were put in here and the women undertook to knit socks for the soldiers. She was very industrious, knitting constantly and had presently saved a few sous with which she set her boy up in trade as a news-vendor. This prosperity aroused the envy of the concièrge, who began to persecute her and finally put her and her belongings out on the street. So, for this woman who knows not where her husband is and whose little son has never completely recovered from the awful fright he suffered, a new abode had to be found.

It is touching to see how these unfortunate ones long more, sometimes, for the little amenities of life than even for the necessities, as witness the case of one of Dr. Shurtleff's blind refugees: He was only an old blind man who, led by his little son, had sold papers in the country around Douai. Returning one night they found the village occupied by the enemy and their home, with the mother and three little girls, impossible to reach. For two months they lived without shelter in the vicinity, hoping to get news of their loved ones, but finally wandered, cold and hungry and hopeless, to Paris, where they came under the notice of Dr. and Mrs. Shurtleff. They gave them all the clothing they could and made the boy comfortable in a suit of warm underwear. The old man stammered his thanks yet seemed still to want something for which he hesitated to ask. At last, under tactful pressure, it came out.

"If you could only give me a handkerchief," he said.

Now, handkerchiefs were not included in the refugee outfits Mrs. Shurtleff's workers had prepared, and while sympathizing with the naïvely touching request, she was at a loss how to supply it. Finally she thought of the tiny sheets made for her little daughter's doll-bed, and the small girl readily presented one to the blind refugee.

"This is a 'mouchoir de guerre'," she told him and he took it with

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smiles of the deepest satisfaction.

"What we need most," Mrs. Shurtleff said, "is clothes for boys of twelve to fourteen. They wear them out so quickly. But, no, greater still, perhaps, is the need of black sateen aprons."

"Black sateen aprons!" I marvelled.

"Yes," she smiled, "the children are not allowed to go to school without them here. Both boys and girls wear them until they are twelve years old, and they hide so much that is old and worn and protect and preserve what is new. Sometimes people send us the material and we give work to some of our women in making it up."

And so these little families or broken fragments of families, overwhelmed by the catastrophies that have brought even the greatest and strongest to grief; bound to a beaten path by centuries of custom and tradition and rudely jolted off that path and flung into unknown ways; dazed and heart-broken by the loss of every human heart on which they have been used to rely, are being helped to their feet, gently guided in the new paths, and offered the love and sympathy of new, kind friends and the encouraging strength of new broad shoulders ready to share the burden of their unaccustomed responsibilities.

COSMOS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE tiny thing of painted gauze that flutters in the sun,
To sink upon the breast of night with all its living done;

The unconsidered seed that from the garden blows away
To snatch its little time of bloom from one short summer day,

The leaf the idle wind shakes down in autumn from the tree,
The grass-hopper that for an hour makes gayest minstrelsy—

These—and this restless soul of mine—are one with flaming spheres,
And cold, dead moons whose ghostly fires haunt unremembered years.

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CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

THE burning of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, followed by the burning of the American Club's premises at Toronto, is believed by many persons to have been the work of the enemy. There is, as yet, no conclusive evidence, but there seems to be no doubt in the minds of some of those who were present when the Parliament Buildings burned that so great a fire could not have come about so quickly by mere accident. At both these fires, the chief firemen report, explosions took place, and it seems natural to infer that these explosions were the results of well-laid plans. Whether they were or not, the occurrences should tend to encourage the Government and municipalities to guard against similar offences elsewhere. It has been observed that the enemy could not gain much by the destruction of parliament buildings or a clubhouse; nevertheless they could gain a great deal by the destruction of important railway bridges, tunnels, or places where munitions of war are being made. If there is such a thing as an organized raid on Canada from the United States, it is the duty of the United States Government, as well as of the Dominion Government, to use every means to prevent it. The Government at Washington owes a duty to Canada in relation to the Germans residing in the United States, but Canadians would be foolish to leave the defence of their borders to their southern neighbours. The fire at Ottawa may prove to be the beginning of a series of outrages by German secret agents.

One of the romances of the war was the capture of the British passenger steamship *Appam* by a small German boat, and its voyage under a German prize crew for three thousand miles across the Atlantic to Hampton Roads, Virginia. With four hundred people on board the *Appam* was bound from British West Africa to England, when she was attacked by a disguised raider carrying heavy guns. Among the passengers captured was the British Governor of Sierre Leone. One report says that the German crew maintained their ascendancy over the passengers and crews captured by placing bombs in various parts of the ship and threatening to blow the vessel up on the first sign of disturbance.

The German cruiser, it is reported, was disguised as a lumbering freighter, but when she cleared away her false bulwarks and disclosed her guns, the tramp steamer became a crack cruiser.

The ownership of the *Appam* is now in dispute as the United States rather precipitately decided that it belonged to Germany. Lord Bryce may visit the United States in connection with this and other delicate diplomatic difficulties that have arisen between Great Britain and the

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American Republic. An old treaty with Prussia, it is claimed, may have a bearing on the *Appam* case. The feeling at Washington is that the *Appam* should be interned instead of being ordered to clear port with the certainty of capture by British cruisers in wait outside Hampton Roads.

In the main theatre of war interest centres for the time on the operations in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia. The successful advance of the Russians through the Caucasus and into Northern Armenia is regarded as of great military importance. The Grand Duke's forces may help to relieve the pressure on the British army hemmed in on the Tigris. There is a possibility of Italy joining with the Allies in the campaign in the Balkans. Italy refrained from declaring war on Germany, the fight being confined to Austria-Hungary, but this position can scarcely be maintained.

Canada has frowned down the election cry. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have reached an agreement which has been confirmed by Parliament. The Imperial Parliament is to be asked to sanction an extension of the life of the Canadian Parliament for one year. The fire at Ottawa has killed for the moment the angry cries of partizanship, and there is a strong feeling throughout the Dominion that while Canada is at war party controversies should cease. Of course this does not refer to the demands, insistent and loud, for an inquiry into the charges of graft and corruption in connection with war contracts. Canada is where the United States was twenty years ago in the matter of graft. It is humiliating to Canadians to know that while their soldiers have shed undying honour and glory on their country, a hungry gang of munition manufacturers has been battening on the necessities of Canada and Britain.

The presidential campaign is in full swing in the United States. The great question, in the eyes of President Wilson, is military preparedness. "Adequate national defence" is his battle-cry. Our neighbours are beginning to realize that this war may have its aftermath for them. Already there is talk of an economic war after Germany has been driven to sue for peace. The ostensible object of such a trade alliance between Britain and her Allies is twofold. There is no hope of obtaining any indemnity from Germany directly. But it may be obtained indirectly by the capture of German trade. Again no opportunity must be afforded Germany for a generation to raise her head as a European military power. Economic pressure, scientifically applied, will keep her poor and humble. This is the British argument. But the United States, having taken no part in this war, cannot share in any trade preferences. There is a growing apprehension in the Republic that an economic war in Euripe may prove serious for the United States. What particular danger faces the United States is not explicitly stated but the agitation for preparedness is becoming a national issue.

Speaking recently President Wilson said:

"A year ago it did seem as if America might rest secure without very great anxiety, and take it for granted that she would not be drawn into this terrible maelstrom; but the six months was merely the beginning of the struggle. Another year has been added, and now no man can confidently say whether the United States will be drawn into the struggle or not, and therefore it is absolutely necessary that we should take counsel together as to what it is necessary that we should do."

And again:

"I did not realize a year ago that the things were possible which have since become actual facts. I am glad that I know better now than I knew then exactly the sort of world we are living in."

Speaking at Des Moines he was clearly obsessed by the idea of some

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pressing danger that lurked in the European situation:

"I merely want to tell you that the men who say that we should prepare, and prepare immediately, are telling the truth."

Half a million volunteers are required for immediate training, and these he expects to get without any trouble. The navy he declared was prepared for war. This, combined with the demand for half a million men in Canada, brings war perceptibly nearer on this continent. Colonel Roosevelt is the strong man of the war party but his adventures as Bull Moose leader prejudice his claims for nomination.

In England there is a demand for a more aggressive aerial policy. Lord Northcliffe calls for an aircraft fleet that will strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. Lord Bryce strongly protests against reprisals, and in cooler moments sober-minded people will endorse the stand he has taken. Any attempt to wreak vengeance on German women and children would leave moral scars on the conscience of the British people which would weaken their position before the world. Britain cannot adopt German methods of "frightfulness" without paying the penalty.

Canada is in the throes of a language controversy, which threatens to become an acute racial issue. Colonel Lavergne has called on Quebec to boycott Ontario products until the demands of the Nationalists are conceded. The federal rights of the French population in Ontario are definitely safeguarded, but this does not satisfy the French agitators. They contend that the federal privileges extend also to the Provincial Legislature, courts, and schools, in which they claim to use the French language. The controversy arises at an unfortunate moment and cannot be wholly divorced from the wider question of the attitude of the Quebec Nationalists toward the war. Colonel Lavergne and M. Henri Bourassa have stirred the indignation of English-speaking Canadians by their opposition to recruiting in the Dominion. The language agitation, rightly or wrongly, is mixed up with Nationalist opposition to participation by Canada in the war. This is unfortunate, as the language question will remain after the war is forgotten. French civilization as a dominating influence on this continent is not feared by any sane Canadian. But the French agitation may derive fresh strength from a controversy in which prejudice plays such an unfortunate part. In the end, the fight may degenerate into a war of religious bigotry and racial intolerance on both sides. The hatred with which some Ontario people regard everything French is only equalled by the ignorance of some Quebec Nationalists regarding the people of Ontario. Canada has need of all her sons—French-speaking, as well as English-speaking. Each contributes individual virtues and characteristics that enrich and broaden the currents of Canadian national life. Difference in language is a great barrier to intercourse between the two races, but circumstances have conspired to unite their fortunes as citizens of a great Dominion, which one day may be the hub of the British Empire. Is it not possible to find a solution which will satisfy reasonable opinion on both sides? A round-table conference between representative men who have a broad and tolerant outlook on life should meet at Ottawa and endeavour to reach some working agreement. There is a great deal of ignorance and intolerance on both sides, which ought to yield to intelligent discussion and a better understanding of each other's viewpoint. Racial or religious strife in a country like Canada is unthinkable just now when the war weighs heavily on all parts of the country.

The blockade of Germany is becoming more effective. This is being

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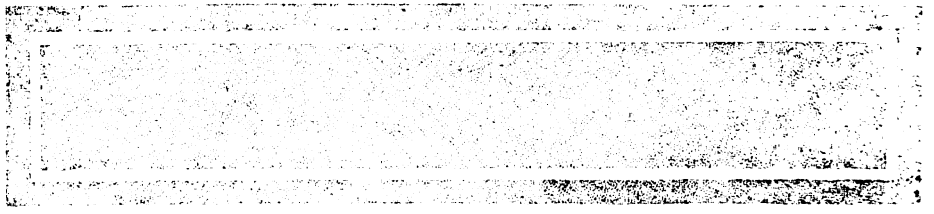
brought about through arrangements with neutral countries. Up to March last the only means of interfering with German commerce, apart from the crippling and disappearance of his own mercantile fleet, was the capture of contraband on neutral ships. Then came an Order-in-Council in that month adapting blockade conditions to modern warfare. Between the British blockade and the German border were neutral countries which could not be unduly pressed or harassed. The new conditions created fresh precedents in the form of trading agreements with neutral states. The export trade of Germany is now at an end, and important imports such as cotton, wool, and rubber have not been imported into the enemy country for months. All accounts now agree in stating that there is serious dissatisfaction, bordering on revolt, throughout Germany. The effectiveness of the British blockade is all the more satisfactory inasmuch as both in Germany and in the United States the belief was prevalent that an effective blockade was impossible. Trading agreements with neutral countries have solved the problem.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the Radicalism of the Prairie Provinces. Not encumbered with hoary traditions and ancient precedents, the people of the Northwest, dissatisfied with the slowness of progress in the eastern provinces, have launched out into advanced legislation, and threaten to form a third, or Free Trade, party. The conflict between grain-growers and manufacturers over the tariff issue is likely to split the Liberal party in the near future. For many years the issues between Liberals and Conservatives in this country have not been very sharply defined. The formation of a third party in the Dominion House will end, as it has ended in Britain, by the advance and absorption by the Liberals of the extreme wing. This will mean advanced legislation. No Conservative who studies the question can derive unalloyed satisfaction from the creation of a Radical party, for in the end it will mean the removal of the old traditional political landmarks, and an era of progressive legislation which may carry Canada very far along the road of democracy.

Another question already looming big is that of a readjustment of Imperial and national relations within the British Empire. Here again much harm may result by making this a party issue. It is the genius of the British people to seek for progress through compromise. A survey of past history will lead to the conclusion that progress has been more marked where controversial issues were approached from a non-party standpoint. In the discussion of Imperialism the issues involved are too big to be degraded to the level of the partizan platform.



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THE LIBRARY TABLE

NIETZSCHE AND THE IDEALS OF MODERN GERMANY

By Herbert L. Stewart. London: Edward Arnold.

AFTER all the ranting and conflicting statements about Nietzsche and his cult, it is refreshing to read this book. Dr. Stewart, who is the Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie University, does not fly to rash conclusions or set up this apostle of culture and might as a monster whose writings have turned awry the current of modern thought in Germany. On the other hand, he does not agree that Nietzsche has been a force making towards cosmopolitan peace. He discovers in Germany a "sinister aberration of thought on ethical questions", and his book is a special study of one representative of such — the author of "Zârthustra". He believes that few persons are foolish enough to believe that Nietzsche made the war, but his study of his personality and writings reveals the belief that he enforced the doctrines of immoralism that Prussia has put into execution. Professor Stewart acknowledges that the doctrines of a philosopher are never either intimately known or greatly cared about by the mass of the public. "Academic reflection," he observes, "is always more or less esoteric; abstract theories about good, about right, about the goal of the race, about the ultimate sources of moral valuation, will not greatly affect the man in the street." He adds, however, that interest in such things is more widespread in Germany than in most other countries. Yet he believes that the rank and file of the German people would shrink with disgust from many of the positions of Nietzsche, if they realized what these positions involve. Notwithstanding this he professes to believe that Nietzsche has been a force of considerable effectiveness in preparing the way for those crimes against civilization which we have seen; and he contends that it has been due to no vulgar misunderstanding of what the philosopher means.

Apart from the scholarly grasp of the subject and the rational treatment if it, the book is unusually well written. The language is well suited to the subject—lofty, dignified, and formed into forceful, yet graceful. sentences.

Elsewhere in the present number of this magazine may be found a popular article by Professor Stewart on "Dreams and Their Causes".

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STRAY LEAVES, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL

By Alexander MacDonald. New York: The Christian Press Association.

THE Bishop of Victoria in this attractive volume gives us the benefit of his observations during journeys made through France, Italy, Spain, Scotland, and elsewhere, and increases the interest of the reader by his comments on the many things of importance encountered in these countries. Dr. MacDonald has an easy, entertaining style, as may be illus-

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PROFESSOR HERBERT L. STEWART, OF DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

Author of "Nietzsche and the Ideals of Modern Germany"

trated by this extract from his description of a visit to Lourdes:

The waters of the Gave, how swiftly and noisily they flow, flinging themselves passionately upon the rude rocks that would stay their onward course! The murmur of the Gave has been in my ears from a boy, for I seemed to hear the rushing of its waters when in boyhood's days I lingered over the pages of Henri Lasserre's fascinating story of the wonders of Lourdes. And to-day as I sit upon the bank and gaze down upon the swift stream that flings itself into the Adour, to mingle finally with the waters of the mighty Atlantic, the Gave of my boyish dreams is a reality. It is something more. It is an emblem at once and a sermon—an emblem of the surging multitude of pilgrims which ever keeps streaming to the Grotto of our Lady, flowing hither from the ends of the earth; a sermon on the true purpose of life. See how this eager mountain stream, like a thing of life, runs joyously to its rest in the bosom of the great ocean! Not less surely was it meant by nature to find there its repose than we are meant by the Author of Nature to find our repose in Him. Yet we linger by the way and loiter, while the Gave leaps onward, oh, how swiftly and how surely! to its goal and the home of its rest.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES

By Theodore Watts-Dunton. London: Herbert Jenkins.

THIS collection brings together in one volume ten of Mr. Watts-Dunton's essays on great personalities of his time, with all of whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship: George Borrow, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Christina Georgina Rossetti, Dr. Gordon Hake, John Leicester Warren, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome. There is missing from this list one name that, perhaps more than all the others, should be there—Algernon Charles Swinburne. Swinburne lived at "The Pines" for thirty years in the most intimate association with Watts-Dunton, and yet we have from this source nothing about him. However, an essay on Swinburne would have added but one more item to a book already plenteously rich. The absence of an essay on Swinburne is by the writer of the introduction to this volume charged against the intimacy that developed between these two. "When death at last severed the link that it had taken upwards of thirty years to forge," he observes, "it is not strange that there should be no reminiscences written of the man who had been to Watts-Dunton more than a brother." But if he fails us in Swinburne, in others he more than makes up for the failure. Of George Borrow, for instance, he gives us a fine visualization. He describes his stride, which was like "that of a St. Bernard dog (the most deceptive of all movements as regards pace), his beardless face quite matchless for symmetrical beauty", and he continues:

As a vigorous old man, Borrow never had an equal, I think. There has been much talk of the vigour of Shelley's friend, E. J. Trelawny. I knew that splendid old Corsair, and admired his agility of limb and brain; but at seventy Borrow could have walked off with Trelawny under his arm. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford

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Square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Fen Ponds, with a north-east wind cutting across the icy waters like a razor, run about the grass afterwards like a boy to shake off some of the water-drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eye good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford Square, getting home late at night.

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ESSAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Stephen Paget. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is, as it pretends to be, a first guide toward the study of the war. It is not inflammatory, nor does it set out to stuff the young mind with false patriotism. It says, for instance, that we cannot say with certainty who or what caused the war, not yet, but that we can get on opinion of the cause by reading the official documents published by the governments of the several countries involved. It does try to show, however, to every boy and girl that it is "Your War", and that, indeed, is the title if the first chapter. Then there are chapters on "A Venture in Faith", "The Invasion of Belgium", "France", "Russia", "Italy", "Germany", "Austria: The Balkan States: Turkey", and "Looking Back". There are in all sixteen full-page *Punch* cartoons, reproductions of drawings by Bernard Partridge, L. Raven-Hill, and F. H. Townsend.

*

WOMEN WHO HAVE ENNOBLED LIFE

By Lilian Whiting. Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.

OF the nine women whose careers Miss Whiting sketches in this attractive volume eight are Americans. The exception is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The other eight are Mary Lyon, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Frances E. Willard, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Louise May Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and Harriett Hosmer. Most of these women, it will be observed, are New Englanders. With most of them, either direct or through their friends and relatives, Miss Whiting is familiar, and she has been able, therefore, to invest her book with much more interest than one usually finds in a book of this somewhat general character. There are a number of photographic illustrations.

*

MANX SONGS AND MAIDEN SONGS

By Mona Douglas. London: Erskine Macdonald.

THE object of this little volume, as the publishers announce, is to show that by judicious and sympathetic selection of the volumes the confidence of the discriminating public interested in new poetry will be gained; that each little volume of authentic promise or distinctive achievement will be found to contain something really notable and precious, in the best sense of the term; that without recourse to meretricious methods or grotesque tricks or flatulent pretensions they will prove that new verse as well as more utilitarian books can be published successfully at a low price; and that a body of readers will be found more responsive now than at any previous time to the spirit of poetry.

*

THE ANACREONTEA

By Judson France Davidson. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book credits Anacreon with being one of the most important of the early Greek poets. Anacreon was born about 561 B.C., during an epoch of great importance and brilliance. Not only was he a poet of fine lyric quality, but he

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was as well an interpreter of the spirit and tendency of his own time. Davidson's translations are sympathetic, poetical, and as well most interesting and entertaining examples of the poetry of a time when poetry was cherished at something near its real value. We quote Anacreon's ode, "On Himself":

I often by the girls are told:
"Anacreon, thou'rt growing old,
Look in thy glass and see
How scanty is thy falling hair,
How wrinkled is thy forehead bare;
Age sets his hand on thee."
If that old age in foul despite
Makes thin my hair, and winter-white,
I care not—but I know
It best behooves a hale old fellow
Like me with Bacchus to be mellow,
Ere to dark death I go.

Besides the translations there are an essay, notes, and additional poems.

*

SACRAMENT SUNDAY

By J. M. Harper. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

FORMER practices common to the Church in Scotland have in part at least disappeared, and were it not for records such as this the present and coming generations would have only a faint idea of the meaning and observance of such an occasion as Sacrament Sunday used to be where the sipping of the wine and breaking of the bread were never done except in extreme solemnity, and after care ful preparation. Besides the interest that Dr. Harper's verses themselves arouse, there is the story they tell, while the notes, both to "Sacrament Sunday", and the other poem in this volume, "The Bells of Kartdale", help the reader to understand the meaning of impressions that otherwise lose much of their significance. We quote the first two stanzas of " Sacrament Sunday":

SACRAMENT SUNDAY

In lowland vale, the dearest far to me,
Where nature hums as in a mead of flowers,
I hear the sweet-lipped chimes arouse the lea,
And wake its slow response to Sabbath hours.
Within, the drowsy echoes find retreat:
Without, the murmurings of springtide meet,
Where cloistered brook sings in its nearer bowers,
Till seems it, as if nature would begin
An anthem in my being, ushering Easter in.

Of Sabbath morns, the precious of the year,
Thy calm subdueth meet the landscape's face,
And from the dews of prayer distils a tear.
To scent the heart, a chamber fit for grace!
Where leads its course, the soul oft wisteth not,
When faith turns down the bridle-path of doubt,
That winds about so oft a hapless maze:
Yet, ere thy paschal chimes have died away,
Truth's highway broadens as it finds the sheen of day.

*

—In her new book, "The Ways of Women", Miss Ida M. Tarbell puts the capabilities of women on a high plane, and she illustrates as follows:

"A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar or drink or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally, and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything. If the house burns, five times out of ten she saves the baby and the family records; while nine times out of ten the husband saves the coal pail and the looking-glass!"

*

—A notable feature of *The Studio* for December is the article on the mural paintings of Frank Brangwyn in Christ's Hospital Chapel, with eleven full-page reproductions, of which two are in colours. The panels depict scenes such as "The Stoning of St. Stephen", "The Arrival of St. Paul at Rome", "St. Paul Shipwrecked", "St. Wilfred Teaching the Southern Saxons", and "St. Ambrose Teaching His Choir at Milan".

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TWICE-TOLD TALES

No Acorn

When James A. Garfield was president of Oberlin College, a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but he takes only two months to make a squash." —*Christian Register.*

*

A Feminist

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination. The question ran, "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied:

"No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a ship-load of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

A Star Performer

"And is this man to come into this court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to draw fifteen bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity?" asked an English barrister. There was no reply.—*Christian Register.*

A Lost Lamb

William Dean Howells, at a dinner in Boston, said of modern American letters:

"The average popular novel shows on the novelist's part an ignorance of his trade which reminds me of a New England clerk.

"In a New England village I entered the main street department store one afternoon and said to the clerk at the book counter:

" 'Let me have, please, the letters of Charles Lamb.'

" 'Postoffice right across the street, Mr. Lamb,' said the clerk with a naïve, brisk smile." — *Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

*

No Spoils to Share

An old negro was charged with chicken-stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the Court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no, sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enj'y dem chickens mahself."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

*

Hopeful

The New Parson: "Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday.

Tommy: "Yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet."—*London Opinion.*

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From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

ACADIA

An orchard scene in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE GERMAN WAR WOMAN

By Eva Madden.

IT was in 1903, when I was resident in a pensionat for well-born daughters, in Germany, that I was asked a very strange question, strange in itself, but made more so by the age of the questioner.

I was walking up and down the third terrace of the pensionat garden, which was carelessly kept, rose-grown and old. There were girls everywhere, reading, writing letters, doing fancy work at the little tables under the trees, strolling in couples on the second terrace, or playing tennis on the level space below the third.

On the vine-shaded balcony of the rambling, chalet-like building sat the Countess Von Moltke. She came every year for a visit of some weeks, and her presence always caused a thrill of patriotism, since to have a "niece," as the Germans often call a cousin, of the famous Field Marshal there in their midst excited much talk of Sedan and stories of the making of the Empire.

It was a pretty, old world scene: the ancient village with its red roofs and famous church at our feet, the wooded hills for our background, and, beyond, across the valley, the turrets of the old castle of a town which today is full of English prisoners.

Peace was everywhere, in the garden of girls, in the summer breeze swaying the fruit trees of the terraces, in the cackle of the wandering hens, in the voices reciting Shakespeare in a distant class-room.

Had anyone told me that aught was going on about me other than the ordinary life of the happiest school imaginable, I should have laughed in derision. Yet the war has revealed to me that there, in that innocent spot, were working in secret those thought-out processes which were aiming to make actual and triumphant the great German dream of world-empire.

But as I, an *auslanderin*, knew nothing whatever of Imperial secrets,

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I was more than startled by Herta's question.

"Do you think," she asked me, as she strolled by my side, "that it is right to break a commandment, if by so doing you can aid some genius (this was her English for superman) in a great work of achievement?" Astonished, I turned and faced her, to see a lovely girl of sixteen in a pale blue summer gown, her soft throat outlined by a lace-edged kerchief, one hand fingering a ruffled dimity apron, dark chestnut hair swept back from the noblest face I know or, rather, knew (for *that* Herta has been obliterated), and falling in two heavy braids almost to the hem of her skirt —the very visual embodiment of the German heroine of my former romantic novels, and as well the daughter of a very old-fashioned, orthodox Lutheran Herr Pastor.

When pressed to explain, she changed the form of her inquiry, first asking me if *kraft* (that is, power) were not the highest goal of effort, achievement the prize.

"Good then," she went on, "what I ask is this: If a young girl, such as I am, found out that by any act she could increase the power of a Genius, even if that act were to be to live with him, though he had a wife, wouldn't she be doing more for the world, more for her country to perform it, than by keeping a commandment?"

I had never been asked such questions by girls of sixteen and seventeen, and, therefore, when the idea kept coming to me, again and again, in the bed-time talks in my room, in the discussions in the garden, about the winter stoves, I tried to find out where it had started, but without success, Herta putting me off with the answer that she had read of such ideas in a Russian novel.

Nor could I combat it with appeals to Lutheran teachings.

"We go to church because we must," said one, "but we find that kind of religion very foolish and suited to old ladies. Nature is our religion."

When pressed on this point, they told me that the forests were the true cathedral of the German, and, in fact, I discovered several of these girls, at different times, standing wrapt and silent in the aisles of Odin's old forests.

"Religion," said Herta, "is for the weak. Men are not weak, and, therefore, they have no need of it. Nor have some women," she added. "My father is orthodox, I know, but I must feel as I feel." Thus went on this strange talk, and, even then, I felt about me that rising of some unseen leaven. I know now that it was the evolution of the German War Woman, that woman who has thrown all she possesses into the making of the Imperial *kraft*, dreaming of that world-empire achievement, from the sentimental girl of the pensionats who dreamed of the sacrifice of herself in the service of the superman and who artificially, by suggestion and educational skill, was being trained to become an active and often efficient factor in that gigantic German scheme to accomplish world dominion, by making, as Frank Vanderlip puts it in his "Business and Education," each individual member of the commonwealth the most efficient of industrial and economic units, "the greatest artificial experiment in patriotism the world has ever seen, an attempt rendered abortive by the war and whose ultimate possibility the world can never now know."

What I, personally, saw was the beginning of the transformation of idealistic young girls into war women, busy over propaganda of the war spirit and hate; into spies operating before my eyes, even in my home, in the Italian city where I later resided; into commercial, industrial, social agents of their Government, giving themselves, their talents, their honour, breaking commandments, if necessary, for the sake of that power and achievement about which we had talked in the quiet old garden.

The whole story is like a novel, and

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when passions cool it will live as a romance of woman's blind devotion, however futurity may estimate its morality.

That the impulse was educational, there can be little doubt. Of all lands, Germany alone saw what power lies for a nation in the school-master. Her trade schools, her educational advantages commercially, her continuous trade schools, all were directed towards the one end of elevating Germany as a power. Since the Kaiser showed endless interest in them all, it is hardly possible that a girl's pensionat, drawing pupils from every section of his Empire, was neglected. So that the better to understand the war woman and her work, let us linger a moment longer in the garden.

On the balcony, that day, as I said, was sitting the Countess von Moltke. Now and then she discussed the German woman with me.

She was discouraged, in those days, with the German woman ever shaking her shackles, and she told me a story of herself to illustrate.

"I had dreams once of bettering things," she confided, "and thought that, with my name, I might influence standards."

I looked at her inquiringly, but she shook her head.

The Kaiser had interfered, she told me.

"When the Field Marshal died," she went on, "he left his old home as a residence for my sisters and me. It is in a garrison town, and, as we are none of us young, I entertained the idea of making social life easier between German men and women. As it is, you know, young German men are cut off from desirable female society by the fact that attentions are taken to imply a desire for marriage. My idea was to have our time for drinking coffee like an open reception, giving those young officers, some almost boys, a little taste of home life. How they did love to come!" she reminisced enthusiastically, "and what pleasure for us to have cakes and coffee ready and to enjoy their lively company. It was humanizing, too," she added, "and good for them. But, one day, came a message from the Kaiser: 'Unmarried women did not receive officers unchaperoned,' his Imperial Majesty would remind us. Our name was a German heritage, our house, national property, and so it ended," she added sadly.

Again, she told me how, when for economy's sake, she, not being rich, had travelled once second-class, a message had come quickly from William (evidence that his spies were everywhere) to inform her that, as she lived in the Field Marshal's house, for the honour of Germany she must travel always first-class. He did not, however, offer to pay the difference.

Her various male relatives were all in the army or navy. One, of whom I heard her speak, was that young man, killed in one of the battles of August in France, his head being blown to pieces, who wore, under his uniform, a suit of armour with the Von Moltke arms embossed on it.

That the work of mastering details of the life of other countries for commericial or military ends must have led its agents to the pensionate, I conclude from the fact that one day, in 1903, a certain person, in authority in the school, drew me aside and asked me to go along the village street, stop the postman, and ask him for the letters coming to a certain English pupil-teacher. I was then to open and read them, reseal and slip them in with the other letters, when later the postman should arrive at the pensionat. The contents of the letters I was to report, since, I was told, it was desired to know if the English girl were happy.

But why, I inquired, was I, a stranger, selected for such a task, and why, if they wished to ascertain in such a fashion if the English girl were happy, did they not read the letters that she herself wrote, and not letters coming to her?

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The German school, also, was cheaper than the English one. Prices at American schools being always prohibitive for Europeans, their choice of foreign schools was always between English and German. Because of the educational advantages and price, the German won—until the war began. It was then discovered that its little alien pupils had been systematically Germanized, these schools being subsidized by the German Government.

The charges at the *marienheim*, as I say, were very small, by courtesy also of the Government. In return for such charges, the women who went out, through their various occupations, into every walk of Italian life, were asked to make a return. They were girls and women, as we have seen, obsessed educationally with the idea of self-sacrifice for Imperial power, and it was easy indeed to excite their sentimentality, by talk of Imperial achievement, to an exaltation of devotion peculiar to the Teutonic nature.

These women, then, so the war has revealed, were asked to gather data from conversations overheard in the various houses where they worked, concerning Italy's commercial and industrial needs and enterprises, a thing easy to do, since Italian men discuss incessantly their business.

Their reports were then sifted, systematized, and sent to the proper German bureaux, and thus began that great scheme of commercial, military and social espionage of Italy which had almost Germanized her and which might have led her to Germany's side in the war had not Baron Sidney Sonnino happened to have been born of an English mother or descended from an English grandmother.

These English mothers of foreign-fathered children, let me say parenthetically, are changing the world's history as nothing else has changed it. A German saying has it that "a tree never quite grows to Heaven," and, in the matter of the German tree in Italy, it was the English mothers with whom Germany had to reckon. That fact Germany forgot.

An Englishwoman always has an English baby, be that baby Turk, German, Italian, Spanish, or Dutch, in law and father.

When the day of the expulsion of the Germans came in Florence, a certain German business man said taunting things as he left.

"Never mind," remarked a bystander, "he's got an English baby. He married Miss H. That's what he'll have for his future reckoning. Let him go."

But to return to the *marienheim*. Besides the women going out into the families of the small tradesmen and the well-to-do merchants, there were also the governesses and nurses, whose avocations took them into the palaces and villas of the nobility and foreign residents and who could bring back reports of army, navy, court and bank.

It is just to these women to say that probably the word espionage was never mentioned to them. Trained to obey, it was only logical that, being obsessed with the idea of Germany's greatness, they should become part of "that spirit of making each individual member of the commonwealth the most efficient of industrial and economic units."

When the expulsion of German spies came in Italy, when every advertising sign disappeared from every landscape for fear of German secret land guides, when Teutons vanished from banks, shops and restaurants overnight, the public of one city was aghast when it heard that the police had ordered out a certain high-born admirable governess, living for thirty or more years in one of the highest Italian families, on the ground that she had acquainted herself and, by inference, her government with the secrets of every ramification of Italian high life, her position sending her into the society of officers, syndics and even royalty.

A servant was told to go who had

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remained by choice with her English mistress, who believed her old, harmless, and knowing only her own language. One Sunday, in January, I came upon this Frau B——, amid a large group of Italians. She was speaking French with great volubility and, to my surprise, had got rid of some twenty or more years by an erect carriage, in place of her usual stoop, with quite youthful movement and tones replacing her rheumatism.

With the war many of the German governesses in Italy threw off reserve and came into the open, distributing papers to humbler Germans everywhere and teaching the little children that "Germans are good, French or English bad," according to the nation of her employer, and that when the little ones played at "trenches," as all European children do, the Germans always must win.

The great figure, however, was the "Lady of the Salon."

This was a German woman, an artist, who, knowing the Italian nobility, had set up a salon in one of the leading cities. Here, for two years, were to be seen princesses, princes, Countess This, Baroness That, literary lights, artistic lights, French, German, Italian, English, American, the great social bait being the Princess of Lippe Detmold and her three charming daughters. Like moths about the proverbial candle, lovers of titles clustered about these ladies, thronging the salon. The cards of Prince Lichtenstein, of a young prince of Saxe-Meiningen, now killed, I think, were in evidence, and the "Lady of the Salon" soon knew everybody. She declared herself to be that ambiguous thing, an International and a German, not admiring the Kaiser. She was everywhere, in everything, and painted, in odd moments, in the villa gardens about Rome, Venice, Florence. German royalties came and went like familiar friends to and from her home, and shortly after the war began this lady disappeared into Germany.

First, however, she had visited Americans, to draw them aside from English groups and whisper, "England made the war. She would not give us a colony." When she reappeared it was to consort with the American-German element and relate the German side of it to win them.

In the mean season, Italy, alarmed by Ezio Gray's warning against spies in his *Belgio Sotto la Spada Tedesca,"* began the publication of a paper called *"La Fiamma,"* or *The Flame.*

Each issue of this paper related the secret history of suspected German spies, and one week it told of the excursion of the "Lady of the Salon" to Germany, declared that her children had received free education at the German school, hinted at other perquisites, and the lady disappeared, gossip said, accompanied by the police; and the habitués of the salon sat down to review just what they had incidentally revealed there.

"In Germany," writes Frank Vanderlip, "every encouragement is given to a man to devote time and thought to new ways of doing things," and these new ways were often put into the hands of German women to promote in foreign lands.

For some years I have acted as correspondent for a certain well-known Paris paper, and, as correspondent, I was approached by a German lady—I use this word in the European sense—about a scheme of apartment houses, in which, if I took quick advantage, I could have stock, she told me.

By another I was interviewed about a bandage invented by a German woman and which it was wished to have introduced into America. This society lady might have been an agent, so ready was she with data, circulars and note-books. Again, I was offered a present to interest me in a German art sale, this by a woman whose husband, I have discovered since the war began, was correspondent of *The Frankfurter Zeitung,"* that paper which, we are told in "Business and

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Education," can keep you thoroughly abreast of the currents of European commercial life.

Her husband, however, who went only with Italians, passed for an art critic, for art has been a most effective cloak for the German worker. Every year German girl artists in strange costumes have poured into Italy, leading the *frei* life and sketching wildly. Lingering at Viareggio and Forte dei Marni, as many did, how easy to make useful drawings about Spezia, the naval base.

At Viareggio it was discovered last winter that nearly all the pine woods encircling the bay were owned by Austria and Germany. When actually the land passed into German possession it is hard to say, all transfers having been made in Italian names.

Another activity of the German war woman in Italy was what was humorously dubbed the "Pro-Uxoribus Club."

Last autumn articles began to appear in certain Italian papers in favour of Germany and signed by leading Italian professors. Also, under the name of one, were published excerpts translated from *The London Times*, but with meanings altered by the omission of words or phrases.

The Fiamma let the public into the secret that all these Germanophile professors were possessed of German wives. Dubbed "The Pro-Uxoribus Club," they were the butt of infinite ridicule, but so well had these wives worked that not a husband deserted the "Pro-Uxoribus" colours.

The German war woman did her work also in the clubs, introducing displays of German handicraft, shows of German artists, and manifesting an energy and zeal in such enterprises more American than European.

Nor was the energy always commercial. The members of a certain Lyceum Club, with many leading citizens, were invited to its rooms to attend a lecture on "Caste" by a native Indian. When the room was filled and the audience interested by the reading of an extremely well-written page or two on Indian life, the Indian, still reading his carefully prepared manuscript, suddenly began to make propaganda against British rule in India. This was in 1913, and, when on the protest of "a loyal subject of King George," the matter was investigated, it was found that the man had been introduced by a certain German member. Recently, in New York, I was invited to a lecture on Tagore by a Hindu, who, in a woman's club, also attacked the British Government, making propaganda.

Almost the last person I saw, before I left Italy, was one of these club war women, wife of a "Pro-Uxoribus" professor.

Dropped deftly from her position on the board of directors by her fellow-officers, her husband scorned and attacked by his students, she was standing in the club-room, her belongings, as manager of the tea-room, about her. No one spoke to her, some violent Italians having spoken *at* her, making a scene before I appeared. The maids obeyed her defiantly, and the little page boy stared.

She was going, as had all her race, for Italy had declared her war. Bands of girl students in white dresses, bearing baskets of flowers and singing the National Hymn, had saluted the British Consulate, bands of boy students, wearing the Tri-colour, had torn down all German signs; the foreign colonies had hung out the Italian colours and their own; on the breasts of English and Americans were the Italian Tri-colour rosette and the Union Jack, or the Stars and Stripes. The end had come, and she and her things were ordered out.

Yet, what had she done?

"Germany over all," she had sung to her soul, and yet there she stood, scorned, forsaken, driven out, while the tramp of the soldiers marching northward echoed and re-echoed through the narrow streets of the old Italian town.

In one brief winter the whole work

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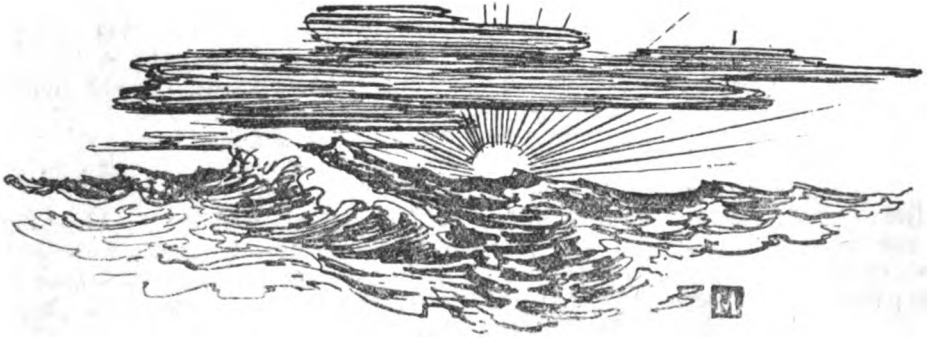
of these German war women crumbled and fell into nothing, whereas the work of the Italian women, the outgrowth of the practicality of that practical race, is bearing certain fruit.

When I lived in that pensionat of the old garden I was asked, one evening, to talk with the girls of the Shakespeare class, as their teacher was indisposed. It was the time of the Russo-Japanese War, and, as I knew, the girls had heard nothing about it, I began to explain to them its causes and to give them an idea of events outside their Fatherland.

"Stop, my dear American lady," said the head of the school, who was listening, "German girls are not taught politics. Listen, children," and she turned to the group: "the Russians are Christians, the Japanese are heathen, God will see that the Russians win. That will do. Let us discuss other things."

In Italy, on the contrary, Italian women are invited to hear lectures delivered by leading lawyers, arranged by the women of the General Federation of Clubs or the Suffragists, on the property rights of women in Italy. In this she has the approval and willing co-operation of Italian men. The Italian women's movement, a leading woman told me, is unique in this co-operation with man, the two sexes working together with the mutual aim of advancing Italy through the emancipation and elevation of woman. Italian statesmen, she told me, consult willingly with the advanced women, and both sexes arrive at a mutual agreement as to the successive strides for woman to make. The German and the Italian methods are being put to the test by the war. The German woman, who served the State by letting the State mould and direct her standards, remains to-day with the results that I have described.

The Italian woman is serving the State by advancing herself with man's willing aid towards self-reliant usefulness. Of herself, she has introduced trained nurses into Italy, teaching nursing herself to banish a traditional social stigma from the profession. She has changed the abuses of the *Casa di Pena* for girls; she has introduced clubs, she has revived and supported old industries, by them bettering the whole race of women peasants; she has battled against tuberculosis; she has organized nearly all the working war philanthropies; she has modernized into usefulness many of the old endowed charities; and last, but not least, she has just invented, in her school for teaching the domestic arts, a new kind of bread. And nearly all this, since the day when Herta asked me her question.



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STEVE CONGDEN

By Judith Kingdon

HOMESTEADING in Northern Ontario is nothing but a skin game. This country is all very well to visit, but if you'd lived here as long as we have, you wouldn't like it any better than I do."

Tom Benton was very much in earnest.

"Yes," supplemented his wife, "by the end of March we begin to get pretty tired of seeing snow, snow, snow. Two months of summer, one of spring, one of autumn, and six months of winter—it's too much. Then think of all the stumps there are to the acre."

"Just the same," said Bet cheerfully, "I persist in liking it. Also, I have an idea all your neighbours aren't quite so bad as you think them—though some of them may be."

Bet was Tom's sister, enjoying her first visit in the North Country.

"Well," Tom conceded, "I guess they aren't. But this is a hard luck country. No one's making any money, and it makes us all irritable and touchy, so we fall to scrapping easily."

"But I can't understand," said Bet, "why you should say a man's lazy because he traps all winter instead of felling bush or getting out pulpwood. You say yourself there's no money in pulpwood unless you can grow the feed for your team. And if a man tends his traps properly, he can't be very lazy."

"Why, that man Steve Congdon is utterly shiftless. He lives on porridge three times a day, so they say."

Tom was obviously disgusted.

"And, of course," he went on, "he snares rabbits like the rest of us. The nicest fellow to talk to, as plausible as you like."

"But what have you got against him?"

"He's just no good; he's lazy."

Tom had strong convictions on this subject.

"I'd like to see him for myself," Bet laughed, walking over to the window. "I believe I'll go out with my snow-shoes," she added; "it is such a perfect day."

There was very little wind. The snow was dazzling in the sunlight. Some settler had broken a trail up the road. The north seemed to call to her, and she followed.

"How beautiful it is!" she sighed in sheer delight. "How beautiful! Think of grumbling over having to live here. I don't ever want to go home again."

The sky was wonderfully blue. The spruce and balsam boughs were tented with snow. There was a flock of chickadees in the edge of the bush, and two whiskey-jacks sailed across the road in front of her.

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The light wind soughing in the spruce tops lured her on and on. By the time she had gone two miles a few clouds drifted up from the west. In another hour the sunlight had vanished. Then the wind dropped, and the soft, clinging snow fell thickly and silently down.

Bet laughed and lifted her face to the wet flakes. They clung to her eyelashes and the edge of her white wool cap. She laughed again and went on. She felt as if she belonged to the bush—one with it.

Tiring, she sat on the tails of her snow-shoes to rest. Then, after a little, she decided she must return if she were to be back by dark.

But here Bet lost her way. The thought of going wrong did not occur to her, nor was there anything to suggest it. There was no sun. Her own tracks in the time she had stopped were as well obliterated as those ahead, both looking the same—the blur of a trail. Instead of returning southward, she went on northward.

As the dusk came, the trail entered a strip of bush and a clearing beyond. Bet now realized her mistake, but she was too tired to turn back without a rest. Just then through the falling snow a light shone out from a log house in front of her. She followed the trail in. Taking off her snow-shoes, she thrust the tails into the snow beside the path, then rapped on the door, feeling certain of the ever ready bush hospitality.

A pleasant voice called, "Come in."

She pressed the latch, and the door swung open, revealing to her inquiring eyes simply a man and a big, sleek cat.

The man did not look round for a moment, as he was very carefully turning scones in a frying-pan. When this was performed to his satisfaction, however, he straightened up and turned, a soft exclamation escaping him.

"I'm afraid I've got lost," Bet explained rather hesitatingly. "Not exactly lost, only I kept on going north when I thought I was going south again. So I thought I might come in and rest a little; and perhaps I could borrow a lantern to get back with."

"Why, sure!"

The man beamed hospitably upon her.

"You're just in time for some tea. I got back myself an hour or so ago."

"It must have been your trail I followed up the road, then."

"That was my trail. Great luck this is my night at this end. Sit down here—best chair I've got."

He pointed to a block of wood turned up on end, with a couple of boards nailed on for a back.

"Rather primitive, I'm afraid, and very bushy," he apologized. "Where do you live?"

"I'm staying with the Bentons down on the Porcupine. I'm Bet Benton, Tom Benton's sister."

"Great Scott!" the man exclaimed. "You've been travelling some. That's six miles."

Bet was horrified. It had not seemed so far. The idea of six miles back alone in the dark did not appeal to her.

"I'll go down with you, of course."

The man had noticed her expression. She thanked him.

"My name is Steve Congdon," he said, a moment after.

"I have heard my brother speak of you," Bet acknowledged.

Steve smiled.

"I'm afraid I was not very favourably. Tom Benton and I don't seem to hit it off very well. I guess our ways of looking at life are too different."

Bet evaded.

"Perhaps it is just as well we are not all alike."

She glanced around the house. It was the regulation size, sixteen by twenty feet. In one corner stood a stretcher. The three-foot, round-barreled heater stood in the centre. A small cook-stove was in the far corner, and beside it a table made of four

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balsam poles for legs and for top the boards of a packing case. The floor was of flattened logs. The walls were covered with white building paper, with here and there a gay picture from some magazine. It looked much neater, in fact, than she had expected the abode of a bachelor to be.

"Does it come up to requirements?" he asked, quite aware of her inspection.

"Indeed it does," she laughed, flushing slightly.

Steve opened a big trunk which stood against the wall at the foot of the cot. Lifting out two trays, he brought forth a paper parcel. This he very carefully unwrapped, bringing to view a white table cloth. He cleaned all traces of flour from the table and spread the cloth.

"My married sister sent me this two years ago. I have been saving it for a particularly special occasion, and evidently it has arrived. Then he sighed with pure pleasure. "Isn't it great to have a white cloth on? But I suppose you're used to them."

"I'm afraid I never quite appreciated one before. I suppose it's the way with other things too."

"Yes," he agreed. "See this tin of pears I bought down at the post-office to-day? It's not often I blow myself like that. So now they will taste just twice as good to me as they do to you."

"I'm afraid I hadn't better eat any then, if that's the case. It would be a pity to take them from you."

"Don't let that worry you; half will do for me. Come now and have some 'settlers' hope'."

"What's that?"

"Oh, that's what I call rabbits. Whatever would the poor, benighted settler do without rabbits, I wonder? They are the mainstay of our existence—with porridge," he added thoughtfully.

Bet laughed, thinking of what Tom had said.

"Come on, Puss, here's your share." He put the two forelegs in an old pie-tin and laid it by the stove.

"My cat follows me around like a dog, and always goes with me to my traps. One day I go over my trap trail and stay that night, the next day and the next night at that end. I have a little log shack there. Then I come back and stay two nights and a day at this end. My trail's about fifteen miles long. Quite long enough when I have traps to re-set and sometimes a lost one to trail."

"Where do you go?"

"I go north-east to the Frederick-house and then parallel to the river."

"But do you think you are getting any farther ahead really? Do you think it pays?"

Bet was doubtful.

Steve smiled.

"I can see Tom has been filling you up. Now, it's only fair to hear my side of the story. Tom and I are completely different. Tom is always worrying about something, and he's very much impressed with the seriousness of life and his mission in the world. But I must confess I never worry. Tom says it's because I have not enough brains. He thinks that if a man's mostly always happy and doesn't take the world too much in earnest, he can't be any good.

"Tom has more land stumped than I have, but he has very little more bush down—and he isn't anything like so contented and happy as I am, so I reckon I have the best of it."

"I didn't know you had so much clearing done," Bet interrupted.

"Why, I chop bush nearly all summer. Most of the settlers around here work on the roads in the summer, because the pay is so good, and don't do much of anything in the winter. Now I can make about enough in the winter to keep me for the year, and in the summer, when I can chop half as much bush again in a day as in the winter, I don't have to work out unless I like, but can work on my own place. I wouldn't trade places with anyone.

"Why, I've already sold a hundred

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dollars' worth of furs this winter, and this is only just after the middle of February. I've sold eight mink skins for from five to seven dollars apiece: twenty weasels, at sixty to ninety cents, and twenty muskrat at thirty cents. There were three marten at five apiece, and I got three red fox and sold them for six dollars each.

"I'm trying to convince you, you see, what a very respectable person I am! One hunderd and fifty dollars will keep me more than well for a year. And," he smiled rather maliciously, "I don't have to eat porridge three times a day either, my neighbours to the contrary notwithstanding."

"How did you know?" she questioned rather faintly.

"Oh, we all of us know what our neighbours think of us up here. There is always some kind friend to tell us. At any rate, this life suits me. I do like it tremendously up here in the bush. *I'm sure* I was born to be a pioneer. My father wanted me to be a lawyer, but I couldn't stand the thought of being cooped up in a stuffy little office all day.

"How do you like it up here?"

"Why, I believe I was born to be a pioneer, too. I think it's great. It makes me feel like going out and sitting under a tree and taking root, growing to be a part of the bush. I have never seen anything like the moonlight nights up here. The snow looks so white, and the bush looks so black. And then maybe an owl comes hooting along, all so melancholy, up in the bush. It's great, simply great. I never want to go home again. Tom," with a sigh, "Tom says I am a fathead."

Steve laughed. "You mustn't tell him so, but it's my private opinion that it's Tom who's in the wrong. He lacks imagination, from my point of view."

"It's all too complicated for me," said Bet; "but there's one thing I am sure of: I have never tasted better scones."

Steve blushed with sheer delight.

"Oh, I'm sure some cook when I get worked up to it," he smiled. "But I must confess they aren't always so good. And I say, imagination's all very well, but it is awfully fine having someone sitting at the other end of the table."

He laughed boyishly.

Bet felt mildly flattered.

"I am going to show you something," Steve said when tea was over. "It's an absolute secret, and you mustn't tell anyone."

He brought out from the ever-useful trunk a folio of sketches.

"I occasionally indulge in being an artist," he explained. "These are all bush scenery and log houses and a stray settler or so. They're really not awfully good, but I do like doing them."

Bet looked them over, thought them very good indeed, and said so.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Steve ventured, "if you did something of the sort yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't draw like that if my life depended on it. But I will confess to writing an odd poem now and then, if you will allow me to dignify my verses with the name."

"I'm sure you never told your brother you had such lapses."

"Certainly not. He would be disgusted beyond words. Why, the other day I showed him "Moths of the Limberlost," the most beautiful book I have ever seen, and he said he couldn't quite see the object of such a book, that all the moths had been already classified. He is hopelessly practical. And yet when he was first married he made up a poem to his wife—never wrote it down, you know, and either forgot it or would never own up to remembering what it was."

Steve laughed.

"I suppose the best of us depart from the path of virtue now and then."

"I wish I could go down to see you, but I know Tom would chase me off the lot. You and I seem to think

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alike in so many ways. Will you come up here again and have dinner with me some day?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that, you know."

Bet was perhaps the least bit shocked.

"Well, will you meet me some place the first next fine day and come for a walk?"

Steve was persevering.

Bet said she couldn't think of doing anything to displease Tom.

"Well, then, will you marry me?" His lean, brown face and clear blue eyes were very serious.

"Cer-tain-ly not!"

Bet was very much astonished. "Why, why," she stammered, "I never saw you till just now."

"I really can't see what difference that makes. I don't believe in propinquity myself. You can get to be fond of almost any old thing if she's half-way decent. But, somehow, when you came in here to-night, I felt that you were the girl I'd always been waiting for—perhaps half unconsciously. You seemed like the fairy of the snow-storm. Then when you sat across the table from me, I felt as if you belonged there. I don't think I can sit at the table by myself any more. I believe you to be just the same sort of a person I am, too. I don't see why we wouldn't hit it off ever so well. Won't you change your mind?"

"It's quite unthinkable."

Bet was very dignified.

"And if you'll be so good as to lend me a lantern," she ventured, "I'll start for home. You need not trouble coming with me. I'm sure Tom will be out looking for me. I daresay I'll meet him before I've gone very far," she ended rather breathlessly.

"Do you know," Steve said, with intense seriousness, "whenever I have read stories of a fellow who had the 'villain' in his power and let him go, to have him turn up later to pester him again, it always made me mad to think he hadn't finished him off when he had the chance. I think the principle applies to this. If I let you go, I may have endless trouble getting you finally. I have been thinking it over. So I'm going to keep you now I've got you." He looked at her gravely.

"You may have some difficulty."

Bet's voice was like ice.

"Well, it's worth a little trouble. I don't expect to get something for nothing. It's possible Tom may land up here before a great while, so I think I'll take you to the other end of my trail."

Fifteen miles on a dark snowy night!

"He'll be able to track you, so it's quite useless," argued Bet.

"Oh, no, he won't. My trail across the clearance will be pretty well covered an hour after I've gone over it, and no one knows where my trap trail is."

"I won't go, that's flat," said Bet angrily.

"You can't help yourself."

"I'll refuse to walk."

"I'm going to put you on my toboggan."

"I'll scream."

"You can. My nearest neighbour is two miles away."

He brought the toboggan in.

"You are a rascal and a scamp and a brute," said Bet, fairly choking.

"I hope not all that. Come, now. I'm going to wrap you in this blanket and tie you on the toboggan. If you don't struggle I'll leave your hands loose. If you do, I'll tie you all up."

Bet struggled. Steve was lithe and strong. In a minute she was rolled in the blanket and snugly tied on the toboggan. He fastened her snowshoes on top. Then he lit the lantern, put everything in shape for leaving, and they were away into the night.

It was not always good going through the bush, as Steve had not troubled to cut out many of the deadfalls. He had to half lift the tobog-

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gan over these. Then the soft snow on the trail made the pulling harder. But the trail was not so badly snowed under as in the open, and was sunken from travel, and well defined.

Several times he rested.

"Will you let me walk?" said Bet, suspiciously meek.

"If you'll give me your promise not to try to run away from me."

"I promise."

He untied her, and she struggled to her feet.

"You had better go ahead with the lantern, and I will pull the toboggan and come behind," he directed.

She put on her snow-shoes and went ahead.

"How far have we gone?" she asked.

"About two miles, I should say."

"Then I think we'll stop right here."

She laughed hysterically and swung the lantern against a tree, smashing the glass. A breath of air blew the light out.

Steve jumped forward and caught her arm.

"You needn't grab me," she laughed tauntingly. "I promised I wouldn't run away. Now, what do you think you'll do? You seem to be a person of great resource."

"I'm going on," he said.

"Thirteen miles in the dark?"

"Thirteen miles in the dark—if it takes me a year!" he said, rather savagely. Take your snow-shoes off.

Obediently she wriggled her feet out of the twisted thongs.

He wrapped her in the blanket as best he could in the dark, and tied her on the toboggan.

On and on he went, slowly, doggedly, often tumbling over the deadfalls he could not see. The trail was so much better packed than the snow beside it that he was able to keep to it by carefully feeling his way with his snow-shoes. He plodded on all night. The storm cleared towards morning. When the dawn came the going was better. But so slow had been the progress in the dark without the lantern that it was well into the morning when they reached the shack.

When Bet was untied and unwrapped she felt very much subdued.

There was a small heater in this shack, and a collapsible sheet-iron stove for cooking. The walls were chinked with clay, and the roof was of poles covered with tar-paper. It was only twelve feet square. There was no clearing around it.

Steve fired up and proceeded to make some breakfast.

"You'd better walk around a little and get yourself warmed up."

Bet felt shivery and took his advice.

"I'll have breakfast ready in about twenty minutes, and if you're not back then I'll go look for you."

"Very well," Bet agreed, "but remember that I won't marry you if they never find me."

"I'm going to marry you if I have to take you all the way to New Post."

In a short time there were porridge, pan-cakes, and a scrap of bacon. It's smell was good, and Bet was hungry.

"I will not eat a bite. I'll starve myself first."

Bet was on strike.

"It looks as if I had a suffragette on my hands," said Steve, inclined to be amused. Sitting on the edge of the bunk he commenced his meal.

Bet was sorry she had refused, but did not like to give in now.

"Come," he said, after a while, "this won't do at all. You must eat something."

Bet's resolution collapsed. She was too hungry to resist.

"If you'll marry me, I'll go to Cochrane this afternoon for a clergyman."

"I won't," she said decisively. "I'm afraid Tom will be worried to death thinking I'm lost." Her forehead wrinkled in anxiety.

"The sooner you marry me, the sooner he'll be put out of his misery."

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"That's out of the question."

"I believe I'll start with you for New Post to-morrow morning just the same. Tom might get through to here."

"It's no use, not if you take me all the way to Moose."

"Well, we won't argue about it now. I think we're due for a sleep. You lie on the bunk there, and I'll lie on the floor."

He rolled himself in a blanket and lay down in front of the door.

Bet could not sleep, but Steve had had a long night of it and slept soundly.

After a while, feeling chilled from the draft under the door, he rolled nearer the stove without wholly waking. Then, as he felt the warmth from the fire, he went sound asleep again.

Bet watched him for a minute, very quietly crawled off the bunk, put on her sweater-coat, her wool cap, and very, very quietly opened the door. Once safely outside, she closed the door again, picked up her snow-shoes and made off along the trail, not putting them on till well away from the shack.

Two hours later, Steve woke up. He saw the empty bunk and looked at his watch. Half-past one!

"Fool," he snapped. Maybe I'll not be too late yet."

He grabbed his coat, fastened his snow-shoes on, and went off at a lope.

In the first two hours Bet made more than four miles, but as she grew tired her pace slackened. Then, too, the charm of the bush caught her, and she was inclined to loiter. The sunlight filtered down through the spruces, making dazzling tracery. Whiskey-jacks flew screaming from tree to tree, while once a string of red-polls flew by overhead, whistling sweetly. Innumerable fresh rabbit tracks crossed the trail and red squirrels chattered at her.

"I must be mad to go so slowly," she thought. Suddenly the realization came to her with a great shock that she had not the slightest desire to go home. She could scarcely persuade her halting feet to hurry.

"It is so beautiful here! I want to stay." She gave a little gasp. "No doubt I have gone mad. My brain must be upset from being kidnapped."

She had struggled along for seven miles. After a prolonged rest, she stood up to go on. Her ear caught the swish, swish, of snow-shoes. Steve came swinging round the bend in the trail. His cap was pushed well back, and his mackinaw coat was flying open. He came up to her, flushed and panting.

"Well, what are you going to do this time? You've forgotten your toboggan, I see. Are you going to sling me over your shoulder like a sack of flour?"

Bet smiled irritatingly.

Steve's face pictured dismay. He had not thought of how to take her back, only how to overtake her.

Very suddenly he went down on his knees in front of her, putting both arms round her.

"Bet," he begged softly, holding her tight against him. "Betty, won't you come back with me? I want you. I can't sit at the table alone any more. Betty!" He pressed his face against her hand.

Her heart betrayed her.

"Maybe—maybe," she faltered. "Yes, I will, not just right away now, but sometime soon."

Voices sounded along the trail. Steve stood up.

"God bless you," he said, very reverently. Then he kissed her.

Three men came within view. They had pack-sacks filled with blankets and carried axes and smoky-looking lanterns. Their faces showed weariness. It was a search-party which had been out since the night before, headed by Tom Benton.

"You will stand by me?" whispered Steve.

"I will stand by you," answered Bet.

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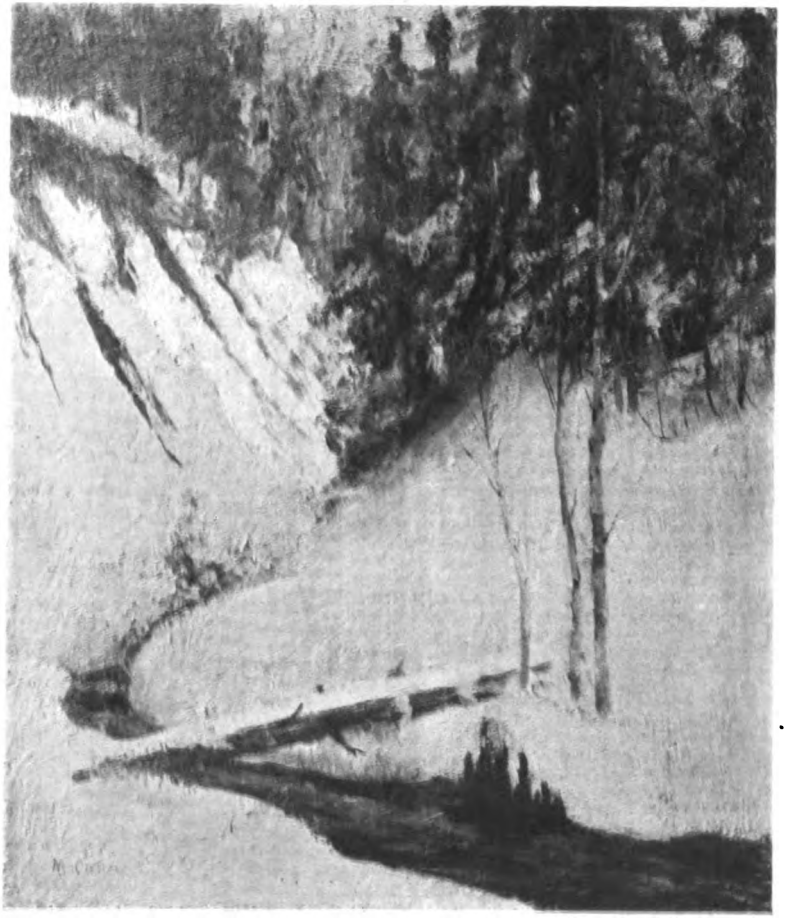

A WINTER STREAM

From the painting by
Maurice Cullen

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

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ASHES OF HISTORY

Events recalled by the Parliament Buildings fire at Ottawa

By M. O. Hammond

BRITAIN has its Westminster, the home of enlightened democracy, France its Versailles, breathing a fragrance of nationalism, the United States its Capitol, with more than a century's precious memories, and Canada had until a few weeks ago its Parliament Buildings, the forum for a half century's political combat, the scene of its development from a timid federation to a confident international commonwealth. The wave of flame which swept its corridors on February 3rd destroyed precious documents, set back a great legislative machine, but it also wiped out vapours of party prejudice, united a people in national feeling and fortified them in their wartime endeavours. A session that opened with ominous political rumblings, with party jealousy and mistrust, was changed in the hour of national disaster to one of unity and serious purpose. An election that hovered on the horizon threatening was swept at once beyond the necessity of immediate calculation. In short, calamity, which has so often been the solvent of difficulty and difference for a virile race, put a new complexion on the politics of the entire country.

There is something significant of nationhood in the fact that the Parliament Buildings were opened at a time of stress and they were destroyed at a time of world crisis. In 1865 the country was in dispute with the United States over the reciprocity agreement then about to be abrogated, and a few months later the Fenian raids occurred. To provide for emergencies $1,000,000 was voted for national defence. Fifty years later Parliament was voting war funds by the hundred million. There is a long gap between, but it is studded with mileposts of national development. Not national in the sense of independence, for the Imperial tie is now stronger than ever, but national in the sense of self-consciousness, pride in domestic affairs, capacity in self-government, progress in economic development. The straggling federation of four provinces, at least one of which was even then almost a conscript, has grown to nine provinces,

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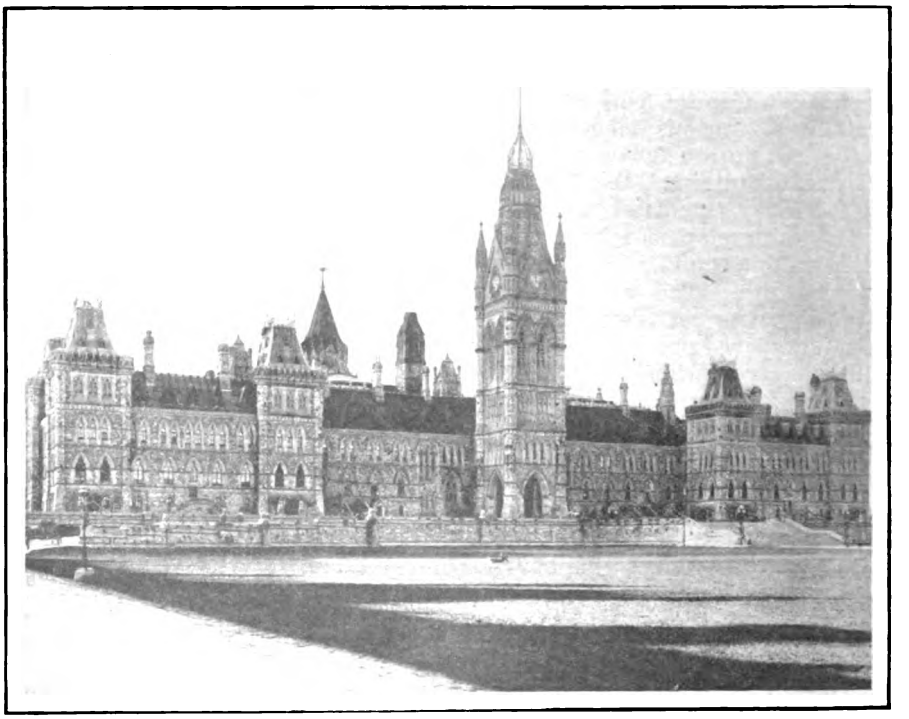
divided perhaps on details, but united in one great national feeling. The forum on Parliament Hill has been the battle-ground. Its corridors have sounded to the tread of nation builders, its rafters have echoed the eloquence of successive leaders, its rooms have secreted the intriguer, the plans of the caucus, the yearnings of the lobbyist. Its history is Canada's history, its successor will house a new forum for a changed people, for no participant in the world war can ever be the same again. The Parliament Buildings opened a new epoch, and their end came at its close.

* * *

In a country as large as Canada, it is doubtful if any considerable percentage of its citizens are familiar, by visit, with the capital and its "crown of towers". The mere selection of Ottawa by Queen Victoria in 1858 as the capital of the Province of Canada was one of those compromises so frequent in politics. Experience had shown that the plan of alternating sessions of Parliament between Quebec and Toronto was not satisfactory, and when the necessity for a definite choice was clear, Kingston and Montreal added their claims, thus further complicating the matter. Queen Victoria selected a "dark horse," a little-known town on the Ottawa, thus avoiding the jealousies which any other choice would have caused. The site then known as Barrack Hill was chosen for the Parliament Buildings in 1859 by Sir Edmund Head. Plans were prepared by Thomas Fuller, a Toronto architect, and a year later tenders were called for, and accepted with some haste, the contractor for the main building being Thomas McGreevy of Quebec. Much confusion, alteration and recrimination followed, and it is characteristic of the continent that



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, WHICH WERE DESTROYED BY FIRE ON FEBRUARY 3rd, 1916

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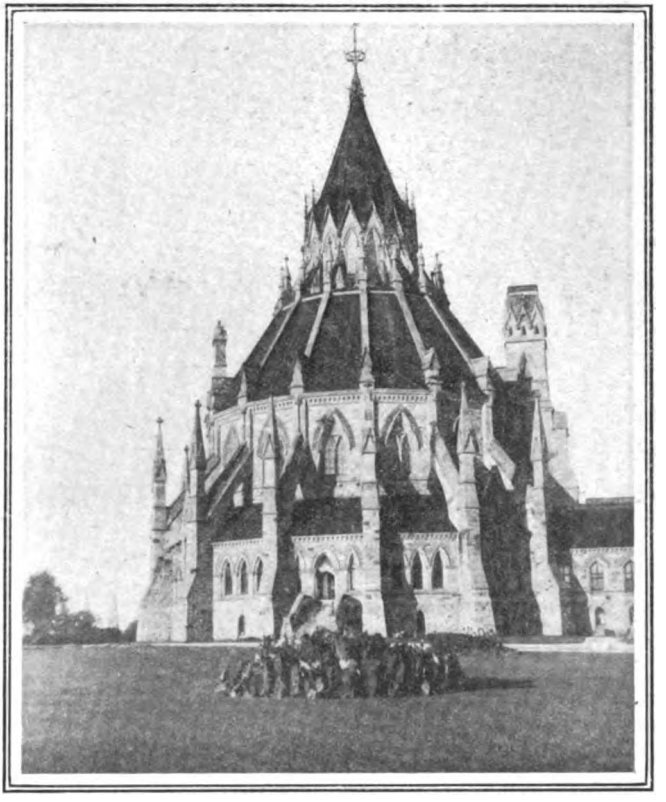

THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY AT OTTAWA

before the buildings were even finished a parliamentary inquiry was ordered. The original contract with McGreevy, who was heard from again twenty-five years later as the contractor for the notorious Langevin block, was for $348,500, but this was multiplied several times before the work was finished. In spite of this, it is probably true that the work was not costly, judged at least by American standards.

A story told by the Honourable George Brown long afterwards is illustrative of this. Brown said that shortly after Confederation Sir George Cartier, the idol of Quebec at that time, visited him in Toronto. Cartier said that American tourists were coming to Ottawa to see the new building. One day he was showing a party around when one of the men, much impressed by the sight, said:

"Mr. Cartier, this is a pretty fine building. It must have cost a good deal of money. In our country such a building would have cost $10,000,000."

"And, do you know, Mr. Brown," added Cartier, "I was almost ashamed to tell him it had cost only $2,000,000."

At first only the main building was erected, with its front of 472 feet, and completed in 1865. The architecture carried out by Fuller, whose design was accepted, was almost pure Gothic. Beautiful as was the facade, the library, which was not completed until 1877, was more impressive, and, as Anthony Trollope said, worth crossing the Atlantic to see.

That its architectural glories, its octagonal design, flying buttresses and circular galleries escaped the flames is one of the compensations of

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THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA

the recent disaster. Time brought additions to the main structure without altering its general appearance, the most considerable being a new wing on the northwest corner completed several years ago. Even with that, business overflowed to the corridors, and the building was crowded and inadequate for its purposes.

From whatever point the buildings were viewed, they dominated Ottawa. Whether seen from the gate of Sir Robert Borden's residence on Sandy Hill, from the Experimental Farm, from the deck of a puffing lumber tug on the Ottawa, or from the forested Laurentians, they were ever the luring cluster of towers whose points appealed to the eye and stimulated the imagination.

* * *

Inside, the Parliament Buildings were a mass of straight lines, arches and right angles. Long corridors made dimly lighted vistas, and on either side low doors opened into rooms for committees, rooms for clerks, and rooms where mysterious business known only to practical politicians was discussed. The Commons Chamber was a high cube-like room, with galleries on all sides, and lighted from above, day and night, the artificial light being a close imitation of daylight. On occasions of important debates the galleries were crowded, special seats facing the Speaker being always reserved for the wives of Ministers and of the leader of the Opposition. At other times there were only a few stragglers, such as visitors to the city who must see Parliament in session, or men to whom politics is as the breath of life, or youths who adore the political atmosphere, as W. T. R. Preston confesses concerning his own boyhood in his "Life" of Lord Strathcona.

Party headquarters rooms were

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world of an energetic and pushing nation. In session their speech was measured, respectful and slow, compared with the feuds and scrimmages of the House, except once in a decade or so when one Nova Scotian dared to call another "an old viper".

And on either side, when the membership changed, the traditions of the building were nobly upheld by the officials thereof. Lieut.-Col. Henry Smith has sat in the chair of the Sergeant-at-Arms since 1872, and his threatening exterior is but a cloak for a genial soul that relishes to recite "Jim Bludso" on occasion. Doorkeepers at strategic points were fixtures for years, and were even acquainted with the chief lobbyists. The Commons' reading-room was piled with newspapers, which furnished extracts for many a hot debate before they kindled the flame that like Latimer's fire was felt for many a long day to come.

It would be, however, a wholly inadequate view that would dwell only on the architectural charm of the lost capitol. It has been the centre of the country's history ever since Canada passed the "foundation" period. Here the policies were made, legislation shaped on the statesmen's anvil, here moved at one time or another almost every Canadian of the era with any claim to national prominence. Just as every American boy is a potential president, so in Canada every man who enters public life by the way of the school board or the township council may some day find his way to Parliament Hill. Here is the acid test in fitness for public affairs, and many are the reputations, local or provincial, that have perished in the process. The House of Commons, with all its democracy, is a jealous body, and it loves nothing better than to destroy, or at least set back, the favourite son or the political bully, who comes determined to "show them". On the other hand, true merit tinged with modesty is quickly recognized.

When the Parliament Buildings were opened, Ottawa was raw and the country was raw. On warm summer days cattle grazed on the square in front of the buildings, and on alarm galloped across Wellington Street and Sparks Street to the fields beyond. Nova Scotia had been an unwilling partner in the federation, and for years afterward flirted with her old and adjacent friends of New England. The construction of the Intercolonial Railway, opened in 1876, and almost always run at a loss, was one of the prices paid for cementing together the string of fishing rods which, as Goldwin Smith used to say, constituted the settled parts of Canada.

Just here it may be pointed out that railways constituted, even more than the race question, a serious Canadian problem. Hardly was Confederation accomplished before British Columbia was knocking at the door, entering the union in 1871 on the promise that a railway would be built to the coast within ten years. The corruption known to history as the Pacific Scandal, resulting in the defeat of Sir John Macdonald, and the shuffling and hesitation of years before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, are part of the price paid by the young federation for its expansion. Repeated financial crises occurred, and the corridors on Parliament Hill were filled with the railway lobbyists appealing for more aid. The stagnation which followed the optimism of the early eighties changed to the golden era of development and the full flowering of the railway promoter. Charters were as plentiful as knighthoods are today, until on paper the country was gridironed with steel highways.

Then came the prodigal days of the first years of the new century. The despair and cheese-paring of a decade earlier was succeeded by optimism and lavishness. "Nothing can stop Canada; full steam ahead," was the order. Western granaries were burst-

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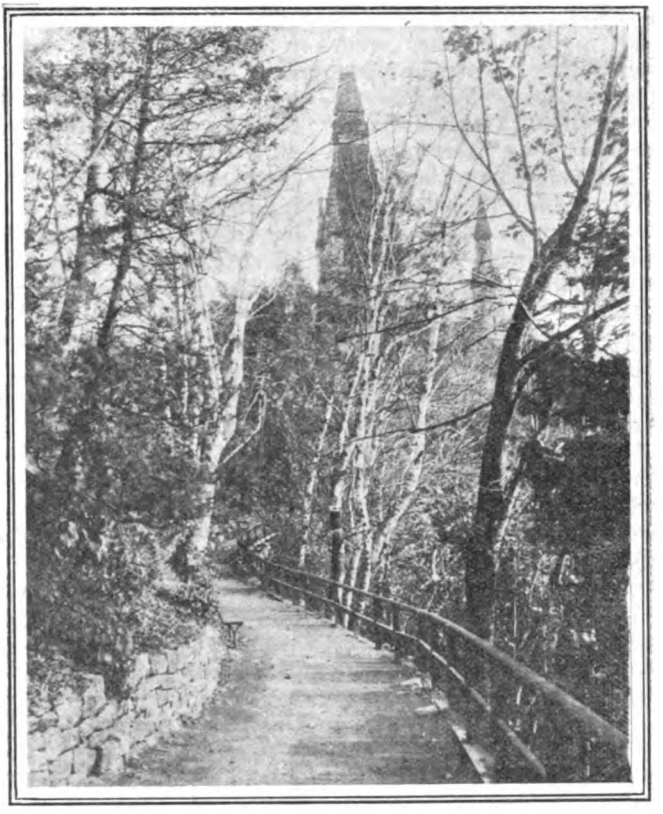

LOVER'S LANE, OTTAWA

Showing in the background the Tower of the Parliament Buildings

ing, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier said Canada needed a second transcontinental, if not a third, at once. The country took him at his word, though the legislation produced a momentary crisis. The Honourable A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways, differed with his chief on the construction of the National Transcontinental and quit the Cabinet. He announced he would stump the country against the scheme, but he never did. The Conservative Opposition criticized the policy in some details, but it went through. Before the railway was finished the Quebec bridge fell, the war came, immigration almost ceased and the public is now anxious as to whether the railway can be profitable for years to come. Meantime the third transcontinental came to maturity during the succeeding Conservative regime. The people were apparently tiring of corporation demands on the treasury, and though the tireless Canadian Northern Railway agents secured the aid asked, because failure, it was feared, would hurt the country, it was only on a basis by which the country became a partner in the enterprise. Thus has the Dominion railway policy evolved and become a prime factor in development.

Lobbyists, in fact, might be termed the Fifth Estate on Parliament Hill. They flourish there as the promoters of private legislation. Some of them are Ottawa lawyers and are always near by. Others come from distant cities when needed. They are attorneys for the pro-

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secution, as it were, and too often the defence is not represented and judgment is given without a proper hearing. In many cases their achievements are prejudicial to the public interests, but they have been part of the era of Canadian expansion. Almost anything that would develop the country was forgiven. Some of the lobbyists were worse than others, but they were all "good fellows".

* * *

Kings and princes among the rulers of men have come and gone with the mutability of human things during the half century under the "crowns of towers". The epoch opened with a residue of great figures from the days of the old Province of Canada. Most of these are known to history as "Fathers of Confederation". The construction era through which they had passed developed their capacity in many cases and enhanced their reputation. Sir John Macdonald, the outstanding figure of the day, was invited by Lord Monck to form the first Confederation Cabinet, and his star shone resplendent until his death in 1891, except for the five years of the Mackenzie regime following the Pacific Scandal revelations. George Brown, his great rival, whose co-operation had gone far to make Confederation possible, was defeated in 1867 and withdrew from the Commons, to be appointed to the Senate in 1873, but took no prominent part in its deliberations. The human qualities of Macdonald and the earnestness of Brown made them contrasting but memorable leaders.

Joseph Howe, whom Laurier described the other day as "perhaps the brightest impersonation of intellect that ever adorned the halls of the Canadian Legislature," had been the idol of Nova Scotia, and when Sir Charles Tupper was the only pro-Confederation member elected in 1867 from that Province, trouble threatened. The masterful Tupper, however, found a solution, for in 1869 Howe entered the Macdonald Cabinet. He secured better terms for his Province, but the hostility he met at home broke his health, and he retired to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia in 1873.

Sir George Cartier was a dominating figure in Quebec, and in the days leading up to 1867 had virtually forced that province to accept Confederation. Though Sir Narcisse Belleau, a mediocre French-Canadian, was Premier from August, 1865, to 1867. Cartier was tendered a great welcome when the Government moved to Ottawa in October, 1865. In an address at that time he said of the new Parliament Buildings: "They appear worthy of being the meeting place for the wise legislators of a country which will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific". He afterwards, with the Honourable William McDougall, arranged the purchase of the Northwest from Hudson's Bay Company in 1869, and in 1872 piloted the first Canadian Pacific Railway charter through the House of Commons. The Pacific Scandal revelations later probably hastened his death, in May, 1873.

Sir Charles Tupper similarly had been the champion of Confederation in Nova Scotia and later was conspicuous in carrying through the Canadian Pacific Railway project. He was in public life almost continuously from 1855 to 1900, was in the Commons for years after Confederation, was Premier for a short time in 1896 during a Conservative break-down, and was famed above all else for his downrightness and courage. His death in 1915 removed the last Father of Confederation.

Sir Leonard Tilley was another provincial champion of Confederation, having been Premier of New Brunswick. He was in the first Confederation Cabinet and lived to formulate the National Policy as Minister of Finance in 1878.

The Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, the only Liberal Premier

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since Confederation, except Laurier, was a simple and honest stonemason, a good Parliamentarian, but an administrator who wore himself out by unnecessary attention to detail.

Sir A. A. Dorion, Sir A. T. Galt, the Honourable L. S. Huntington, the Honourable E. B. Wood, and the Honourable William McDougall belonged to the same era. Dorion was a great lawyer, but a quiet, reserved man, who did not seem at home in politics. Galt was one of the greatest Finance Ministers the country ever had. He was a perfect wizard with figures. Huntington was a well-informed parliamentarian, a clear thinker and an attractive personality. Wood was a man of great talents, especially as a campaigner, and on account of his strong voice he was popularly known as "Big Thunder". McDougall was a man of unexampled poise and a keen, incisive speaker.

The Honourable Edward Blake possessed perhaps the greatest intellect that ever adorned the House of Commons. This was his strength as well as his weakness, for while he compelled much admiration Macdonald commanded keen personal affection. Blake's speeches were so exhaustive that he left nothing for his followers to say. He lived in a remote mental atmosphere and had none of the graces and small talk which are necessary between man and man.

Sir Richard Cartwright was a more popular orator. He appealed to the crowd in Opposition days by his smashing arraignments of the Government. He was a dispenser of distilled English, and a parliamentarian of capacity but not a popular leader. The Honourable G. W. Ross was a still more popular orator and was probably the best campaigner Ontario ever produced. He had the gift of poetic imagination as well as qualities of constructive statesmanship.

A list of conspicuous figures in Parliament in the last generation might be indefinitely extended. During much of that time the tall spare figure of Laurier casts its long shadow. Entering forty years ago already with a reputation for eloquence, the image of the orator gradually merged into the larger image of a constructive statesman, a leader of men, a world figure. The cooling shades of Opposition, the trials of war have but revealed the temper of his mettle, and he remains a counsellor and support to his successor. Outstanding men of the Laurier regime have largely passed from the scene. The meticulous Mowat brought the prestige of more than twenty years as Premier of Ontario. Fielding after an unrivalled career as Finance Minister, with mounting revenues and the manufacturer and farmer both content with his tariff, went down on the principle of reciprocity with the United States. Sifton, after organizing the greatest machine for the development of the unsettled lands the country had ever seen, disappeared in the pursuit of his private enterprises. Mulock, after rescuing the Post Office Department from its accepted career of deficits, and establishing two-cent postage, retired to the Bench. In Opposition the Liberals are seeking to reconstruct their party and be ready for the places of responsibility that they believe will come in a few years as sure as comes to-morrow. In their ranks are the fighting Carvell, the efficient Pardee, the persuasive Lemieux, the brilliant Boivin, the epigrammatic "Red" Michael Clark, and many others.

While the Laurier group in office was heading, unconsciously no doubt, for its downfall, the Borden party was as steadily preparing for its "place in the sun". Mr. Borden as Leader of the Opposition had all the troubles which that office in successive defeats involves. Impatient henchmen contended after each failure that he would have to go. But he remained, and his day came in 1911. The men whom he had schooled for years in Opposition by assign-

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ing them to watch different subjects and departments were now at his disposal, and his Cabinet was soon constructed. Looking back at it now, there could be only one Minister of Militia, for Sir Sam Hughes, with all his irritations, breathes powder and is the incarnation of the Canadian war spirit. Sir Thomas White has risen to the great responsibilities of financing the war with resourcefulness and an appreciation of the fact that he represents all the people. Sir George Foster, a painstaking administrator, has carried the magic of his eloquence far and wide to a people demanding light and leading on the war.

But if the charred timbers on Parliament Hill were asked to yield their memories they would not speak only of the men whose fame may bring them lasting bronze in the Pantheon above the Ottawa. They would whisper, too, of personalities and scenes that will not be recorded among the deeds that made Canada or saved the Empire. They would tell of rough and ready Joe Rymal, a real character of the seventies. They would speak of William Paterson, whose roar against crimes of the Tory Government excited righteous indignation in many a constituency, and whose role as a defender in office was never quite a happy one. They would recall the consequential Bourassa, whose golden voice, magnetic gesture and pitiless logic never lacked a full House, though his course was obviously in the wrong direction. They would not forget a hospitable soul like Prefontaine, ready to spill money's liquid equivalent for all and sundry who might be gathered in the scenes of baccanalian revels. Nor his antithesis, silent Thomas Greenway, former Premier of Manitoba, of whom someone said that no one could ever *be* as wise as he *looked*. Nor another sombre figure, John Charlton, masterful in debate and the articulation in Parliament of the Presbyterian conscience.

There have been many memorable episodes in the House of Commons and none more so than the crisis precipitated by the Pacific Scandal charges in 1873. The Honourable L. S. Huntington read his allegations with an air of exultation and timidity, and when he sat down not a sound disturbed the silence of the place. Months of jockeying and inquiry followed until at the end of October the debate closed. Sir John Macdonald spoke with confidence, even bravado. Then Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, a strong supporter of the Government, was on his feet. His first words were non-committal, and as he neared his conclusion both sides were on edge. He did not think the First Minister took the money with any corrupt motive, he said. "He would be most willing to vote confidence in the Government (loud cheers from the Government side) could he do so conscientiously" (great Opposition cheers). The die was cast. The House was wild with excitement. In a few hours Sir John Macdonald was out of office, and the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie was Premier.

The incident had a thrilling sequel five years later when, on prorogation day, the feud which began between Smith and his erstwhile associates broke out anew. While the House awaited the summons of Black Rod, Donald A. Smith rose to reply to some remark previously made concerning him by Sir John Macdonald. A violent row followed, which was only closed by the repeated rapping on the door by Black Rod himself. In the course of this unseemly scene Macdonald, Tupper, Bowell, Dr. Sproule and other Conservatives joined in hurling epithets at Smith. "Coward," "treacherous coward" were shouted at him, and the colloquy ends in Hansard with a remark by Sir John Macdonald: "That fellow Smith is the biggest liar I ever met".

* * *

Race and creed troubles have rais-

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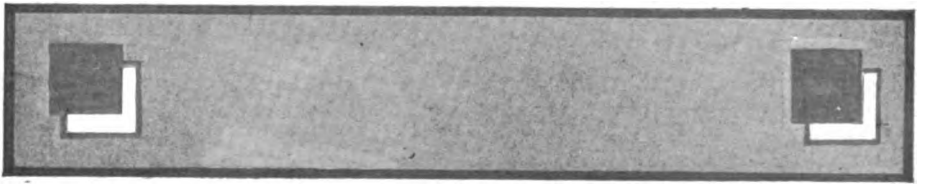
ed their hissing heads on several occasions at Ottawa, but except for the agitations of Bourassa and Lavergne in Quebec they were latterly thought to have died down. The rebellion of 1885 and the punishment of death meted out to Louis Riel, its leader, provoked bitterness among his compatriots in Quebec, but it soon passed away. The Jesuit Estates bill in 1889, by which lands were restored to the Jesuit order, caused strong resentment in Orange Ontario owing to the prejudice thought to be suffered by the Protestants of Quebec, but Sir John Macdonald, who always had good control of that Province, refused to interfere. There is a story that at this time Premier Mercier of Quebec, pale and anxious, came to Ottawa to ask Sir John if he intended to disallow the bill, and met the relieving reply: "Do you take me for a damn fool?" The same force of Orange Ontario had much to do with the defeat of the Conservative Government in 1896, when Sir Charles Tupper insisted on passing a remedial measure for the relief of the Catholics in Manitoba in school matters. The Parliamentary term was exhausted by a Liberal filibuster lasting a full week, night and day, and the courageous Tupper was unable to stem the adverse tide which swept the Liberals into power. Once again the creed question showed itself on Parliament Hill when in 1905 the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were constituted. The clause in the autonomy bill permitting schools for minorities caused the resignation of Mr. Sifton from the Laurier Cabinet and raised such a storm of protest that the Government to avoid a wreck made a compromise and the agitation ceased.

* * *

As a social institution the Parliament Buildings were pre-eminent. They formed a gigantic club and the disappearance of this caused the greatest inconvenience after the fire. Sessions have grown so long and many members travel so far to attend that a member of Parliament now has very little other life. Work and congenial company result in almost continual attendance. Party rooms, rooms for groups and for individuals stimulated camaraderic, which is that priceless quality for the man who depends on the votes of his fellows. Whether in the noisy café, the stately dining-room of the Speaker, or among the slippered elders on the Senate side, the spirit of good fellowship reigned constantly, overstepping party lines.

So when the bitter winds of February, 1916, swept down from the Laurentians and stirred the ashes of the fallen capitol they mingled strange tales of a young nation's history. Timidity had given way to confidence; provincialism had been replaced by internationalism; party rancour had been succeeded by the struggle for a world ideal of liberty. And the leadership of Parliament in the country had been regained, and all parties went forward in chastened and sincere public service.



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PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN CANADA

By Day Allen Willey

JUST north of the boundary line, in the south central part of Alberta, is an area of level land dotted here and there by small lakes and until recently covered by luxuriant grass. A few years ago it was found that the soil would produce enormous yields of small grain, and since then settlement has been so rapid that now very little homestead land remains unoccupied, except remote from railroads.

These fertile prairies are drained by many small rivers, which unite to form the Saskatchewan. One of its chief tributaries is the Red Deer River, rising in the snow-clad Rockies just north of Banff. Uniting with other lesser streams in the foothills, it forms an irresistible force which has cut through the soft sediments of the level prairie land and formed a miniature Grand Canon, a mile wide at the top and three to five hundred feet deep.

In places the walls of this great gorge are nearly vertical, and the river winds in its narrow valley below, touching first one side, then the other, but ever cutting and disclosing to view treasures of prehistoric life —fossil bones, shells and leaves.

By the study of these remains it is possible for scientists to determine the forms of the various animals, to reconstruct their skeletons and probable appearance in life, and to repicture the conditions under which they existed, in those remote periods. Species of the same genus frequently differ in accordance with their positions in the rocks that entomb them. They may show different origins or forms of deposition, so that for the sake of convenience the rocks are classified and names have been given, sometimes in keeping with the nature of the locality where they were first recognized.

The extensive deposits were first discovered by members of an expedition of scientists sent to this region by the American Museum of Natural History of New York, in 1909. An expedition has been sent from the museum every year since then to secure the literal horde of fossil specimens, and as a result the Museum has one of the most complete mounted collections in the world of the skeletons of prehistoric animals.

Travelling down the Red Deer River four distinct geological formations may be recognized, one overlap-

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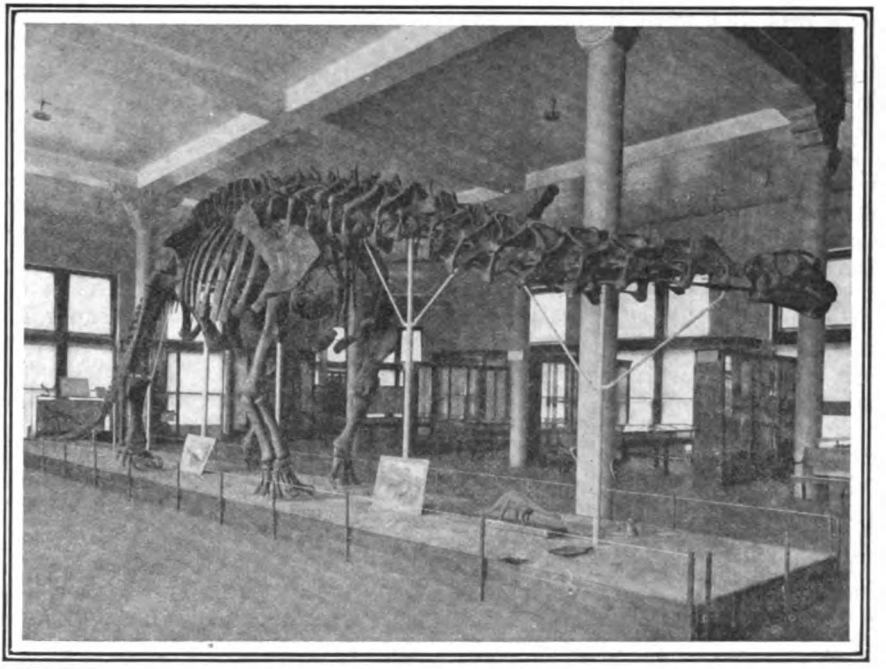

COMPLETE SKELETON OF THE BRONTO SAURUS EXCELSUS

A prehistoric monster

ping another like shingles on a roof, and each containing characteristic fossils. Were the canon deeper near the mountains, these divisions would show one on top of another. As it is, a journey of three hundred miles down the river is necessary in order to see a full section of the different formations.

In those swampy glades of prehistoric days dwelt a host of reptiles, large and small and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but all sharing certain characteristics in common and known as dinosaurs. They were the dominant creatures of the day, for the warm-blooded mammals were as yet small, the largest so far known not exceeding the size of a house cat.

The dinosaurs were not closely related to any modern reptile, but they share some characters in common with lizards and crocodiles. Some, if not all, laid eggs, but the very young are rarely found.

One of the most abundant of these remarkable reptiles is the trachodon, a creature well known to museum visitors. It was a herb-eater of large size, reaching a maximum of thirty-five feet in length and seventeen feet in height. It was kangaroo-shaped, having long hind legs, on which it walked chiefly, and shorter front legs, with feet probably webbed. The body was covered with scales, like some of the modern lizards, but they were not overlapping. The head resembled that of a duck, with a broad duck-like bill, covered with a horny sheath, hence the name "duck-billed dinosaur".

Probably the most striking feature about this huge creature is its teeth, of which there are more than two thousand in each individual.

Among living saurians, the small South American iguana amblyrhynchus may best be compared with the trachodons, notwithstanding their difference in size. Their feeding

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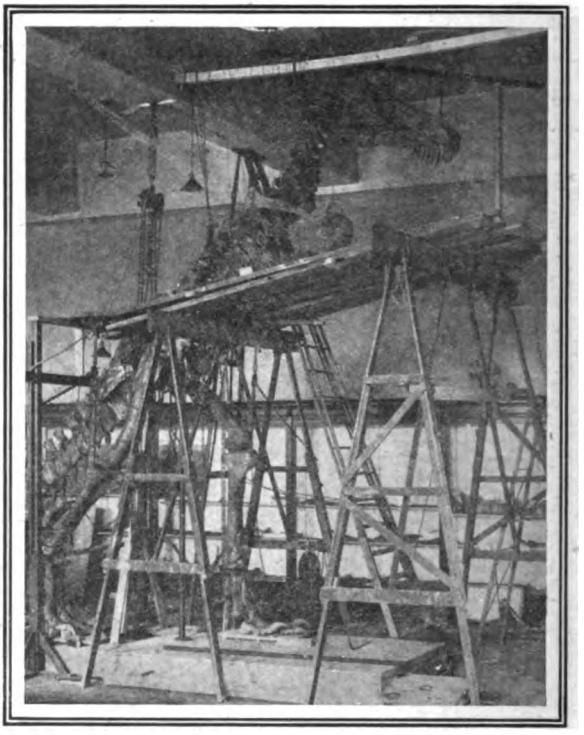

SKELETON OF ANOTHER PREHISTORIC MONSTER

—preparing the skeleton and modeling it. In collecting fossil skeletons it is usually necessary, as some parts are missing, to have them supplied in different ways. Sometimes it is possible to obtain these parts from another, and perhaps less complete, skeleton of the same species.

If these natural bones cannot be secured casts are made of such bones as are needed to complete the skeleton. If neither the bones themselves or casts of them are available, the method employed is to model out, in plaster, the missing parts, the plaster being tinted, nearly the colour of the real bone, but left a shade or two off, so that it may be readily distinguished. The natural bones are never coloured.

Sometimes a complete model is made of modeling clay, on a prepared frame of wood and iron rods or sometimes, as in the case of life-size models of the heads of large fossil animals, an exact model of the fossil skull is first made, and then the flesh and skin are modeled out on this artificial skull. The clay models are cast in plaster as soon as the artist completes them. By this plan the artist can readily adjust the pose of these miniature models, in a natural, satisfactory attitude, and then employ them as a guide for mounting the actual skeletons themselves, which are very heavy and unwieldy, and not as easy to experiment with as to pose.

As the illustrations show, the bones are placed in position to be set together, by ropes and pulleys, steel braces and other mechanism, to lift and keep the heavy weight of the fossil sections in position while the parts are being joined together.

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JOYCE

By Howard Somerville

One of the British Paintings exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition

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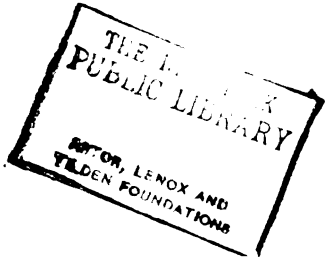

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RICHARD HAKLUYT:
The Spirit of our Race

By Professor W. P. M. Kennedy.

M.A., F.R. Hist. S., (Eng.)

By those adventurous ones who went
Forth overseas, and, self-exiled,
Sought from far isle and continent
Another England in the wild,
For whom no drums beat, yet they fought
Alone, in courage of a thought
Which an unbounded future wrought.
—Lawrence Binyon.

"ONE deep calleth to another." The sea is the greatest and most comprehensive symbol of daring. It conjures up for us all the romance of adventure in literature and in history. We cannot gaze on it without recalling Merlin and the Gleam, King Arthur's Knights and the Holy Grail, Abraham going forth knowing not whither he went, the Wise Men led by a star. The past and present and future of human endeavour come to us from the ocean. The mystery of bygone generations belongs to its secrets; the glowing hopes of to-day are its burden, while to it the coming years will be but different forms of the great human fact that men are adventurers, are gamblers, to whom the inscrutable sea brings the call of the unknown, the dice of life's age-long game of chance.

The sea and shipping are in British blood most of all. They are part of our race. And so it has remained for a writer of foreign birth—Joseph Conrad—to give us the first *real* literature of the sea in the English language. *We* need no such literature, because each one of us has the spirit within him. The most unobservant of travellers must have noticed how different men of our race are from those of other races. For example let us recall some ocean voyage. What a vital interest we take in the ship and all that belongs to her. The log! The boatswain's whistle! The changing of the watch! The navigating officer at work! Fire drill! Lifeboat drill!

Our travelling companions of other nationalities are frankly bored by these things. To them they are so much detail, meaningless and unreal; to us they are as intimate as our own personalities. We find emotions within us to which they make an irresistible and immediate appeal. It is just the same when a distant sail or a thin trail of smoke darkens the long verges of the sea. We rush to the ship's side. We chatter of enterprise and of commerce, of hazardous deeds and stern struggle. We go back to the ordinary routine of the voyage, conscious that we have touched hands with kindred men, that from out the limitless waters a message that we can understand has reached us, more real than "flag-signal" or "wireless".

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"One deep calleth to another."

And there are our companions from other lands—listless and unconcerned. We cannot understand them. A lackadaisical hand has lifted a pair of glasses to sail or smoke, and a muttered "we're in the trade routes" or some such platitude has accompanied the conventional action. The deck-chair has not been thrown aside as something which besets! The deck-quoits continue uninterrupted! For us—we cannot understand it—we have heard a call! A hand has motioned us! All else yields to the spirit of romance! The sea—the sea is in our blood!

It is the same when we touch a foreign port. To others,—strange faces, strange fashions, strange customs are the predominating interest; but we love to watch the shipping. We love to study the lines of boats and ships and steamers. We conjure up pictures of lonely vigils, of heroic endurance, of gambling chances, of human skill at war with the alluring ocean, and spell-struck by the spirit of the sea. We push aside the lace merchant, the bead vendor, the curio retailer—who crowd the ship's decks through the traditional courtesy of the captain. We have no interest—more than passing—in such things. There lies a "three-master," where hammers ring, where paint brushes wobble, where knife and shears are busy on new ropes and new sail-cloth. "She has had a long adventure," we say to ourselves, and we fill out the story, not really with our imaginations, but out of the racial traditions stored in our own inner consciousness. There is a battle-ship—emblem of greater daring still. And we picture the ceaseless watchings that go out like electric flashes from Dover and Portsmouth and Rosynth to the utmost bounds of Empire. Nelson, Collingwood, Jarvis, Sturdee, Beattie, Jellicoe—they are all our brothers! Night on the sea's lonely trail! Silent watchings and the challenge to friend and foe! The dark of storm and the gloom of starless, moonless blackness with a battleship at full speed and all lights out! Others cannot understand, others cannot share our life. We are of the sea. Adventure is in our blood. The unknown calls us! A half-developed school boy holding a lonely post on the farthest reaches of the world; a rough stern man fighting the tempest, or manoeuvering to catch an enemy's submarine; a panama hat, a khaki suit, a hand-shake, and the closing doors of the pathless forest or of the jungle pregnant with fear—these are our heritage and our joy. We do not reason of them—they may be foolish—but what of that? They are the warp and woof of the heroic web. A Gordon; the Berkshires in Afghanistan—"It's all up with the bally old Berkshires". Hopeless bravery and hazardous glory! We cannot help it. We lose Spion Kop yesterday, tomorrow we shall lose again; it is the spirit of the sea, the true insignia and armorial bearings of our race.

The real origin of this spirit is to be found in Elizabethan England, and many of our modern writers and artists have tried to reproduce it with pen and brush. "The youth of Raleigh" is an attempt to embody it in colour. There is the long low beach at Bud-leigh-Salterton in Devonshire, and the artist has caught the far-away wistful look in young Raleigh's eyes as he peers out across the Channel and plans his future in the world of adventure. It is the same inspiration which lies behind Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum":

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada's come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the sound,
Call him when you fail to meet the foe:
Where the old trade's plyin' and the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware and wakin', as they found him long ago!

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Elizabethan England was the England of visions, of dreams, and in those "spacious days" we must look for the birth pangs of the spirit of our race. Elizabethan Literature with all its magic admits us but feebly into the new atmosphere, and for myself I have always found it most fascinating, most alluring, most wonderful in Richard Hakluyt's "Voyages". Here is the true imperial idea, here is the true Elizabethan spirit, here is the cradle of our adventurous nation, the nursery of national daring.

Everyone knows the occasion which produced Hakluyt's work. During a visit to Paris he was annoyed to find that his countrymen were slighted as insular and spiritless, and he determined to use his pen "to stop the mouth of our reproachers". In fact, his determination joined him to the army of national defence. But this visit to Paris was only the occasion of the "Voyages". There lies behind a story not so well known, but as romantic in its way as the voyages which he records. And here we must bring our historical imagination to bear on our subject—for without it history is more or less a mere chronicle.

It is Elizabethan London. The inns, the colleges, the drawing-rooms, the streets are full of a new spirit. Englishmen are more alive than ever before. On all sides we hear the problems of a wider world being discussed. We listen to romantic plans for colonization. We feel the salt of the ocean in the air. We hear all around us the passionate language of the sea. Men move on London streets, more adventurous than ever before with the lurking magic of discovery. Groups gather in which a newer, richer, fuller English is spoken. England has burst her bounds. Along these palpitating streets of the newer London, comes Saturday by Saturday a Westminster schoolboy—Richard Hakluyt. He is just an average English boy, full of all the characteristics of his years and nation. He loiters here and there on the edge of gossiping conversations. He sees ships and sailor folk and merchants, and nobles and courtiers as he lengthens his walk along the Thames, until he finds himself shyly moving amid the quiet and reserve of the Middle Temple, where his cousin lives and practices law. This cousin deserves our undying thanks. He seems to have had the heart of a boy—a true Elizabethan heart—and he took pleasure in providing a weekly object for young Hakluyt's Saturday wanderings. What a room that was in the Middle Temple! Wig and gown lie careless on a Spanish chair, the treasure-trove from some southern sea. Here are Glanvill and Bracton rubbing shoulders with Cabot's maps! Here a half-mastered brief lies across a globe figured out with the New World! Here a work on navigation is held open with the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity! Here Peter Martyr's "Decades of The New World" is propped on Fortescue! Here are compasses and charts and all the paraphernalia of sea craft mingled with the life-in-death of legal lore.

Young Hakluyt comes as no budding lawyer, full of visions of the days when he would meet "Mr. Secretary Cecil" in the Court of High Commission, or Lord Treasurer Bacon before the Committee on Privilege. I like to think of his cousin, too, as a very mediocre lawyer with a not very remunerative practice. But what high pleadings he did in geography and cosmography! What cases did he win in the High Court of Navigation! A Bencher in the Temple of Adventure! And so we imagine a room—just a step removed from the bustle of Elizabethan London—full of globes and charts, and all the literature of new scenes and new lands, and we imagine an Elizabethan school-boy catching the new spirit, and an Elizabethan gentleman full of the new enthusiasm filling the youth's young heart with all the big and wonderful ideas which

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were abroad in those elder days. Thus the lessons go on week by week until Richard Hakluyt becomes characteristic of his age; until one historic Saturday when the human lawyer reaches down the Great Bible, and opening it points to his young nephew: "they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy the great waters; they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep". The spell is on the lad. He tells us that from that day things of high and rare delight moved his young nature. He resolved to give his life to the literature of adventure.

Our imagination now follows him to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he more than carried out his resolution. He read everything which he could obtain, not only in English but in other languages, in the new romantic literature of seamanship. He lectured with zeal and enthusiasm on his work, and at times moved his audiences to practical pity by his pleas for the teaching of navigation through which "many more of his countrymen might not be drenched in the sea". What a picture it all makes! The festal lights in Christ Church Hall, and Hakluyt lending the glamour of romance to the dinner-table conversation. What a breadth of vision moved across the new Oxford life, as the young enthusiast worked up his companions with glowing tales of adventure and daring. Literature took another colour; history expanded into limitless realms of endeavour; science broadened out from its conventional round, when Hakluyt became, as it were, Oxford's point of contact with the dreams and visions of Elizabethan England. If ever student-life had its "figured flames" it was in these almost inconceivable days. The age of knighthood had come back in an inteuser form. The crusades were again possible. And we can enter into those far-off Oxford days, because they are in reality our own. We can picture the Elizabethan students moved to high emprise by Hakluyt's tongue, or matured in the idealized atmosphere which his studies created. The palm-lands called them—their own adventurous sails grew big-bellied in the new spirit's breeze—the lone ice-fields beaconed them. It was something to be a young man then. A thousand projects were abroad, and the call went forth to young Britons:

> Quickly aboard bestow you,
> And with a merry gale
> Swell your stretch't sail,
> With vows as strong
> As the winds that blow you.

Hakluyt's "Voyages" breathe the very spirit of national pride. Nothing is too minute, nothing is too insignificant in connexion with any voyage of discovery. He approaches his subject with real love. He writes as a lover, and as a consequence he takes a lover's delight in recording small episodes and casual remarks which to another man would appear of little moment. Thus, from this point of view Hakluyt's work belongs to the literature of affection. Here is a man to whom adventure is a mistress, and his joy is to write of her from every point of view. He may be only a collector and an editor, but this fact only enhances our conception of him. From another point of view Hakluyt is a typical Elizabethan. We try to throw our minds back, to catch his outlook, to formulate an idea of Elizabethan England, when the national horizon had become almost inconceivably broad. There existed in Hakluyt's day a new spirit of daring, of taking risks, of answering the call of the sea, of seeing visions—a spirit impossible to the older generation. In the midst of all this, Hakluyt lived and worked. Yesterday brought to him a new island, or a new sea; tomorrow might bring to him a new continent or a new ocean. A ship was no longer a mere convenience for travel or commerce, it became the portent of a great romance. And so, from this point of view, Hakluyt's

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"Voyages" are a glowing panegyric of adventure. In them, will be found in all its simplicity, the secret of the British spirit. And it is for that alone that we must read them. Hakluyt had little thought of literary fame, and he never tried to develop originality. His work is an artless and composite epic, and occupies no place in the development of English prose. In places, however, there is much dignity, strength and vigour in his style. He has caught something of the seaman's character, with its businesslike qualities of energetic reserve. There is the touch of the Elizabethan captain in his form.

These aspects, however, need not worry or distract. We go to Hakluyt because we feel in his "Voyages" something which is our very own. He brings to us example after example of all our own personal feelings —worlds which we conquer in thought —seas which we sail in dreams. I know no finer book for the young student. If he gives his days and nights to Hakluyt he may not, certainly will not, learn an English style (if that can ever be learned), but he will find his outlook widened, he will learn something of the insatiable thirst to find out, which is an essential in all education, and above all he will learn to walk with pride in the national nursery of his race's adventurous spirit. He will learn that progress is more than prosperity; that empire is more than satisfaction—that everything of value demands self sacrifice, demands risks—in a word, that he belongs to the ancient stock of high adventure, and that his place is on the high seas!

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A WOMAN'S HEART

By Arthur L. Phelps

A SHORT PLAY IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS: Thomas Hazzard, a man hard cheeked and keen eyed with much seafaring, but getting old; one-armed. He walks with a peculiar accompanying twist of his head forward and to one side. Mrs. Jane Hazzard, his wife, a bent, thin-faced, broken-looking woman. Mary, their daughter, calm-featured, tall, fair-haired and clear-eyed; of upright, resolute bearing. Burton Goodcrock, the friend of Thomas Hazzard, a bent but alert old man who walks with a cane; he is continually tapping with the cane. Sherwood Dunalk, a tall young seaman. Other people mentioned in the play: Jamsie, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hazzard, and Herman Poldon, Mary's one-time lover, who has left the island and has not up to the present returned.

SCENE I.

SCENE: Two old men are coming up a path from the sea on the Newfoundland coast. Farther up the path, by the side of the hill, is a small brown cottage. Ruddy light shows from the windows. It is just after sunset. Glow is yet in the air and on the sea.

Burton Goodcrock: Will he not come then?

Thomas Hazzard: No, he'll not come. What kind of a man would you take him for if he did come? The taste of cities is like the taste of them little green things the women was forcin' on us at the picnic. It grows on a man; bitter at first but you come to like it. Olives they call them. He'll not come. He's tasted cities and he'll forget the island. And it's well he should. We wouldn't be havin' him bother her now anyway. She'd make no city woman. She's made for a fisherman's wife—to be hearknin' to the sea at night, and lookin' after nets and children in the day. He's gone, and he'll stay gone.

Burton Goodcrock: But her heart's lookin' for him back.

Thomas Hazzard: It'll have long to look. I tell you when a man gets the taste of cities in him he's a changed man. There was Morgan O'Neill, who was ship's carpenter on the shore. What is he now? He's a contractor, they say, away off in Calgary, an' livin' big with an autymobile. Maybe at night when the wind's in the sky, he hears the sea and the old loud cryin' high in the riggin' of ships. But he don't come back. He's got the taste of cities in his blood, and money in his fist. And Herman Poldon won't come back either. And I guess he's a fool if he does. This island's a pretty lonely island, times, far from the big world; and it's a sad island. There's storm in that sky, Burton. Did you see the sun hounds awhile back as we came up from the nets? I wish young Jamsie would come in from the sea. He's far out, and the sky is forming, and his mother will be watching. Did you hear that? It's the wind rising. There'll be black storm this night again the third time in

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the week. So come along up the hill and to the house, Burton Goodcrock. You'll not be starting for Broken Cove this night. You'll be sitting in chat by the fire awhile, and then you can sleep in the loft with the lad (*looking, hand over his eyes*). I wish he'd come in off the sea. My age is making me full of fears, Burton. For when I was a lad myself all times I would be on the sea, and careless of the wind. But it's rising hard to-night. Come along in to the house. There'll be supper under the lamp.

Burton Goodcrock (*pausing at the door of the cottage*): I'm a silent man, Thomas, and no meddler. But the girl's heart is a sad heart this day. She loves the lad Herman, and she has his promise to be coming back again. And she's not wanting to marry Sherwood Dunalk, though it's a very good match every outward way. But love's an inward thing, Thomas. And it's a woman's heart that knows it all the while. I'd be letting her have her heart's way a bit longer and not be urging her even it is a poor year, and the mouths hard to feed. A woman's heart is a strange, strange thing. It's as strange as the sea. And the sea will have its own moods, and no man will gainsay them, even he would with all his strength.

Thomas Hazzard: It's right you may be, Burton. But it sounds like nonsense. What for would he be coming back? It's foolishness thinking he would after these two years and no word at all—only a dead promise decaying in our hands; (*grimly*) though mayhap she keeps it fresh with her salty tears (*there is lightning and thunder, and a splash of rain falls*). Come in, come in. There's the storm breaking. And the lad not in off the sea.

(*They enter the cottage. The night has blackened down about them as they talked, and the door opening and closing makes a fleeting golden splotch of light in the dark as they pass within.*)

SCENE II. *TIME*: *Next morning.*

SCENE: *Outside of the cottage. Grouped about the door and looking every now and then uneasily out to sea, are Mrs. Hazzard, her daughter, Mary, and Thomas Hazzard with Burton Goodcrock. There can be heard the sullen, sodden booming of abating seas along the rocks beside the path.*

Burton Goodcrock: It's a raw morning yet. And the yellow clouds are ragged before the sun.

Thomas Hazzard: Yes, you'd better not be away yet. You must wait till the lad comes. Maybe he spent the night in Silver Tickle.

Jane Hazzard, the wife: But would he not run around home now in the morning when the storm is clearing? He could have been long here (*throws her apron to her eyes*). It's lost he is. He's lost! He's lost! The sea has taken another one!

Mary Hazzard (*speaking firmly and coolly*): Mother, maybe the sea has *not*. We have no sureness yet. Father, could he be picked up by one of the fleet? They started out last evening and they did not all put back when the sun hounds thickened on the sky.

Burton Goodcrock (*who has been peering down to the shore to something he sees to the left of the nets and the landing beach*): That may be just what has happened. You all stay here if maybe he comes along by land, and I'll go see if there's any word by the shore.

Mary (*to him as he passes her going down*): What do you see?

Burton Goodcrock (*hurrying by*): Wait! Hush!

Thomas Hazzard: There goes a friend of life. But he's always too much given to hopes and dreams. (*Despairingly*) The lad is lost. He was alone in the little boat when the storm broke. Fool that I was not to go out to him.

Jane Hazzard: You could not go on the sea in storm. With your arm

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gone how could you? And all the other men were with the fleet. And Burton Goodcrock is too old for brooking storms. (*In a sort of abandoned grimness*) Jamsie was in God's hands on the sea. And if there's hurt, God did it. God loves the sea, I think. It's a thing He keeps to break strong men and boys with. It's a thing He keeps to hurt women with, when He lets it whiten over the rocks in the black night with only one star shining.

Mary: There was one star high up over the sea last night. I saw it rocking in the black wind while I sat by the window.

Jane Hazzard: One star, did you say, one star? Then it's true. That was Jamsie's soul. God took it for His Heaven, and He's left us lonely now; and no lad growing up to be strong bringing in the fish harvest from the sea. God's selfish the way He uses the sea. I cannot cry any more. My eyes are the eyes of a dry old woman. I can only talk about the sea and the Hate of God (*her voice rising in hysteria*). That's what it is, the Hate of God (*her eyes are staring with a distraught look in them. Thomas is bent with face averted from the sea, leaning hard against the cottage door*).

Thomas Hazzard: I was born right yonder in the tumbled house beside the sea. And I've followed the sea all my days. I've seen one lad go overboard off a slippery deck in the black o' midnight; and another die of fever on the land. And now the lad himself is gone, the young lad, gone the way of the sea. Come inside, Mother, the morning's raw and the way there's sobbing of old waves down along the rocks I don't like to hear it.

Mary: You're too certain of sorrow. You should wait awhile to be sad. Jamsie's maybe safe and waiting somewhere only to be let hurry home when the sea's down, or the tide's out along the path by the shore. Set you the fire going, Mother, with the wood he gathered, to brighten the house and warm the corner, and I'll watch by the door till he surely comes.

(*They go in and, as Mary watches, Burton Goodcrock appears coming slowly up the path from the sea.*)

Mary: Any news?

Burton Goodcrock: Where are they?

Mary: Inside. What have you heard? Did you see anything down by the shore?

Burton Goodcrock: The sea's took him. I was seeing before when you were all talking, a little boat by the left shore. And I climbed along the slippery rocks, and it's his boat.

Mary: Then God this one time has been cruel. He took our Jamsie. Our telling them will be no new tale. They're believing sad truth already. But Burton Goodcrock, God is not always cruel, is He? Won't He send my lover back again, and won't he follow the sea for us in Jamsie's stead?

Burton Goodcrock: I'm thinking He may, Mary, though it's a sad, sad world this raw morning with the yellow clouds in the sky and the waves sobbing, and the wind still crying.

(*They turn and enter the cottage. As the door opens the fire of Jamsie's gathered sticks is seen crackling cosily.*)

SCENE III. *TIME: A week later.*

SCENE: In the cottage. The mother ill on the bed. Thomas Hazzard standing by the fire on one side; Burton Goodcrock beside him. In the centre of the room Mary is standing with Sherwood Dunalk near to her.

Sherwood Dunalk: Then will you not marry me, Mary?

Mary: Sherwood Dunalk, how can I? I hated you once for your forever urging when you knew my heart was with him away. But I don't hate now. I believe you love as I love, impossibly; and 'tis a hard way to love, and I am

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sorry for you. You're a good man, Sherwood Dunalk, but how can a woman wed with the best good man when her heart's away in other places? I'm seeing cities all whiles and him in the streets of them, and in the stores, and in the business places. It's not that I'm wanting my heart to be seeing such things. But my heart goes its own way, like a woman's heart, I suppose, always.

Thomas Hazzard: A woman's heart is a fool's heart, Mary; that, I'm thinking, is true. Why can you not take the man who loves you? He'll be kind to you, and to us all. And he's a strong man, God grace him, with hands made for the sea and the hauling of nets in the chilly weather of dawn.

Mary: I'd be wanting to see *his* eyes in the heads of your children, Sherwood Dunalk; and to hear his voice when your children talked first to me in the night hours with you away on the sea. Would you be content with a woman the like of that in the house? You'd be hurt too much by my wandering heart, Sherwood, I'm thinking; in the night time always, and in the day when the sun is bright and shining over far cities, and I'm remembering.

Jane Hazzard calls and speaks from the bed: Mary, Mary, hearken; I've a woman's heart, and its love is for Thomas Hazzard, your father. But a woman in some cases has more to do than follow the love of her heart. That often happens in our island when the sea takes first loves away. Marry the lad, Mary. For he loves very greatly, and he's a true, strong man. And a true strong man makes a good life for a woman always. And surely never the other lad will be coming back again.

Mary (*speaking very slowly in a clear, low voice*): I always said he would and believed he would, Mother, till the sea took Jamsie. God seems to be letting the world be cruel since then. The sea was crueller than I thought 'twould be. And, maybe he is crueller, too, than I think he is. God is letting him be. But that's no matter! I am his woman always.

Burton Goodcrock: He will not come, Mary. I have here a bit of a newspaper. It travelled from his city. And it says he will not come.

Mary: What? Let me see! Is he dead?

Burton Goodcrock: No, he is not dead, Mary, but——

Thomas Hazzard: Married, is he? I thought as much. And why shouldn't he? He's got the taste of cities in his blood.

Mary: Father, don't——

Sherwood (*with his head bowed and speaking very slowly*): A woman's heart is a strange thing, Thomas Hazzard—strange, indeed, as the sea; as uncertain and as sure. Let her be. 'Tis the way of her heart that compels her. But I'll be this house's man. And you'll not starve by the winter shore in the cold months. There'll be fire and food. For my love also is the love of a man forever. And though she'll not come to me—because she cannot—yet I'm her man in my own heart forever. And I'll care for her and for all of you here in the cottage where you live. (*He goes out.*)

Mary: And he'll do it, too. For he is a true strong man. And you won't need to fear famine and cold because no man is for you on the sea. And some day, some day, from the far cities he will come—perhaps—and, if he does not come, there'll be nights anyway when he'll be wanting to come, and to hear the sea. A man never forgets the sea. There'll be nights he'll be wanting to hear the sea. There'll be nights he'll be remembering our talks together by the shore in the red sunset, and when the moon was white in the sky, and when the stars were whispering. What nights he does that he'll be my man even in the far cities. He'll be my man then. And I'm his woman forever.

(*Curtain.*)

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THE MYSTIFICATION of WENTWORTH

By Frank X. Finnegan.

RALPH WENTWORTH, young, handsome, twenty-six, sat in his bachelor apartments staring in amazement at a letter he had just opened and at the check which had dropped from the envelope. With puzzled brow he looked from one to the other, but there was nothing there to enlighten him. The letter was addressed in his name and to his rooms. The check was made out in his favour —both were very evidently meant for him.

But the puzzled expression of his face only deepened when he read the letter through a second time:

Office of The Planet.

Mr. Ralph Wentworth.

Dear Sir:—We are glad to inform you that your story, entered in our prize competition that closed November 1st, has been awarded a prize of $250, and we take pleasure in handing you herewith our check for that amount. Hoping we will be favoured with other contributions from your pen, we are

Yours sincerely,
PLANET PUBLISHING CO.,
Jerely Adams, President.

Mr. Ralph Wentworth.

What did it all mean? Wentworth had never written a story in his life —of that he was positive. The writing of a letter was to him a dreaded ordeal, postponed as often as possible. He had never even heard of the *Planet* competition until he opened the letter in his hand.

Yet here it was, addressed to him, and here was the $250 check. That, at least, was real. The Planet Publishing Company he knew to be a substantial corporation with a big bank account. The check was made out in his name on a reputable bank and was even certified, that there might be no doubt of its validity.

It looked to Wentworth at first blush as though he were two hundred and fifty ahead without any effort on his part. But the next moment he felt ashamed of the thought.

"It belongs to some other Ralph Wentworth, of course," he said to himself, "some poor fellow who forgot to enclose his address in his excitement when sending them his story, and the *Planet* people probably got my address in the directory and decided it must be me. I'll send the check back with a note of explanation."

He felt so virtuous over the renunciation of the substantial prize that had dropped into his hands so unexpectedly that he started at once to write the note to *The Planet*.

But on second thought he stopped.

"Hold on a minute, son," he said to himself, "there's no rush about it, and I've got a queer notion that there's something odd behind all this. I believe I'll go down to the *Planet* office and look into it a bit."

In ten minutes Wentworth was in the street, headed for the newspaper office and still revolving the amazing situation in his mind.

He could not reconcile the oppos-

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ing features, try as he would. It seemed ridiculously simple at first glance—he had not written a story for the prize and therefore the prize could not belong to him. But why had he received it? That was the point that could not be explained offhand, and before he reached the newspaper office he had decided upon a plan of action that would set all doubts at rest.

He would ask to see the manuscript of the prize story—merely through curiosity, he was forced to admit to himself. By no process of reasoning could he bring himself to hope that his mission might result in profit to himself.

At the office of the Planet Publishing Company he was met by a suave young man, solicitous to serve him.

"I am Mr. Wentworth," said Ralph, expecting the *Planet* man to be properly impressed.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "what can I do for you?"

"I received this note from *The Planet* to-day," said Wentworth, producing the mysterious letter. The clerk read it through, and his manner changed at once.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Wentworth," he exclaimed, "how can we serve you?"

Wentworth grew a trifle embarrassed.

"Well, the fact is," he stammered, "if it isn't too much trouble I would like to have a look at the original manuscript of the—of my story. You see, there's a point or two about it that I have been—er—rather hazy about in my own mind, and if you could oblige me with an opportunity of—well, studying it a bit, I would consider it a great favour."

The prize winner was a bit red and disconcerted when he had stumbled through this speech, but the *Planet* man did not notice it. He was overcome by the honour of personally addressing the winner of the prize story competition concerning which he had heard and talked so much.

"Certainly, Mr. Wentworth," he said, "I have no doubt that can be arranged. If you'll be good enough to take a seat and wait a few moments I will speak to Mr. Adams."

Wentworth sat down near a window and the polite young man disappeared into an inner office. In a few moments he returned with a small packet of manuscript.

"There you are, Mr. Wentworth," he said, handing him the story, "I suppose you must think pretty highly of that."

Wentworth said nothing, but bowed his thanks and reached rather eagerly for the manuscript. Then he turned to the window, took one glance at the first page and started in disbelief of his own eyes.

It was in his handwriting.

He sat down with his back to the obliging clerk, and, with the manuscript on his knee, looked at it again. There was no doubt of it. Either he had penned those pages or the other Ralph Wentworth carried out the duplication of personalities to the absurd length of duplicating his handwriting.

With his brain in a whirl of amazement and a rather creepy feeling in his spine telling him there was something uncanny about the affair, Ralph looked for little peculiarities he knew his handwriting possessed—the crossing of "t's" and the making of final "d's" and "e's." They were all there. Beyond the shadow of doubt he had written the story.

But how? Under what supernatural circumstances had he written a prize story—he who had never in his life written a letter more than three pages in length? How had he addressed and mailed it without the facts leaving the slightest impression on his mind?

"Well, let's see what it's about," he said to himself, and with a strange feeling of unreality possessing him, quite as though he were someone else and knew it all the time, he turned to the first page of the manuscript

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and, under the title, "The Thing That Moved," read as follows:

Dr. Chester slowly stirred his coffee, and remained silent so long that Holabird, sitting opposite him at the table, playfully snapped his fingers to bring him back to earth.

"Come, come, doc," he said, "this won't do. Wake up. What were you dreaming of? Some fair charmer of the past?" So saying he filled a tiny glass with brandy and pushed the decanter toward his companion.

With a start the doctor had roused himself from his reverie and, sighing deeply, rubbed his eyes as though he would brush away the memories that had enthralled him.

"Holabird," he said, after a moment, "this is the anniversary of the affair that saddened my whole life, cut short my career as a physician and made me what you have found me—a purposeless, roving spendthrift without an ambition in life."

"And what was this affair that had so disastrous a termination?" asked Holabird lightly. He had not noted the serious tone in which the doctor spoke, and expected a jest.

"The death of my wife," said Dr. Chester gravely.

"Your what?" he demanded sitting up suddenly and staring at his friend. "When did you have a wife?" He broke off suddenly when he saw the seriousness of the doctor's face, and then added:

"I beg your pardon, doctor. I am a fool. I might have known that since much of your past life is unknown to me there might have been——"

Dr. Chester raised his hand.

"It's all right, Tom," he said, "there is no need of any apology. It is a chapter in my life that has been closed so long and at which so few of my friends have even had a glimpse that you could not be expected to know anything about it. In the circle in which I have moved for the last ten years I pass as a bachelor. I am better satisfied that it is so. It saves me the pain of making explanations. It prevents the re-opening of the old wound. When I met you a few years ago I saw no reason for making an exception of you and letting you know there had been a romance and a tragedy in my life.

"But as our acquaintance ripened and we grew closer and closer together, I have frequently been on the point of telling you the story. To-night, the anniversary of Mildred's death, the mood is upon me again. I have thought of it all day. That was why I was so preoccupied at dinner to-night. Had I not determined to tell you the story I would not now have mentioned the subject which has been ever present in my mind for more than a decade of years."

"Whatever you say, doctor, I shall, of course, regard as a sacred confidence," said Holabird solemnly.

"I know that, Tom," said Dr. Chester warmly, "or I would still remain silent."

He poured out a glass of brandy, tossed it off and began his story, to which Holabird listened with absorbed interest.

"When the World's Fair was at its height in Chicago," began Dr. Chester, "I came here from New York as a pleasure-seeker. I was wealthy, happy and independent. After graduation from two of the big medical schools in New York I rapidly acquired a large practice, and its returns, together with my private fortune, made my lot envied by the struggling young physicians who had attended the medical college with me and whose lines had not fallen in such pleasant places.

"Until I came to the World's Fair I had never looked on a woman with more than passing interest. By some chance I had escaped the usual juvenile love affairs through which most young men pass in their callow days, and I flattered myself I was proof against the attractions of the sex. I had not met Mildred then. One night a Chicago physician, one of my old

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school friends, invited me to spend an evening at his home. That night the whole course of my life was changed. The woman whom fate had reserved for me was there. She was his sister, Mildred Atherton."

Dr. Chester paused to pour another glass of brandy, and Holabird relighted his cigar.

"I will not bore you, Tom, with a description of her beauty," the doctor went on, "or of my enchantment when I found she was disposed to look upon me with favour. Enough to say that after a brief and somewhat impetuous courtship Mildred consented to be my wife. Before the close of the Exposition—less than three months after I first saw her—we were married.

"Of course, I was supremely happy. Like a boy on his first holiday, I planned a lengthy bridal tour which included not only the traditional swing around the circle of the great eastern cities, but a week of perfect rest and quiet at my father's farm in central New York. Mildred was delighted. Travel was her hobby, but, pleased as she was by the novel sights of the seacoast cities, she was even more charmed with the unusual surroundings of the dear old farm I had always called 'home.'

"Reared in a city, and knowing nothing of the delights of country life, my bride revelled in the peaceful delights of the farm and its surroundings. Chiefly she loved the old well—my boyhood's friend. Night after night, hanging on my arm, she would stroll down the shaded walk to the old mossy well, and, leaning over the curb, watch the bucket as I sent it down, down, until it plunged into the ice-cold water. Then, with smiles of childish delight, she would watch its ascent until, brimming with the clear water, it rested on the curb. Then she insisted on drinking from the battered old bucket, declaring that a cup or a glass took away the freshness of the water, and in this I smilingly humoured her.

"Well, at last the week on the farm was over and we came home to the house I had ordered prepared for my queen in Chicago. Everything was as I had directed. Nothing was lacking to make the little home a miniature palace, and Mildred was as delighted with it as she had been a few days before with the homely comforts and rude surroundings of the farmhouse.

"But before a week was out I saw a change in my girl—the first shadow I had ever seen upon her brow. I noticed that she seemed worried and abstracted when she thought I was not observing her, and when I questioned her she insisted she was not worried by anything in the world. She strove in every way to allay my anxiety, but, despite her best efforts, I saw that her mental trouble increased. Sometimes she would sit staring out of the window as though she were witnessing some great catastrophe in the street, and when I sought an explanation she laughed at my inquiries and assured me nothing was wrong.

"At first I ascribed it all to nervousness and hysteria and I applied all my professional skill to diagnosing the case. But as the days went by she grew more and more worried, and at length, one night, she admitted there was some mysterious trouble with her throat that was annoying her. With all my fears aroused I at once made a most minute and searching examination, but at its close I was forced to confess myself baffled. I could find absolutely nothing abnormal—nothing that should have given my wife the least trouble.

"I tried to explain to her that her trouble was purely imaginary and advised a change of scene to get her mind on other things. I planned a trip to Cuba for the winter, but she responded apathetically and seemed to grow more worried and abstracted.

"The mental strain began to tell on her appearance. Her sprightliness was all gone. She was pale and languid, with a scared look in her eyes constantly, except when she strove to

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banish it while talking with me. She took no interest in anything—theatres, society, drives, books—all were put aside. I grew alarmed lest what my professional training told me must be imagination should develop into a real malady.

"One night as I was dropping off to sleep I was startled to observe that Mildred appeared to be trembling beside me. I turned and saw that she was in a paroxysm of fear, and that both her hands were clutching at her throat. Springing from bed I turned up the light and begged her to tell me what had startled her. In whispers she finally told me the awful fear that had been clutching her heart with a hand of ice. She believed there was something in her throat *and she believed it was alive.*"

Holabird started from his chair, staring at Dr. Chester in horror and amazement.

"Alive?" he repeated.

"Yes," said the doctor, "that was her ever-present nightmare. I was in despair. All my arguments, all my scientific explanation, were of no avail. Little by little she told me how the Thing felt, to her disordered imagination. At first, she said, she noticed a slight tickling sensation in her throat and tried to remove it by coughing. When she coughed it would disappear, but after a time it was present again, and sometimes in a different place. At the beginning her nervousness was caused by fear that she was becoming ill—developing some throat or lung trouble that might become permanent. But one afternoon, while she was lying on a couch, the horror of her life came upon her suddenly.

"She felt the Thing moving in her chest. Clinging to my arm while she told me, my unhappy wife described the frightful agony that convulsed her that day as the moments slipped by, and as with each one the Thing seemed to move closer to her mouth. Finally, she said, she burst the spell that seemed to hold her and rushing into another room, fell upon her knees and prayed. The sudden action brought relief, for, when she was able to collect her senses and fix them upon the horror, the Thing had gone. There was no movement there.

"Even after that my professional training scoffed at her story of despair. I could not bring myself to believe there was anything in the case but disordered nerves and an overtaxed brain, and I prescribed the physician's only remedy in such an emergency—change of air and of scene. I dropped everything and took her on a long tour, but I might as well have remained at home with her. The Thing travelled with us.

"It never left her mind for an instant, and at night she would startle me by clutching my arm suddenly, grasping at her throat and whispering that it was there. I began to fear her mind would give way under the strain, and after our return home, to satisfy myself and leave no means untried, I summoned in consultation two of the most noted physicians in the country. I told them everything, and begged them, as brother practitioners, to give my unfortunate Mildred the most careful and painstaking examination possible.

"At its close I was as much in the dark as ever. Dr. Rupert and Prof. Hathaway agreed there was nothing—absolutely nothing — about my wife's throat that should cause any such hallucinations, and their judgment coincided with mine, that the trouble was purely one of the brain and nerves, and should be treated accordingly. I told all this to Mildred, who had failed away to a shadow and had a stare of horror in her eyes.

"A week later she awoke me one night with a frenzied shriek of despair and agony. I sprang from bed to turn up the light, and when I turned toward her again she was dead."

"Dead?" ejaculated Holabird, who had half risen from his seat and was staring at the doctor.

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"Dead," repeated Dr. Chester quietly. "I called for help and dispatched servants for Dr. Rupert and Prof. Hathaway. When they came I had given up hope and was sitting like a statue, staring at the dead face of my wife. Both physicians made a brief examination of the body, and after assuring themselves that Mildren was dead, led me away to another apartment. I was calm, but it was the calm of a dazed man, and the two doctors decided to leave me alone.

"For an hour I sat there, stunned and motionless. Then I was seized with an insane idea that I could yet resuscitate Mildred—that hope was not gone, that there was still life. I rushed to the room where she lay and flung myself upon the body, in an agony of grief, my face pressed against her beautiful white neck. As I lay there my numbed senses were suddenly startled into activity by something which perhaps appealed principally to my trained professional sense. Her throat beneath my cheek was throbbing with faint, regular pulsations!

"Instantly I arose and stared at the dead face. There was no hint of life. I applied my ear to the heart. All was still and pulseless. But when I placed my ear directly upon the spot on Mildred's neck where I had first discerned the movement I again discerned a rapid, rhythmic pulsation!

"I shouted aloud for help, and when a servant came in, trembling, I sent him for the two doctors, who were smoking and talking in an upper room. Barring the door behind the gaping servant I told the physicians of my discovery. In amazement they tried the experiment, and each distinctly felt the movement. Prof. Hathaway looked at me rather pointedly after he had examined the body and said:

"'Chester, there is one method of solving this riddle. Do you object?'

"'To a post-mortem examination?' I asked.

"He nodded and so did Dr. Rupert. I hesitated a moment.

"'I do not object to an examination,' I said, for I felt I was on the threshold of a solution of the mystery, 'but I will not be present. I will leave it in your hands.' I hurried out of the room, and in half an hour Prof. Hathaway sought me out.

"'Chester,' he said, 'the examination is over.'

"'What did you do?' I asked, half fearing to learn.

"'We made a small incision in the throat where the strange signs of life developed,' he said.

"'And you found—— ?' I demanded.

"'This,' he replied, holding forth on his hand the Thing that had hounded my Mildred to the grave—a small, green water-lizard."

"What?" cried Holabird, springing up, "alive?"

"Alive," said Dr. Chester. "The poor girl had undoubtedly swallowed it in embryo while drinking at the old well on the farm, and it had lived and grown in her stomach."

"And that," said Holabird, with starting eyes, "was the Thing——"

"Which cost her life," concluded the doctor, "that's all my story, Tom. Pass the brandy."

The thing was positively uncanny, and it was a solemn and rather scared face Wentworth presented to the clerk when he handed back the manuscript.

"Find what you wanted, sir?" asked the clerk brightly.

"Oh—er—ah—yes, I found it," stammered Wentworth, "it's all right, thank you. I'm very much obliged for your kindness."

"Not at all. Come in again, sir," said the clerk affably.

Wentworth stammered something incoherent and stumbled out of the office in a daze. The thing was fast getting possession of him. What did it all mean? he asked himself for the hundredth time. There was no ques-

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tion now that the check was intended for him—that he and no other Ralph Wentworth had won the prize. But how had it happened?

Unable to frame a logical answer to his own question, he reached the street in a dreamy, unbelieving state of mind, and instinctively turned the right corners and dodged the vehicles until he found himself at his own door. His valet, quiet, imperturbable Johnson, admitted him. Johnson took his hat and coat and deftly wheeled an easy chair to the fire. Wentworth watched him absently.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Johnson," he exclaimed "have you ever seen around here a long envelope—one of the sort they call document envelopes—I mean one with anything in it. Big and bulky, you know."

His valet studied a moment, while Wentworth watched him anxiously.

"You mean like this, sir?" he asked, going to a cabinet and producing a packet of long envelopes.

"Yes, yes," said Wentworth eagerly, "that's the sort. Did you ever notice one of those with anything in it?"

"I think I did, sir," said Johnson.

"When?" demanded Wentworth. "How was it? What did you do with it?"

"The one I saw I mailed, sir," said the valet, "I hope there's nothing wrong, sir."

"Mailed?" echoed Wentworth, "to whom? How did you happen to mail it?"

"I don't remember now how it was addressed, sir," said Johnson, "but I remember one morning I found one of those big envelopes with a letter in it all sealed and addressed and stamped on your desk here, and I mailed it. You always leave any mail here for me to drop in the box if you have been writing late at night, sir, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Wentworth eagerly, "but how do you happen to remember this special letter?"

"Well, sir," said Johnson, "it had three or four stamps on it and it was so big and bulky and heavy, sir, that I sort of kept it in mind. I never had a letter like that here before, sir."

Wentworth was pacing the floor excitedly by that time. The trail was growing warm.

"Now, Johnson, try and think," he commanded, "can't you remember when it was you found that letter here?"

"I'm almost positive, sir," said his valet, "that it was the next morning after you came home so late from Mr. Holroyd's bachelor dinner, sir."

Wentworth suddenly ceased pacing the floor, and clapped his hands together with a mighty smack.

"That's it," he cried excitedly, "that bachelor dinner brings it all back to me. That's where I heard it. By George, that's right. Doc' Baldwin told the story. That's the very thing."

"Yes, sir," agreed Johnson, who had been watching his master's antics in some alarm. Wentworth stared at him as though he had just become aware of his presence in the room.

"Johnson," he said suddenly, placing both hands on the shoulders of his servant, "did you see me when I came in that night?"

"I did, sir," said Johnson simply.

"Tell the truth now, Johnson," commanded Wentworth, "was I drunk?"

"No, sir," answered the valet, "I should say you were a bit excited, sir. I helped you off with your clothes and you went right to bed, sir, inside of five minutes."

Wentworth stared at the floor a long time, and then his face slowly cleared.

"By George!" he muttered at length, "I got up in the night and wrote that in my sleep!"

"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "what will you wear this afternoon, sir?"

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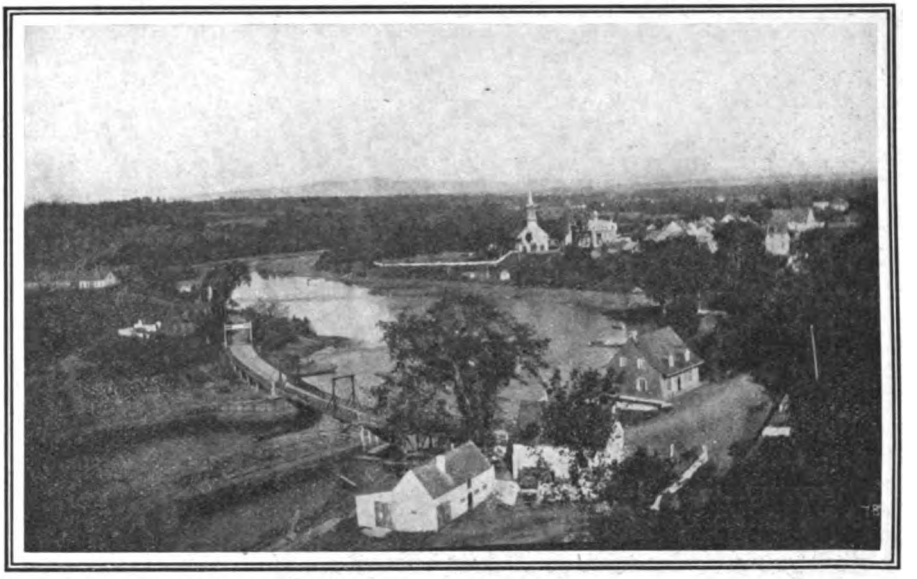

CAP ROUGE, FROM THE LOOK-OUT

HISTORIC CAP ROUGE

By Q. Fairchild.

THE St. Louis Road, leading out from the city of Quebec along the high shore of the St. Lawrence, comes to a sudden end at the Cap Rouge, and a long hill street dips down into the village beneath the red cliff.

Across the bridge over the little Cap Rouge river, which after wandering through the narrow valley here meets the tide of the big river, the house-bordered road continues until the opposite height is reached, that of St. Augustin in the next parish. Looking down, one sees church, convent, and clustering cottages. Looking off, one sees the mile-wide St. Lawrence flowing between high-wooded shores that must have looked the same to Indian or voyageur paddling silently by in canoes as do to-day passengers on great ocean liners.

No more beautiful or peaceful spot than Cap Rouge can be found in all the Dominion; the stirring events of early history have left no traces, no scars, and no tall shaft of stone or bronze records them, as might well be expected when we realize that we stand on the spot where the first attempt was made to colonize North America, although St. Augustine in Florida claims the oldest *permanent colony*. That the promontory, now the city of Quebec, should have been the choice of Champlain was certainly as great a point of interest for the infant colony as it is to-day for the picturesque old French Canadian city.

Quebec boldly faces all who sail up the great river, and very bleak and high the gray rock must have seemed to those on board the small ships no bigger than our most insignificant

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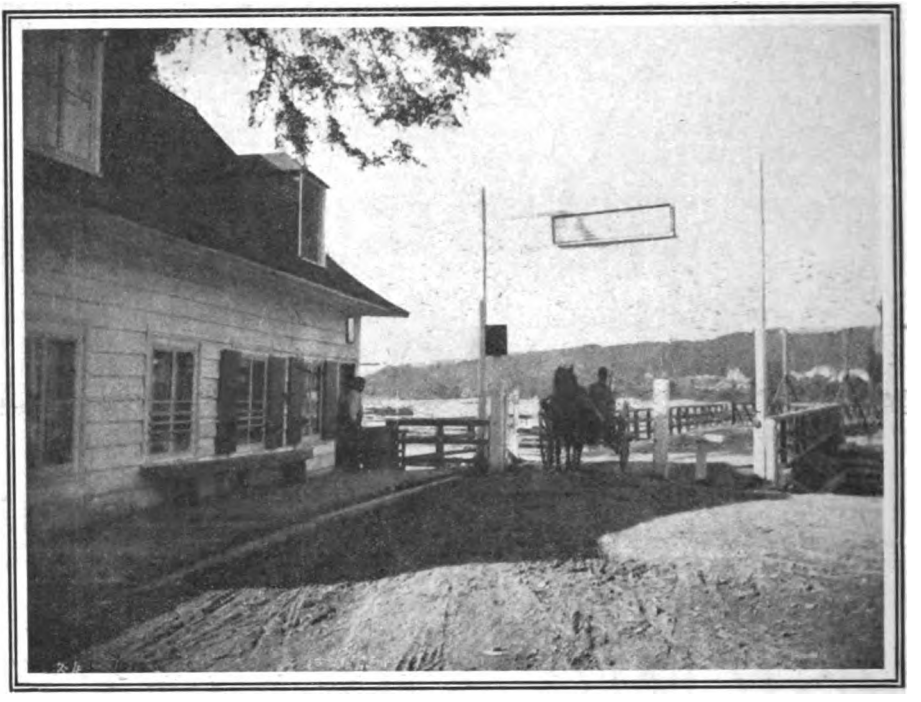

THE TOLL-GATE AND BRIDGE, CAP ROUGE

THE BACK ROAD, CAP ROUGE

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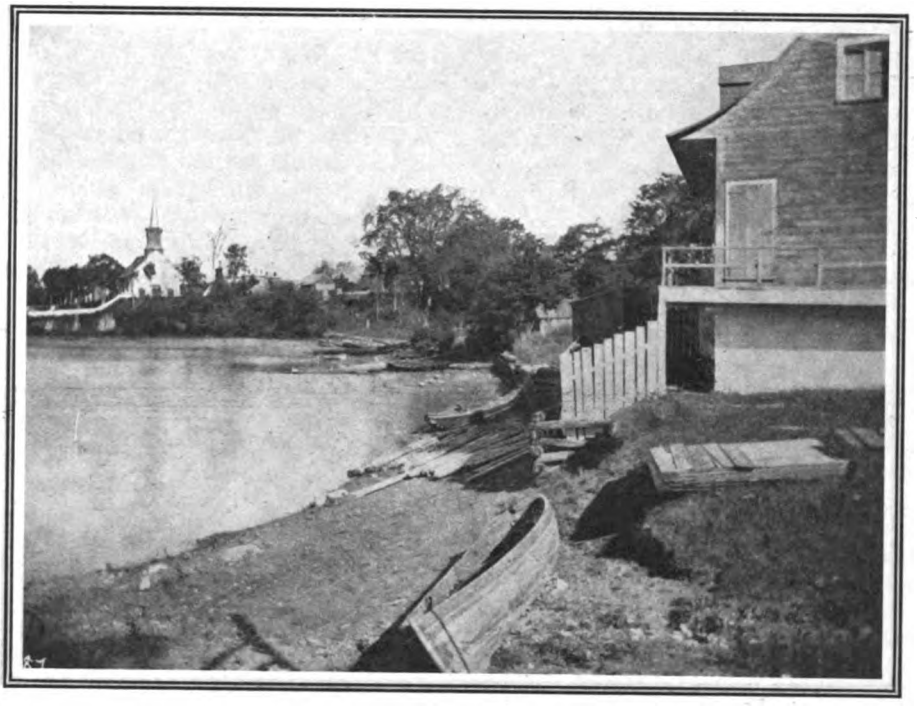
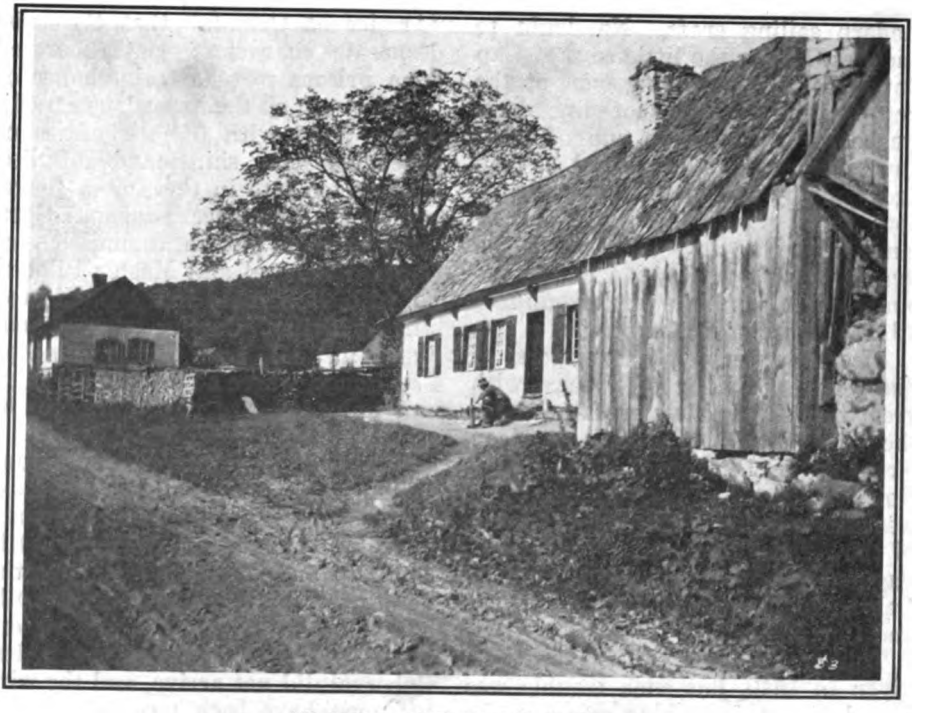


THE COVE, CAP ROUGE



AN OLD HOUSE AT CAP ROUGE

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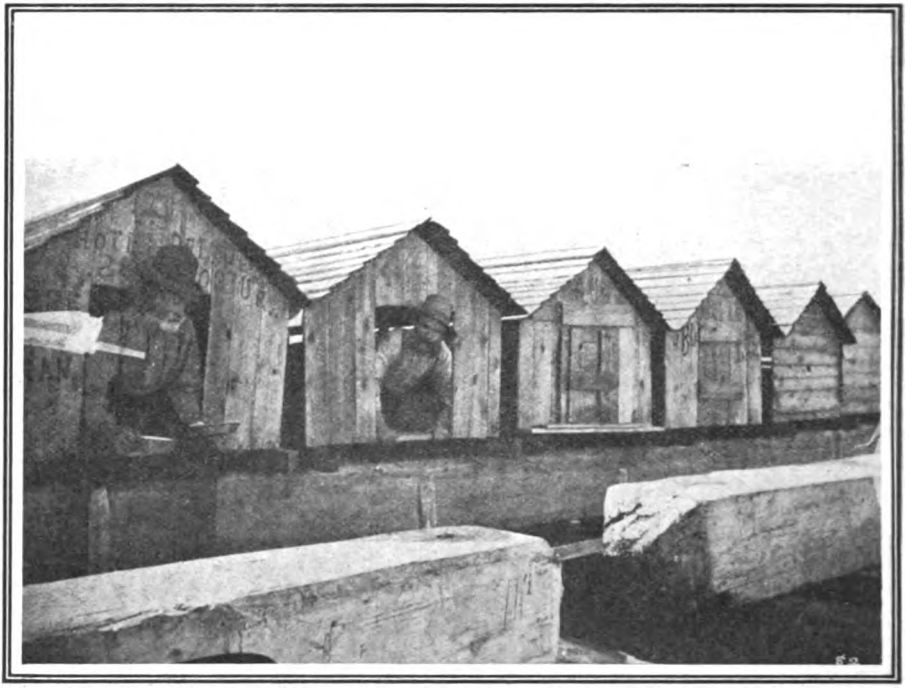

MEN'S HUTS ON A PINE RAFT AT CAP ROUGE

modern sailing craft. No doubt to Jacques Cartier the little cove of Cap Rouge looked a more snug spot, at the first break in the high shore line above Quebec of the western end of what now appears like a dry island, as if in ages gone by there had been water on both sides of the high and narrow land, where to-day there is a big swamp below Ste. Foye; then the uplands again, and the background of all, the Laurentian Mountains.

After Cartier's two voyagers of discovery, the King of France with great flourish of titles, proclaimed for the New World a viceroy in Jean Francois de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, Lord of Novembeque, who was also to be his "Lieutenant General of the Armies in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Labrador, The Great Bay, Baccoloes, and Cap Rouge".

This grand order for a colony was given in 1540, but such trouble was found to get anyone to compose the "Armies of Canada" that the most desperate characters were liberated from prisons to take their chance of life or death on the hazardous expedition. What with the difficulties of procuring men, ships, and supplies, it grew too late in the season to get up the St. Lawrence. Jacques Cartier was then put in commission as Captain General and Master Pilot to go with Roberval; but the Viceroy still delaying, Cartier started out alone, in 1541, and finally reached Cap Rouge, where he moored his ships and unloaded two that were to be sent back to France.

Knowing every inch of Cap Rouge ground as I do, it is almost like looking at a picture, to read of the comings and goings of Cartier's little band up and down the cliff, on the point of which they built a fort, while below in the valley they cleared enough land to sow a few vegetables. Roberval did not arrive, and the winter must have been terrible, so that

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at the opening of navigation Jacques Cartier saw nothing to do but return to France. On the outward voyage he met Roberval, who ordered him to go back again. With the winter's experiences all too fresh, Cartier refused to obey, and as the easiest way of ending the argument, slipped away the first dark night, with all sails set for France.

Roberval continued on up the St. Lawrence, to found his colony at Cap Rouge; and, being better equipped than Cartier had been, he started at once to make more comfortable quarters for the winter. Another fort was built, described as "beautiful to look upon and of surpassing strength within, with two *corps de logis,* and *an annex* of forty-five by fifty-five feet in length, containing kitchen, offices, and two tiers of cellars. Near there he built a bakery, a mill, and dug a well. Close beside his ships Roberval built a two-story house, for the provisions of which he was to know the lack, although a couple of ships were sent at once to France for more and the colonists put on a strict allowance. France Prime was to be the name of the country, and Cap Rouge was to be known as Charlesbourg Royal.

That they had an appalling time among themselves might well be expected from the bad characters chosen to come out, and one man named Gaillon was hanged for robbery, while others were chained, and a woman whipped as a common scold "so they could live in peace and quietness," as the old chronicler of the colony puts it. Scurvy carried off fifty people. When the spring came Roberval followed Cartier and returned to France. For sixty-five years Canada was forgotten—then Champlain came to Quebec, in 1608.

In the old records we learn that a road was cut out to Cap Rouge as early as 1638, and a few families settled in the sheltered valley, where

"RAVENSCLIFFE," CAP ROUGE

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they took their chance of Indian raids. The life of Cap Rouge from that period was just that of any little parish until the dread of English invasion, 1759, made the cliffs of Cap Rouge a military outpost of great importance; for General Wolfe, repulsed at every attempt to land his troops below Quebec, made a bold move, and passing the city one flood-tide, anchored off Cap Rouge.

Several feints were made to test de Bourgainville's strength, and, finding Cap Rouge too well guarded, knowledge was gained of a path leading up from what has since been known as "Wolfe's Cove" to the Plains of Abraham, outside the old walled city. From the dark shadow of Cap Rouge, Wolfe's troops were rowed away to victory when dawn broke of the glorious 13th of September, 1759.

While Quebec, the key of the situation, was in the hands of the English, the surrounding country was still capable of supporting the French troops, and again, in the following spring, Cap Rouge played an important rôle, when Levis there rallied his army, marched on Quebec, and would undoubtedly have retaken the city but for the timely arrival of English ships. Once more the French retreated across the little valley of Cap Rouge, never to return, and the country grew accustomed to English rule.

When the Americans came under Arnold, to besiege Quebec, they first took Cap Rouge and Ste. Foye, and during the winter foraged all about the neighborhood: even the summer house of Governor Cramahé was totally at their mercy, although an old caretaker tried to do her share in defending her master's property by coaxing a party of looters down to the wine cellar, where she would have trapped them, but for the sudden distrust of the Sergeant. The story is told by a young soldier named Henry, who afterwards became a United States judge.

Since the repulse of the Americans in 1776 no enemy has possessed our heights, and the picturesque cliffs, seven miles from the city, became the favourite *rendez-vous* of Quebecers, and wealthy merchants built homes whose beautiful lawns overlook the St. Lawrence. The coves below were the scenes of great lumber shipping until the trade has dwindled down to a raft or two a year, and the riotous gangs of raftsmen no longer make the cliffs ring with their wild songs and shouts. Where Cartier's and Roberval's ships were wintered, a shipyard launched a brig named the "Cap Rouge" which sailed safely to British Guiana.

Artists have painted our beautiful views, and authors written of our history or found characters for their books among our simple *habitant* folk, as did Sir Gilbert Parker. Those who are more scientifically inclined can read of the great trestle across the Cap Rouge valley, or of the St. Lawrence Bridge being rebuilt after the first terrible disaster.

The bells of St. Nichol's church, on the very edge of the opposite shore, come faintly or clearly, solemnly or gaily, across the water, and our own village bells make answer at the same hours of the ringing of the Angelus. The St. Lawrence in all its phases is part of the very life of Cap Rouge: at night it becomes a mysterious thing like some great creeping creature, while in moonlight from the cliffs, with only the murmur of the pine trees, the river looks like a beautiful dream, and if from out the darkness a lazy square-sail *bâteau* drifts into the mile-wide band of light, and a snatch of song floats up to us from some lonely *bâteau*-man, we hold our breath as if, with the songs ending, the whole scene would melt away.

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AN IMPERIAL DAUGHTER

By Ethel Cody Stoddard

WHEN kind fate sent Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, then widely known as "Lally Bernard," to the coronation of Edward VII., it thrust honours into her hands. She was the only woman correspondent in the press gallery on that historical occasion, and was the only direct Canadian correspondent sent to the coronation by any newspaper in the Dominion. Later, in the official history of the event, her letters were the only ones mentioned.

Again, at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary, Mrs. Fitzgibbon was a special correspondent, and thus holds the distinction of being the only Canadian woman correspondent who has been at two coronations of Kings of England.

These two visits to England led to many others, each one of which helped to forge a strong link between Canada and the Mother Country, because being a keen Canadian, Lally Bernard could not refrain from telling the Old Country people about the broad and wonderful colony across the Atlantic. She spoke on the public platform and in private, and wrote till her name became as well known in England as in Canada, and always her theme was the Dominion.

She undertook Government work in the way of speaking and writing, and also did the same kind of work for the Canadian Pacific Railway. But one of her boasts is that she never took money or transportation from either source, because, as she naïvely puts it, "if I did I could not say just what I wanted to and be free in all ways".

In 1900 Lally Bernard was sent to the West to write what she could about the great Doukhobor immigration to Canada at that time. She went to Winnipeg, and expected that in the immigration sheds there she would find out all she needed.

This peculiar people, however, proved to be more fascinating than she had anticipated, and in order to gain all the knowledge that she required, there was nothing for it but to follow them farther westward. This she did for three months, and even at the end of that time she found it most difficult to tear herself away from them.

The troubles and trials of these wonderful people bore so heavily on her feelings that when she returned to Ontario she determined to help them in some way if at all possible. While in Hamilton she happened to

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attend a meeting of the Local Council of Women, and someone, seeing her, asked her to say something about her trip. She felt it was her opportunity, and she stood for more than an hour before those women, and with tears streaming down her cheeks she told them much of what she knew. Womanly sympathy was quick to respond, and there were not many dry eyes in the house that afternoon.

Right there began the encouragement of Doukhobor industries in Canada, industries which to-day are widely known, and until her return to the West a few months later, Lally Bernard's home became a depot for patterns, suggestions, models and even personal aids for the Doukhobor women. These she took back to the people, and brightened the lives of the women especially, by helping them to do work which in some cases they had never hoped to do again.

Voicing her Imperialism by platform and pen, Lally Bernard has done more for Canada than most people realize. Her special aim has always been to bring thoughts and words into action. And it was while visiting in British Columbia, several years ago, that a plan which had always been in her fertile brain, became so insistent that it would not be held back any longer. Accordingly, when shortly afterward she was again in London, England, she laid her plan before Lord Strathcona, who heartily endorsed it at once.

She had through keen observation always thought that the sister of the man who comes to Canada to carve out life and fortune should (if she comes along, too) receive a fair chance to cope with conditions which are in the average case at least very different from conditions in the Old Country. Her idea was, therefore, to found a hostel in a like climate to England, if possible, where women could come and for a small fee learn how to become Canadian housewives.

Queen Mary heard of the project and became so much interested in the idea that she requested that when the hostel should be founded it should be in the name of her coronation. In Vancouver Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon found what she deemed to be the ideal spot for her pet scheme. The climate, people and conditions in general seemed to be just what was needed. So the Queen Mary Coronation Hostel was founded last year, this being made possible through the generosity of the late Lord Strathcona.

Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon considers that the founding of this hostel is really the culmination of all that she has ever said or written. Here the East is brought into the environment of the West, and Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon's strong doctrine of ever levelling up and not down is being put into active practice.

In this home girls and women, upon payment of a small fee, are taught to become competent housewives, not along domestic science lines, but along what Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon considers to be good, practical, homespun lines. The pupil is taught to use an ordinary stove, and burn wood in it as well as coal. She is taught to go out and split the wood for her fires, and oftentimes she is allowed to find nothing but wet cedar, which she must cut properly in order to get the dry heart.

Close by the main house and on the same property there is a real Western shack with a common little cooking stove, and ordinary household paraphernalia. Here the student learns practically by actual experience just what she would have to do if she lived in such a house, miles away from everybody, with only her own resources to depend upon.

A delightful incident is told of a young woman transported to Canada because she and her brother were alone in the world. He had a fairly good position, but she had never been taught to do anything, much less housework, or to know it had to be done, her position in the Old Country having been that of a daughter of a

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professional man. In Canada she boarded in the same house with her brother, though as a matter of fact they saw little of each other.

One day the girl met Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, and recognizing the great heart of the woman, explained that she was idle, lonely and unhappy. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon persuaded her to take a course at the hostel, which she finally did, to the disgust of her brother, who had his doubts.

How that girl did have to work! Every day of the first six weeks she determined would be the last. But somehow she kept on till burnt fingers, a scorched face, spoiled food, crisped cakes, balky fires, ovens that would not remain hot, and such like discouragements and discomforts became things of the past.

When she emerged a qualified housekeeper, she wanted to take a position. Again the broad knowledge of Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon came to the rescue. The girl was advised to persuade her brother to take a flat. After much persuasion this was done, and then life really began for those two young people. The brother entered into the spirit of the thing and soon became very enthusiastic as well as appreciative of the new order of living.

It had never occurred to that girl that she could keep house for her brother, answer her own door bell, do her own household laundry work, take parcels from tradespeople, and do all the things that a Canadian housewife can and does do, and still keep her dignity and sphere. But Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon showed her that it could be done, and Canada does not to-day hold a more happy or more transformed girl than this one.

This is only one of many such cases in which Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has been able to set the right feet on the right pathway.

In the hostel, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has had but one motto put up, and it is characteristic. It is: "Take Your Fences".

This hostel, be it known, is the only one of its kind in the world, a fact which shows that the Lally Bernard individuality has by no means evaporated with the years.

Outside the interest she takes in the hostel, the war has given her a splendid chance to work out all the Imperialism that has not had any previous outlet.

She has organized the Admiral Jellico Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, with one hundred and five members. Lately she has been very busy organizing groups of workers to assist in collecting for our men imprisoned in Germany, and as usual is throwing all her wide experience and stirring personality into the work.

Lally Bernard's writing is largely taken up along the line of Imperialism these days, and much good she is doing in that way. But writing for her beloved public is still strong in her heart, so that those of us who remember, admire and wish for more reading from her virile pen, will yet have many opportunities in which to renew acquaintances by the printed word with "Fitz-Clare," "Citoyenne," and "Margo Meredith".

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THE DANCING BEAR MAN

By Marjorie Cook.

LIZETTE, seizing a moment when her step-mother had gone out to the dairy, lolled in the kitchen doorway and looked longingly across the daisied fields to the sunny blue river, wishing with all her heart that she were only a summer visitor at Ste. Clorinthe and could idle as she pleased all the day long.

She was tired of work. She hated setting the long tables for the exacting English ladies, who came back year after year to Mme. Dufour's admirable *pension*. She hated waiting on them and running in and out of the hot kitchen with plates, in response to their endless demands. She was tired of making up their rooms with the thoroughness demanded by her step-mother, and very tired of fetching them sufficient hot water to satisfy them. One would think that once a day might be enough, added to their unaccountable habit of dipping themselves daily in the sea, but it never was. On the slightest provocation they called for hot water, and some of them even drank it!

Lizette was tired of the English ladies and tired of being ordered about. She was, above all other things, tired of her step-mother's voice, which broke in upon her idle moment now with a sharp reprimand and sent her sulkily back to laying the spoons and forks and glasses on the dining-tables. Victorine, a great heavy country-girl, was slowly putting down the plates.

Mme. Dufour bustled about her kitchen, occupied, as were most of the other women of the village towards midday, preparing dinner for her ladies, who would soon be coming up tired and hungry from the beach.

Mme. Dufour's house was famous for its excellent meals, and madam prided herself greatly on this and on a reputation for even more spotless perfection of house-cleaning than her neighbours. She was aware that she was described by them as *une vraie vieille fille*, and the fact that this was true added to her zest to outdo everyone else. She had been a *vieille fille* in all respects for a good forty-eight years before she married the *veuf* Dufour and took over the management of his family and his summer *pensionnaires* in an extremely capable manner, without losing any of the characteristics that had belonged to her former estate.

The step-children were all married and away now but Lizette, the youngest, aged sixteen, and Lizette à Ferdinand had been the most troublesome of the lot. With Lizette she had never got on, and she had brought her up on incessant slaps and scoldings, quite unconscious that jealousy lay at the bottom of her harshness. As a baby the child had constantly reminded her that she was a *vieille fille*, although a married woman, and the supple, vivid beauty of the growing girl, which drew the eyes of the village youth irresistibly, angered her

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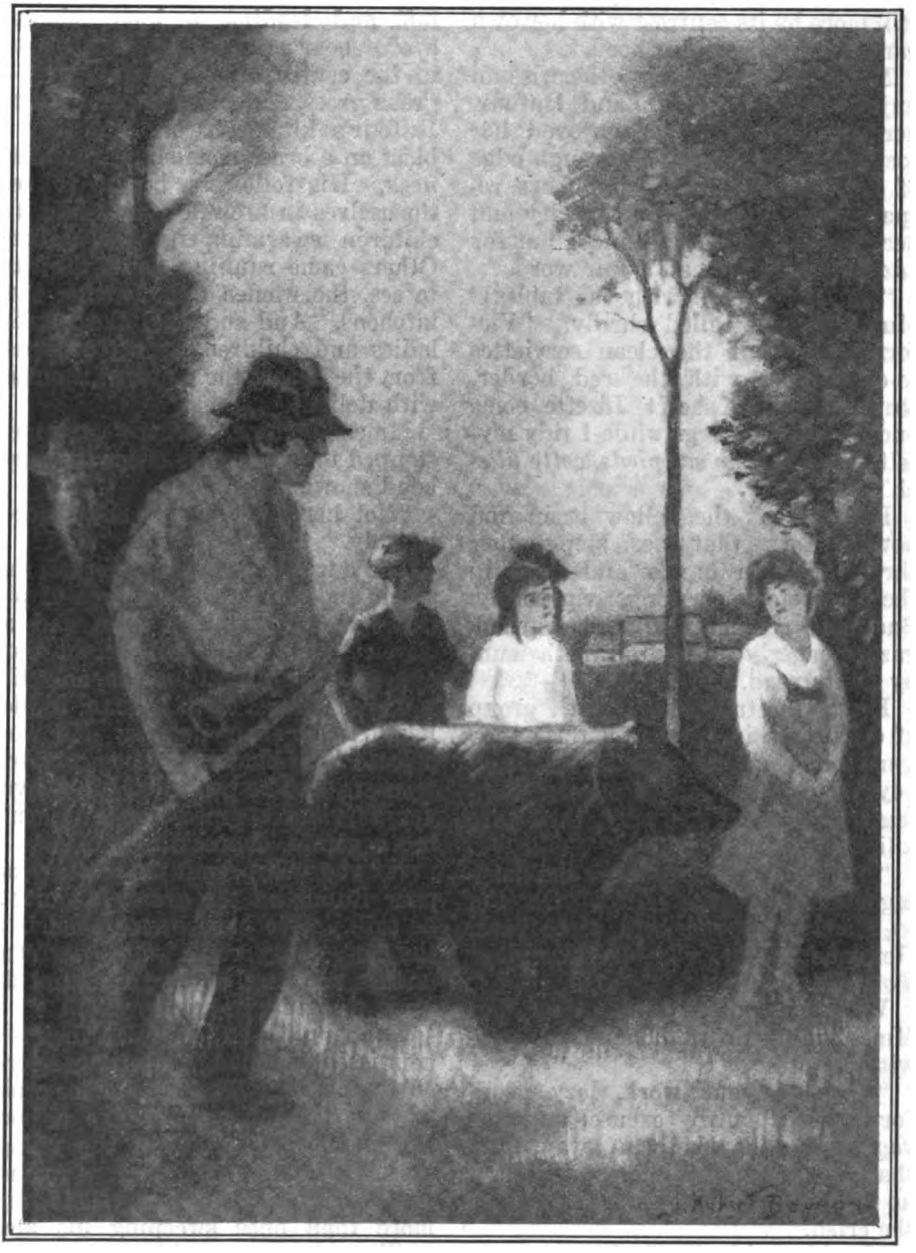

Drawing by J. Hubert Beynon

"In the middle of the group stood the bear-tamer

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still more by its contrast with her own gaunt and solitary girlhood.

Mme. Dufour was not otherwise an unjust woman. Ferdinand Dufour, her husband, sincerely enjoyed her society and never felt the rough edge of her tongue. Her neighbours respected her honesty and capacity and her almost inspired meanness, but for Lizette she never had a fair word.

"Be quick there with the tables!" Mme. Dufour called shrilly. "Victorine, put out the clean serviettes to-day—those with the red border, stupid, from the shelf! Lizette, come and beat up my eggs while I tidy myself—*bête comme ses pieds, cette fille-là.*"

Lizette took the yellow basin and pewter fork that her step-mother thrust into her hands, and stood in the doorstep, beating vigorously. Suddenly she stopped and listened, gazing eagerly up and down the sunny white road.

Round the turn came a little group of children skipping in the dust, then some older people, chiefly men and boys, and the sound of a voice singing. She stared excitedly, then gave a little jump.

"Maman, Victorine, here's the dancing bear man!" she called. "Oh, I'm so glad! I hoped he'd come back. Here he is—*le v'la—le dompteur d'ours!*"

Victorine ambled to the door, but Mme. Dufour drove them inside forthwith.

"Back to your work, lazy good-for-nothing! Any excuse, any idle vagabond will take you away from that, of course! Go on! I'll have no crowd collecting about my door!" she cried.

"I *will* see him," said Lizette, jerking herself free from her step-mother's hard grasp and escaping again to the door-step.

The crowd came nearer, the barefoot children kicking up the fine white dust in a cloud in front, and in the middle of the group of men strode the bear-tamer, carrying a spiked staff and leading a huge, shaggy, brown bear on a chain. He paused in the centre of a triangular bit of green grass, directly in front of Mme. Dufour's kitchen door, and blew a blast on a brass horn slung round his neck. His followers began to seat themselves in a circle round him, the children swarming up the gallery. Others came running down the road to see, the women even leaving their kitchens. And suddenly the English ladies and children began to appear from the beach, the children shouting with delight.

Mme. Dufour, greatly enraged, stepped to her door to order the vagabond showman off.

"Not here, not here!" she shouted harshly.

The dancing bear man was tall and slight and bore evident marks of picturesque vagabondage. He had an olive-coloured face and bright dark eyes of almost liquid melancholy like a dog's, but yet with human, hidden laughter in their depths. He wore a loose blue blouse and baggy velvet trousers, and he pulled off his old velvet hat and stepped forward, smiling a gentle, deprecating smile.

"If you will permit me to show my poor Rufine on the grass, Madame!" he said. "We have been so much in the hot, dusty road. The performance is not long, and we shall not destroy the grass in any way."

The English ladies added their entreaties, and Mme. Dufour was forced to consent. The bear-tamer waited for a few moments like a born showman, while most of the village assembled, flinging a humorous remark to the children or young lads, and more than once sweeping his keen smiling glance over Lizette.

She stood against the wall of the cottage, slim in spite of the big blue-checked apron that enveloped her, with the sun falling on her shining hair, her face flushed with a child's eager expectation of a treat, watching everything he did. Once the year before she had seen him, and had

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watched the antics of the bear with the unthinking rapture of a child, but now her gaze fell on the *dompteur* himself. Every time his daring glance met hers, a queer little shuddering thrill went through her.

"Rufine, salute the ladies!"

The bear drew its clumsy bulk upright and raised a huge paw to its head, jerking it stiffly down again, like a military salute, to the huge delight of the little boys.

"Ton père et ta mère sont sur les montagnes," said the dancing bear man in a soft sing-song voice. *"Fais comme ton père et ta mère!"*

The bear reached to the extreme length of his chain, then faced his master and advanced slowly and warily, watching his face and growling. The bear-man raised a short stick to his shoulder like a gun.

"Ton père et ta mère sont sur les montagnes," he chanted.

The bear growled and sprang, he affected to shout, and the massive dusty creature rolled over and over on the grass. Lizette was breathless.

Rufine shouldered his stick like a musket and marched to the sound of the bugle. He said his prayers, and then he danced while his master sang a little refrain in a soft, monotonous beat over and over again:

Les pastilles sont pour les jeunes filles.
Les bonbons sont pour les garcons,

Rufine turned his great body round and round in an absurd travesty of dancing, grotesque and pathetic.

"Embrassez—moi!" called out the dancing-bear man suddenly, and the bear opened his shaggy arms and received his master into them.

Lizette gave a piercing scream and shrank against the cottage, letting the yellow bowl slip out of her fingers and roll off the gallery, the batter making a stream down the steps. The bear-man emerged safely from the capacious embrace, Rufine dropped fatiguedly to his four feet, and the crowd clapped and shouted.

Lizette leaned against the wall.

The bear-man picked up the bowl and handed it to her with a smile.

"You are afraid of my Rufine," he said in his soft voice. "But he is not dangerous, Mademoiselle—and see, the bowl is not even cracked!"

He looked at her with a dangerous softness in his glance, then with a flourishing bow he went round with his old velvet hat. He thanked everybody with his gracious flashing smile, and then led his great brown bear thudding patiently down the road.

When the English ladies had gone in, calling to Victorine for hot water, Mme. Dufour suddenly cuffed her step-daughter's ears.

"Careless, stupid little idler!" she raged. "Throwing my good food about because you have attention only for amusement, and eyes only for men—even good-for-nothing animal tamers, thieves most likely!"

Lizette escaped into the dining-room with blazing red cheeks and wet angry eyes. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. She would run after the bear-man and see another performance. She was not going to be scolded and made to work for ever. Victorine could do her best to wait at dinner without her, for once. She would go. She didn't care what happened.

She snatched from the table one of the vases which it was her duty to keep filled with fire-weed and golden-rod for the ladies, who seemed to think that such things added to the pleasure of Mme. Dufour's good meals, and darted past her stepmother down the road in the direction the *dompteur* had taken. She was possessed by a desire to see the dancing bear man again, to meet the strange bright glance that made her veins run quicksilver, to hear the soft foreign voice that lingered like a charm in her ear.

She saw the performance through at the post-office, and again two miles farther on in the field of old Baptiste, and by then nothing occupied

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her mind except the amusement of dawdling down the sunny road with the village stragglers, and the excitement of feeling the *dompteur's* eyes upon her. She hid the vase behind a hedge, and let care fly to the winds.

The whole long, hot afternoon she followed the dancing bear man through sun and dust, watching his wary gentleness with Rufine, and listening to his singing voice, knowing that he looked for her every time he blew his bugle and found her unsurprised. And while she laughed aloud like a happy child at the clumsy antics of the bear, she was thrilling like a woman drawn more swiftly than she wants into the mysterious future.

By sunset she was ten miles from home, and she knew his name and some of his history—Rémi Arel of the Midi, twenty-seven years old and of the same profession as his father and his grandfather, a *dompteur d'ours,* which he flung to the crowd in a joking speech while his eyes were fixed on her.

Gradually the crowd fell off, and as they neared the village of Cap de la Viérge, Lizette realized with a shock of awakening that she was alone on a lonely road, and that the village lights meant that it was late. She fell back frightened and irresolute, and Rufine and his master disappeared from view. Lizette began to feel tired and hungry, and was surprised by sudden shame. She was a long way from home. She had followed a vagabond bear-tamer about all day like an idle girl who has no self-respect. Now she must find her way back in the terrifying dark alone somehow, and face her step-mother's rage.

The cheerful note of the *dompteur's* bugle sounded three times, and Lizette folded her arms across the log fence and laid her head down, sobbing out loud like a child. The lovely, foolish day was over, and the thrilling sweetness of it had meant nothing, nothing at all. All that awaited her was scolding and shame. She heard a footstep and turned to run, to find herself face to face with the vagabond she had followed all day. He carried a paper parcel and spoke at once with great cheerfulness, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to find her there in tears.

"Ah! one is hungry and tired naturally, and one must eat," he said. "Rufine is eating in the village, and our supper I have brought out here. Let us sit down at once, Mademoiselle Little-Nameless-One."

They sat down against a bank of grass, and he opened his parcel disclosing solid sandwiches of bread and meat. Lizette sank down with a sigh of comfort, and munched quite happily, and the dancing bear man scarcely stopped chattering about himself and his adventures, and made her laugh out loud once or twice. Then they sat still for a few minutes, till he jumped to his feet.

"And now I must see Mademoiselle on her homeward way," he said, "and return to see what the inquisitive people have done to my poor Rufine."

They walked a little way in the dusk, with the distant sound of the tide flowing out in their ears, and the salty smell of wet beach and seaweed mingling with the warm breeze blowing across the daisied fields. Then they stopped and looked at each other, Lizette waiting and trembling, and the dancing bear man with a kind of wonder and longing that held hidden fires.

"You have given me nothing yet," he said, laughing a little. "You put nothing in my hat, Little Nameless-One, though I held it out to you!"

Lizette blushed, half-startled.

"I have no money," she faltered. "But take his—from Lizette." She whispered her name. She slipped off a little silver medal that she wore beneath her dress, and gave it to him warm from lying on her neck.

He kissed it and put it gravely in his pocket, still looking at her.

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Then he put his arms round her very lightly, and bent her fact back to make her look at him, and spoke in a voice of deep compelling gentleness, very low and soft:

"But give me something that will bring me back to you, my little one, from the ends of the earth."

She let him hold her, and he kissed her till her veins turned to quicksilver and flame from the divine fires in his. Then he let her go, and she ran, ran, ran down the lonely road.

The summer visitors went away, and the village began to resume its ordinary life. The men were off at far-away farms, and the women made *grand ménage* in their houses, scrubbing floors and walls and ceilings as if the English visitors had had the plague, washing the *cataloigne* carpets and sheets and blankets and locking up the unused rooms in their houses. Mme. Dufour and Lizette and Victorine were hard at work turning out their rooms, airing and beating, and appraising damage to chairs and tables and carpets.

Lizette worked so well that her stepmother had no fault to find with her, and had to fall back on the dreadful scandal of the day she had shamelessly followed the vagabond bear-tamer and brought disgrace upon the name of Dufour for ever.

Lizette said nothing. In her secret heart that hot and dusty summer day, the fatigue and fear of her lonely walk home, the subsequent disgrace, remained a half-forgotten background for a sort of leaping delight that she could only let herself think of when she was alone and free. Then she remembered the colour of sky and field and hedgerow, the sound of the tide, the sound of a singing voice. She could shut her eyes and see the dancing bear man's strange eyes very near her face, and hear the magic of his compelling low words, and hold herself still in the shivering ecstacy of his holding.

October drew to its splendid close, and though Lizette looked every day up and down the white road, no easily-strolling vagabond came in sight.

Lizette was so quiet that Mme. Dufour began to think that she was becoming permanently docile, when one day she fell into disgrace again.

Mme. Dufour returning late one afternoon from a day spent with a sick neighbour, found Lizette dreaming with her elbows on the kitchen table, unwashed pots and pans all round her, the stove out and uncleaned, and everything as slovenly and untidy as it could well be in her immaculate kitchen. She stood looking about her in petrifying fury. What if a neighbour had happened to come in, and had seen such a state of affairs? Would she ever have held up her head again? Why did the good God afflict her with such a good-for-nothing little sloven of a step-daughter?

"Look at my kitchen? What have you been doing, I ask you?" she cried. She whirled her to her feet, and shook her violently.

"Get out of my sight, I will do my own work—*menteuse, paresseuse, voleuse!*" She shook her again, and opening the door thrust her down the steps with such force that Lizette fell half-way across the road. She picked herself up with angry tears smarting in her eyes, and ran uncertainly on, beginning to cry blindly with the pain of her twisted arm. Presently she fell into a walk and her sobs grew slower. She lifted a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes.

Round the turn of the road by the clump of rowans still covered with their scarlet bunches came an easily-strolling vagabond. She gave a little gasp.

"Oh!" she said reproachfully, "I was crying."

"For me?" said the dancing bear man, laughing a little.

A light came into her eyes, and colour flooded her cheeks.

"No," she said hurriedly. "Not for you. Where is Rufine. And why have you come back?"

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"Rufine is well," said the dancing bear man, "And I have come back because something brought me back, though I hadn't got quite to the end of the world. I have come back for you. I want you to sing for me and dance for me and laugh for me—never to cry for me, my little Lizette."

Suddenly he took her in his arms, and spoke in the voice that stirred all the longing and imagination of her heart.

"Will you come with me?" he said. "Away from the house where you are made to cry, away to my country where you will be happy and gay and beloved? Down the roads of the world, with my heart to shelter you? Come now. Don't be afraid; you won't have to cry or to fear. And in the summers we can come back."

Lizette looked into his strange eyes and yielded to his arms as in a dream. His look, his soft, odd voice made reality very far off and faint. Duty, kinship, everyday life became shadows, nothing existed but the strength of his arms holding her, nothing called or compelled but his foreign, low words.

She put out her hands, with shining eyes.

"Yes, yes," she breathed. She must go, she must go now. She must do what he willed wherever, whenever he spoke. She was his absolutely. She must follow down the roads of the world.

It was many summers later.

Along the sunny road in dust and sunshine came three figures. The man, bearing evident marks of picturesque vagabondage, led a massive brown bear on a chain, and blew a blast on a brass horn that he wore slung round his neck. An old sunburnt draggletail of a woman followed a little way behind.

The village assembled to see the performance, and word flew from neighbour to neighbour:

"C'est Lizette à Ferdinand! Viens donc la voir! Ah! *Mon Dieu! Créez!"* they said. "And she looks happy!"

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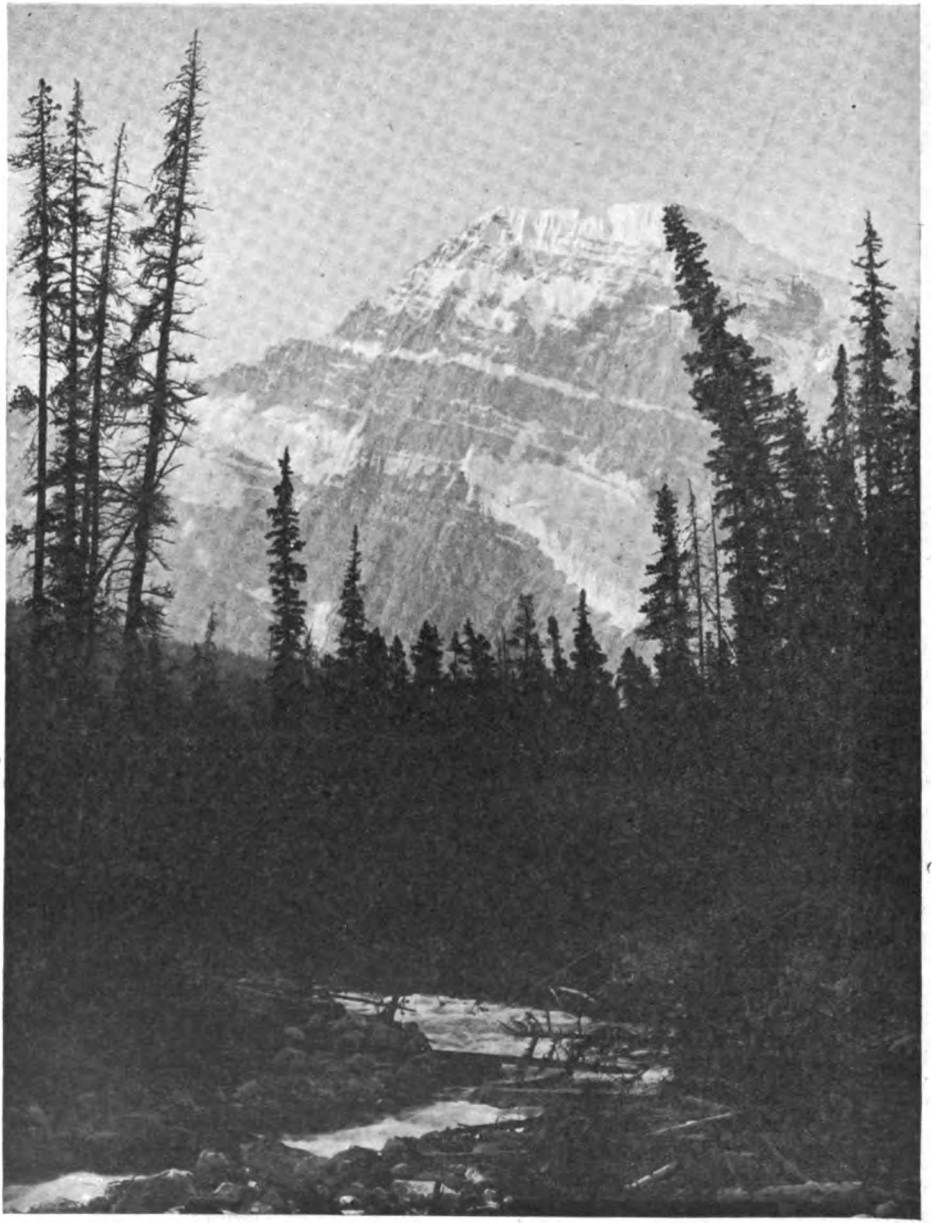

Photograph by courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway

MOUNT CAVELL

This magnificent peak in the Canadian Rockies has been renamed so that it may stand as a monument to the English nurse who was shot by the Germans

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THE HUMOUR & PATHOS OF SUPERFLUITIES

By Henry Pearce

AN attractive method of helping the Red Cross Society has been used at Victoria, British Columbia, with results that have been at once humorous and pathetic. It occurred to someone that if the people of Victoria would give a portion of their superfluous goods a place of sale could be found, and likewise buyers. Accordingly, the plan was announced to the people by letter, and every letter carried with it a postcard. On the postcard was printed: I wish to give..... Please collect at.....

A little boy who had been reprimanded by his grandmother, no doubt with very good cause, got hold of the postcard and filled in the two blanks with the words "Grandma" and "once".

Some people seem to have a weird idea of helping the Red Cross. It is most extraordinary, but even if they really want anything they would rather pay double the price for it at a shop, and it seems impossible to reason with them.

Enter a lady, very well dressed.

The Lady: "I want a pram, and I have come down to buy at the Superfluities Sales, because I want to help the Red Cross."

The Red Cross helper: "Yes, madam, we have one. Will you come downstairs and I will show you?"

They go downstairs.

"How much?"

"Six dollars, madam."

"Oh, that's far too much. I can't pay that; I want to help the Red Cross, but I can't pay more than four dollars. Why, I can get a new one exactly like this at the store for twelve dollars."

"Well, this is just as good as new, we could perhaps get more than six dollars if we put it on any auction sale."

"So you might, but at a sale there might be any amount of people wanting the same thing. I shall go round to the store and buy one there if you will not sell it to me for four dollars."

"But you will have to pay them twelve dollars! Why not buy the same thing here for six dollars?"

"No, one expects to buy cheap at a sale like this, a Superfluities Sale. I want to help the Red Cross Society, but seemingly you won't let me do it."

Happily this lady, it has been found, is the exception, for on more than one occasion, however, people have come to the store and said they had bought something at the Auc-

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tion Sales, and considering they had bought it too cheaply have paid some more money. In the shops also, many times, people have offered to pay a bigger price than was asked.

A hobbledehoy youth lounged into the shop one day.

Hobbledehoy youth: "How much them skates?"

Lady Attendant: "Seventy-five cents, they are quite new."

Hobbledehoy youth: "Why, I can buy them in a shop for two dollars, they didn't cost you nothing. I'll give you four bits."

Lady Attendant: "No, the price is seventy-five cents."

Hobbledehoy youth: "Well, I call it a beastly shame."

The youth departed. Next day he returned and said he wanted to help the Red Cross, so would pay the seventy-five cents. He was told that the skates had been sold. Then he became indignant, said he always knew this Superfluities business was a swindle. He must have skates, and would now have to pay two dollars."

It seems hard for some people to realize that all the workers at the Superfluities sales give their services free. One little gentleman came in the early stages of the work and offered his services to the Red Cross for that day. Anything from shorthand writing to light porter's work. He has never left us and has worked steadily every day from nine o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night. He loves the work, and we love him. I think he must be the re-incarnation of Trotty Veck and the Admirable Chrichton.

Dear Motherly Old Lady, to Lady Attendant: "Do you do all this work for nothing, my dear?"

Attendant: "Yes, and we all quite enjoy the work. We have made nearly five thousand dollars for the Red Cross."

Motherly old Lady: "But don't they give you anything? No? Well, Well! Well! Never mind, my dear, you will get your reward in Heaven."

When the gifts of Superfluities were being received expert advice was obtained from the leading valuers in the city as to what prices should be asked. At the first sale there was a rumour that a solid silver tea service had been sold as an electro-plated one for three dollars. Later it was found that six small silver spoons had been sold as electro-plate for three dollars, but as the retail price of these six spoons in solid silver was three dollars and twenty-five cents the management realized that at the most they had not lost the Red Cross Society much.

At the first sale held it was impossible to sell that day all the goods catalogued, but the auctioneer said he would put up any particular article if anyone wished to start it with a fair bid.

There was a beautiful dressing-case, the last price of which in London was forty guineas. A young man was very importunate in having his request to have this case put up for auction. His bid was three dollars, and he would not go a cent more!

Of course, there have been some bargains, and perhaps mistakes, but not many mistakes. What was thought to be a silver gilt medal was vainly offered for two dollars; it was learned in time that there was more than twenty dollars worth of pure gold in it.

Enter a coarse-looking, well-dressed man with a cigar stuck in his face. He walks to lady attendant standing by show-case.

The Man: "How much that tea coffee service?"

It weighed about one hundred ounces.

Lady Attendant: "The whole thing, complete with tray, twelve dollars."

The Man: "Is it sterling silver?"

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Lady Attendant: "No, sir, it cannot be at that price."

The Man: "Humph. Show me that ring. How much!"

Lady Attendant: "Twenty dollars."

The Man: "Is that a ruby?"

Lady Attendant: "No, I am told it is a re-constructed ruby. If it was real the ruby alone would be worth one hundred dollars. The diamonds, I am told, are worth twelve dollars wholesale, and the ring is 18-carats gold."

The man, after asking the price of a dozen other things, examined a gold lacquered Japanese cabinet, and turning abruptly to the lady, said: "Look here, I want to give something to the Red Cross Society. I will give you ten dollars for this cabinet; I suppose that is not sterling silver, re-constructed rubies, or solid gold."

"No," said the lady, "it is what is called a gold lacquered cabinet, and is already sold for three hundred dollars."

The man, without removing his cigar or his hat, removed himself.

The above-mentioned cases are very exceptional. In nearly every case great kindness and consideration have been shown to our lady helpers.

Little Old Lady: "I have brought in a few pieces of Dresden china I have had in my possession for fifty years. They might fetch something."

Lady Attendant: "Thank you ever so much! I will give you a receipt for them. What name, please?"

Little Old Lady, who looks like a piece of Dresden china herself: "Oh, never mind the receipt, thank you; I just want to help. I am sorry I have no money to give the Red Cross so I thought I would bring these. The china is good and, I think, quite valuable."

Lady Attendant: "I hope we shall be able to get a big price for them. Thank you again so much."

Little Old Lady: "Oh, it doesn't matter what price you get. If it is only a few cents it will be something, and will do something. Thank you so much, it is such splendid work you are doing."

There was one sweet-faced young lady who came in every week and bought something to the value of a dollar or a dollar and a half.

In the course of conversation it came up that she was in domestic service and spent her savings each week in buying something from the Superfluities Shop. She said she did not particularly want the things she bought, but she wanted to do her share in helping, and at the same time have some little memento that she could always value, not for its intrinsic worth, but for its association.

A lady came into the shop a little while ago and looked at the different gifts, and said to the attendant: "But you don't mean to say that people *gave* those things; and they are quite valuable. They are not superfluities."

She was told that many ladies who gave these presents had not any money to give, but they wanted to make some sacrifice, and so they gave something that they could possibly do without. Perhaps they had a sense of gratitude to the brave fellows fighting our battles and undergoing hardships on our behalf. Perhaps they had a sense of duty that they should do their share by parting with some of their valuables.

"I never thought of it in this way," said the lady, and next morning she brought in quite a valuable present.

A stranger came into the shop one day and asked to see the organizer of the scheme. He was very effusive in his congratulations, said what a splendid idea it was and how well organized, but at the finish he added, "What a pity it is that you have to publish that rotten poetry about superfluities. Who writes it?"

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The organizer had imagined he was an embryo Kipling, and had perpetrated the doggerel himself!

A sturdy little chap, with his bright brown eyes lighting up with the thought of duty, brought into the rooms a toy gun. He said, "I've brought this for the soldiers at the front."

As he was leaving the room he cast a very wistful eye at the gun, and I said to him, "Well, sonny boy, you are getting too old for toys now, eh?"

"No," he replied, "I like that gun; it's a wonder, but although I am too young to fight I am not too young to give," and with a last longing look and a grip of his under-lip he stalked off, winking away a tear.

Two very flightily-dressed young girls came in and were interested in the jewelry. They asked was it really true that all these things had been given, and when they were told that it was one said, "Some people must have more money than sense. Why, you could go round to the pawn-broker's and pawn some of these things for twenty dollars."

A gentleman stopped one of the superfluities workers outside the Club and said, "I have just won a bet of ten dollars. What do you think of that?"

"I think its a superfluity.

"Right you are. Here it is."

This same gentleman was indefatigable bidder at the auctions. I knew him to be a bachelor and only on a visit to Victoria. He would bid for anything from a piano to a perambulator; there was no stopping him. Considering his recklessness, he got off very lightly, but he used to frighten me out of my wits. An amateur auctioneer was selling an old-fashioned pianola, one of those you have to push up against a piano. The bidding stopped with a stranger at about fifteen dollars, and was about to be knocked down when my friend came into the room and without the least knowledge of what was being offered, started to bid. He ran the bidding up to about forty dollars, a tip-top price. Then he stopped. The bidding went on, and just at the last moment up pops my friend again. Ultimately the pianola was sold for sixty dollars—to the stranger.

Taking everything into consideration, we have got splendid prices, and are continuing to get them. It is astonishing how many strangers come to buy, and when the tourists start coming to the city we shall be able to make quite a large sum of money for the Red Cross Society, if the people of Victoria will only continue to send their gifts. The organization is quite simple, and the Superfluities Shop is so well known that there should be no difficulty in selling anything. If people only know that their gifts will not be sold at an absurd sacrifice we feel sure they will give more willingly.

One lady gave a Japanese scroll which was sold on auction for twenty dollars. She was so pleased at the price it obtained that she then gave goods that were sold for three hundred dollars.

Another lady whose silver tea-set was sold for thirty-five dollars, next day brought in some more pieces of silver. These were sold for more than one hundred dollars.

A set of Shakespeare was sold for twenty dollars. The donor was highly amused with the fact that these books had been kicking about an attic for years, not supposed to be of any value, and was greatly pleased that through this medium he had been able to contribute twenty dollars to the Red Cross fund.

A very large quantity of novels were given to us, and I was told by the dealers that we should get prac-

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tically nothing for them. At ordinary auction sales they were generally put up in bundles of about twelve books, and fetched about twenty-five cents to fifty cents for the lot.

A dealer offered us ten cents for the pick of them, and I said I would consider his offer. Shortly afterwards this dealer came to me highly incensed, and said he would withdraw his offer because he had seen a man picking the books over. It appears I had let a man take his choice of a dozen books for the reason that he was presenting them to the Convalescent Home.

We then set out to sell the books in our own way, singly or in small lots. We sold them all and averaged a price all round of thirty-two cents each!

A little fellow who used to call regularly at the shop and ask, "Are there lots of superfootys coming it?"

I told him a few days ago that I was very sorry they were not coming in as fast as I should like."

The boy said, "Too bad, too bad! Do you think you tell 'em enough? Perhaps they don't know. Tell 'em all about our soldiers,—and *keep on telling 'em.*"

Would that I had the power keep on "telling 'em"! I should tell however well supplied the Royal Army Medical Corps may be, that Red Cross work is a message of love and sympathy, and that an opportunity is offered through the Superfluities Sales, of sending that message of love, by simply parting with something that is of no immediate personal use or ornament.

I should tell them how the demands of the Red Cross Society increase with every day of the war. It is so little to ask, after all. Give what you can do without. That piece of silver you never use, that trinket you never wear, that curio you do not want—that something that you really, honestly, and conscientiously should not possess if by parting with it you can do your "little bit".

You do not mind parting with a superfluity. It is simply the trouble of bringing it down to the store.

Dozens and dozens of times I have been told, "I am always intending to send you down something for your Superfluities Sales, but I always forget, and I really want to help the Red Cross."

Answer: "Why not really help by —remembering?"

If it were only possible to tell you the need of the Red Cross—how much pain and suffering can be saved! If it were only possible to explain direct to every man who has not the glorious privilege of taking an active part in the Empire's work how superfluities can be put to immediate use.

I can just hear the remark that would be made: "Good Lord, if I could help our dear fellows at the front, you may have anything in my house. Do you think I would keep any one of these little things I own if I knew that by gving it I could alleviate the suffering and pain of one of our men? Do you think I would keep it? No; take anything you want!"

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CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

VERDUN, like Ypres, has passed into military history. The big German drive at the French lines, with the element of surprise to the enemy's advantage, has reduced the manhood of Germany by nearly a quarter of a million military effectives and brought no compensating gain for this orgy of blood and iron. The Crown Prince had long been comparatively inactive in this region, but this irruption has not won him the fame and glory which he no doubt hoped to grasp over the dead bodies of a scientifically computed percentage of his effective forces. Verdun has come and gone and France has reaped a rich harvest of German dead —two hundred thousand sons of the Fatherland who marched bravely "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell", at the word of command. Line after line, regiment after regiment, wave after wave of humans passed from life to death with the same punctilious regard for appearances that marked them on the barrack square under the eagle eye of the military instructor. Bravery is not the monopoly of any nation. Whatever we may think of the system that drilled and trained them for the gladiatorical ring, or of the moral tone of the German army, we must take our hats off to the German soldiers who march to certain death when the order to advance rings out. If the bravery of her soldiers could save Germany her salvation is assured. But animal courage alone, acting under the lash of an iron discipline, is not enough in these days of scientific slaughter. The Allies are equally brave in battle, and they possess what the enemy long ago must have lost, the confidence born of an assured superiority in men and guns. Verdun is another test of the relative strengths of the opposing armies, and France emerges triumphant. The spirit of the new France shone through the terrible nights and days of gunfire that searched every foot of the line, and when the end came the German offensive was broken against the steel wall that barred the enemy's advance. Verdun was the promise of a spring which has begun auspiciously for the Allies.

While the French were beating back the German offensive at Verdun, the British took advantage of the concentration of German troops against Verdun to rush the enemy's lines in the Ypres region and recapture trenches which had been lost several months previously. According to the English Press the turning point for the British armies has come at length. On January 27th last an Order in Council was published which must have caused the enemy greater anxiety than anything that has transpired in England since conscription was put into operation. The

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new Order in Council stated that "the Chief of the Imperial General Staff shall, in addition to performing such other duties as may from time to time be assigned to him under the Order in Council dated the 10th of August, 1904, be responsible for issuing the orders of the Government in regard to military operations". In the opinion of military men this seemingly unimportant regulation makes all the difference between victory and defeat. Since 1904 the British Army has been under dual control. The Secretary of State for War and the Army Council have been the responsible heads. Under this dual system delays were unavoidable. There was no military head to whom the Army and the country could look for efficiency. The duties of the Chief of Staff were confounded with the functions of the Minister of War. Immediately preceding the war Lord French, who was Chief of Staff, resigned over events in Ireland, and his successor had scarcely time to assume his new duties when war was declared. The whole subject is reviewed at some length by General O'Moore Creagh in the February number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*. The reorganization of the General Staff under the new Chief, Sir William Robertson, is regarded by experts as a turning point in the war so far as Britain is concerned.

"Wayfarer," in *The London Nation* is not far from the mark when he says that one's view of the war brightens in proportion as one looks at it through the eyes of soldiers on leave. They are almost unanimous in reporting that surrenders of Germans are fairly frequent, that the prisoners exhibit great weariness of the war, that the bomb-throwing in which British soldier-athletes have become so expert causes serious loss and demoralization in the German trenches, and that the army in general considers the German troops inferior to our own, and has no doubt of its power to dislodge them when the word is given.

Reports of great activity in German naval circles are more frequent. The inaction of the German navy locked up in the Kiel Canal is at last having an effect on German opinion. *The Berliner Tageblatt*, which recently published an article to show that the German navy, by remaining in the Kiel Canal, was doing just what it was built for, has now altered its tone. It now remarks that unless Germany's sea power has been absurdly over-rated, "Germany's sea dogs cannot content themselves much longer with merely showing their teeth". It further admits that the British navy is not a power to be scoffed at, but "all the same, for our fleet to remain much longer hidden away in the canal will soon make it look ridiculous. It is better to dare and die than skulk in safety". Lord Fisher has again been admitted to the deliberations of the British War Council. His name has been bandied about in the press lately, and in Parliament. Colonel Winston Churchill called for his return to the Admiralty. Churchill's theatrical return from the trenches to attack the administration of the navy under Mr. Balfour was a painful episode for his old friends.

The political correspondent of *The Weekly Dispatch* says that on their way back from Paris last month some of the politicians who have been in France for a conference went to the front, and held a consultation with Winston Churchill. The idea of an alternative Government, consisting of Mr. Bonar Law, Sir F. E. Smith, and Mr. Churchill as the heavyweights, still survives, but neither Sir F. E. Smith, who succeeded Sir Edward Carson as Attorney-General, nor Mr. Bonar Law, who has greatly enhanced his reputation by his loyalty to the Coalition Ministry, is likely to wreck his future by retiring to the cave of Adullam with Winston Churchill.

Circumstances have conspired to revolutionize Britain, socially and politically. Mr. Walter Long, in an interview with a New York correspon-

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dent, makes some striking comments on the effect of the war on life in England which will interest Canadians. To those who know England what could more graphically recall the revolution which war has accomplished than Mr. Walter Long's assertion that when peace is declared "the male domestic will utterly disappear. We shall no longer see an able-bodied footman, capable of man's work, handing round teacups in a drawing-room".

As to home politics he is equally emphatic:

"I do not think we shall ever get back again to the Liberal, Conservative, even the Labour Party, in the sense I have always known them during my thirty-six years in the House of Commons. The recent association of the leaders of the different parties during the past eighteen months has undoubtedly altered the attitude of all towards many hitherto pressing problems. Working together, men quickly find how much they have in common. And, after the war, we shall find ourselves confronted with a new and entirely different set of urgent questions which will strike clean across the old party divisions.

"Moreover, I think even our Parliamentary system will have to undergo a change. Above all, I think there will be a general desire for closer association with our oversea Dominions apart from the feelings of gratitude we have for the enormous sacrifices they have made for the Mother Country. For this we shall have to work on definite lines.

"But as regards the present, one thing is clear. We have a Coalition Government, and we cannot have anything else but a Coalition. There is no alternative."

One of the great surprises of the war has been the unity of spirit of the British people. Asked if this war is likely to leave a lasting mark on the life and people of Great Britain Mr. Long replied:

"Inevitably. Already it has practically accomplished one great thing, in that it has almost completely broken down class distinction. I doubt if the working classes of this country regard any more the aristocracy as an effete race of parasites battening on their labours. And, on the other hand, the aristocracy more than ever before realizes the magnificent qualities of the British workingman, and what the nation owes to him. I think the common sacrifice has brought all classes together in a manner that has not existed since the Napoleonic wars. The common peril has reunited the country.

"Furthermore, all our standards of life are changing, and must continue to change. The nation must go back to the simple life, to the less luxurious method of our ancestors.

"This war is going to be the great leveller. Money must no longer be the criterion of power. Wealth must no longer be the proof of superiority. Henceforth the citizens of this country have to pull together.

"Already we see the signs of the change in living that the war has wrought. We have changed all our habits in eating and drinking. We no longer buy expensive clothes or expensive cars. The man who formerly would not go to dinner at the Ritz unless driven there in his own car now contentedly takes a penny omnibus. Another man who would not be seen smoking anything but expensive cigars now walks the streets smoking a pipe."

The advance of the Russian army in Asia Minor will certainly improve the outlook of the Allies among those peoples who were inclined to think that the ability of the Entente Powers to win the war was doubtful. The whole campaign of the Russians in this quarter, faced as it was with immense difficulty of country and abnormal weather, reveals the new Russian movement as one that must be taken seriously into consideration. The fact that the Turks have been driven from one of their great strongholds will circulate among the Eastern races in the curious manner that such things do, by a method unknown in the West, and will convey a good impression. The fall of the place is both incidentally and directly a blow to Germany, for it was reorganized and rebuilt under the direction of German army engineers and manned with big Krupp guns.

The fall of Erzerum should have a considerable effect on the British campaign in Mesopotamia. From Erzerum in all probability the Turks farther south secured their supplies, these coming in the first instance from Trebizond. Erzerum is the capital

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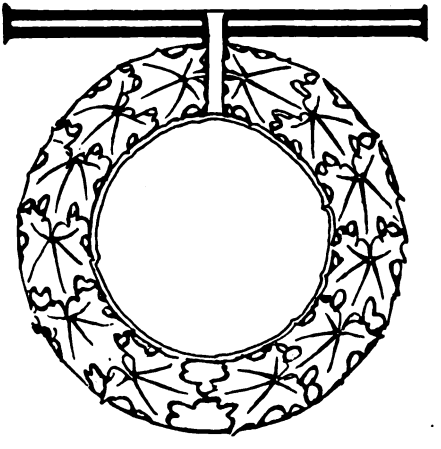
of a vilayet with an area of 27,000 square miles, and a population of 500,000. The town has a population of about 40,000 people, and is irregularly built, with narrow, dirty streets. The Moslem element prevails over the Christian, although Erzerum is the metropolis of the Armenian Church in communication with Rome.

The fall of Erzerum had a marked effect on the value of the German mark at Amsterdam. There was a record fall, from 43.60 to 42.60, while French and English currencies maintained their former quotations. Dutch financiers are of opinion that the mark will fall heavily for some time to come, the recent rise having been purely artificial.

"More houses and cities have perished at the hands of man than storms and earthquakes combined have destroyed." So wrote Sir John Lublock in "The Use of Life". Mesopotamia proves the rule. Babylonia and Assyria, now known as Mesopotamia, were extensive and fertile territories and thickly populated thousands of years before Christ. The splendour of their cities and the high culture attained by their people are now buried in the sands, the ruins of ancient civilizations that remind the world to-day of the wealth and greatness that once made these waste lands famous at a time when Babylonia and Assyria divided with Egypt the empire of the world. The only signs of the past that exist to-day are the immense mounds along the courses of the Tigris and the Euphrates. These mounds mark the graves of ancient cities such as Ur, Babylon, Nippur, Ashur, and Nineveh. Explorers have laid bare some of these old civilizations. We can people these ancient towns and cities once more and catch something of the social and political activities of those intensely interesting times.

These civilizations made possible the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. And now British and Russian armies are marching over the spots where Babylon and Nineveh once flourished, and modern guns and high explosive shells are ringing in the ear of the Turk the knell of his approaching downfall in this birthplace of human history. And the stoical Bedouin sees in the coming of the Occident the end of his nomadic existence, the re-peopling of Mesopotamia, the building up of a new civilization on the ruins of the old and the waste places once more blossoming into a fruitful land.



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THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADA IN FLANDERS

By Sir Max Aitkin, M.P. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN the Canadian Government appointed Sir Max Aitkin Official Observer at the Front, the average man was inclined to think that it was a means merely for a rich man to get near the Front without having to fight. The volume before us, however, shows us that the appointment was accepted seriously, that it involved great responsibility and danger and, furthermore, that Sir Max Aitkin was able to fulfill all its demands. For this volume, which is the first of the official story of the formation and operation of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, is an exceedingly able and interesting account of the great part the Canadians have played in that part of the war that has been fought in Flanders.

At the outset Sir Max makes one observation that should be of peculiar value to all who oppose compulsory military training in any form. He observes that some men, in doubt, have asked, "Can civilians, however brave and intelligent, be made in a few months the equal of those inspired veterans who are swarming in triumph over the battlefields of Europe? Can Generals and Staffs and Officers be improvised, able to compete with the scientific output of the most scientific general staff which has ever conceived and carried out military operations?" As to these questions, Sir Max says, very pertinently, that the "story of Canada in Flanders, however inadequately told, will make it unnecessary ever to ask them again".

The book gives a vivid picture of the plan of campaign, and many a Canadian, having read it, will have a comprehensive and intelligent idea of how the Canadians went into battle and how they fought. We quote a few descriptive paragraphs:

You must picture the British army in the field, spread out like a fan. The long, wavy edge of the fan is the line of men in the firing trenches, at the very forefront of affairs, often within a stone's throw of the opposing German line. Some hundreds of yards behind this firing line lie the support trenches, also filled with men. The men in the firing and supporting trenches exchange places every forty-eight hours. After a four days' spell they all retire for a four days' rest, fresh troops taking their places as they move out. At the end of their four days' rest they return again to the trenches. All relieving movements are carried out in the dark, to avoid the enemy's rifle fire.

Further back, along the ribs of the fan, one finds the headquarters of the many brigades; behind these, headquarters of divisions; then headquarters of army corps, then of armies—the groups becoming fewer and fewer in number as you recede, until, at the end of the fan handle, one reaches the General Headquarters, where the Commander-in-Chief stands, with his hand on the dynamo which sends its impulses through every part of the great machine spread out in front.

From General Headquarters the movements of the entire British army, or rather of the several British armies, are directed and controlled. It is a War Office in the field, with numerous branches closely co-ordinated and working together like a single machine. Here is the operations office, where plans of attack are worked out under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief and his staff.

Near by is the building occupied by the "signals" branch, which with its nerve system of telegraphs, telephones, and motor cycle despatch riders, is the

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medium of communication with every part of the field, and also with the base of supplies and the War Office of London. "Signals" carries its wires to within rifle shot of the trenches, and every division of the army has its own field telephones from battalion headquarters to the firing line.

Close at hand is the office of the intelligence branch, which collects and communicates information about the enemy from every source it can tap. It receives and compares reports of statements made by prisoners, and interrogates some prisoners itself. It goes through documents, letters, diaries, official papers, captured in the field, and extracts points from these. It collects news from its own agents—it is only your enemy who calls them spies—about events that are happening, or are likely to happen, behind the screen of the enemy's lines.

At General Headquarters you will find the department of the Adjutant-General, who is responsible for the whole of the arrangements—keeping the army in the field well supplied with men and munitions of war, for the transfer of all prisoners to the base, for the trial of offences against discipline, and for the spiritual welfare of the troops.

From a neighbouring office the Quartermaster-General controls the movements of food and fodder for men and horses, and all other stores, other than actual munitions of war.

Still another branch houses the Director-General of Medical Service, who supervises the treatment of the wounded from the field aid post to the field clearing station, from there to the hospital train, and thence to the base hospital in France or Great Britain.

The complete efficiency of the men is largely due to the excellence of their food. The army is, in fact, healthier than any other army that has ever faced war. Typhoid is almost unknown. The amazing record of health owes much to the sanitary precautions which are taken. One of the most remarkable of these is the system of hot baths and the sterilizing of clothing.

Bathing establishments have been put up in various parts of the field, and the largest of them is in a building which before the war was a jute factory. Every hour of the day successive companies of men have hot baths here. They strip to the skin, and while they wallow in huge vats of hot water their clothing is treated with 200 degrees of heat, which destroys all vermin.

At first the small towns, the villages, and the many farmhouses and cottages within easy reach of the firing line provided all the rest billets. A great many men are billeted in this way still. I found, for instance, a company of the Territorials snugly resting in a huge farm, the officers having quarters in the farmhouse on the other side of the yard; but recently a large number of wooden huts have been put up in various places across the countryside, and here the men come back from the trenches to rest. They are tired when they come "home." but a sound sleep, a wash, a hearty breakfast, and a stroll in the fresh air, out of range of the insistent bullets, have a magical effect. In the afternoon you find them playing football as blithely as boys, and those who are not playing stand round and chaff and applaud. I saw as many games of football one day, in the course of a motor run behind the lines, as one would see on a Saturday afternoon in England.

Every day brings its letters and newspapers—every railroad has its little travelling letter office shunted into a siding. Here the letters of a division are sorted. They average more than one letter a day for every man in the field. That is another reason why the army is in good spirits. No army in the world ever got so much news from home, so regularly and so quickly. Besides this, drafts of men are constantly being sent home—across the Channel—for five or seven days' leave.

*

NEW POEMS

By Arthur K. Sabin. East Sheen, London: Temple Sheen Press.

A DELIGHTFUL book, even to handle, is this volume of hand-printed poetry by the author of "The Wayfarers" and "Five Poems". It is full of sweet thoughts and sweet music. There is not a jarring note in the whole volume. The poems are without title. We quote number twenty-three:

One golden afternoon, beneath
The odorous pines, upon a heath
Ringed by gray distant hills, we spent,
In lonely tremulous content,
With hearts too near our hands, and eyes
Grown fearful in their deep surmise.
Around, the heather-bells with bees
Were murmuring; the murmuring breeze
Moved the dense bracken scarce at all,
Yet made the pine boughs rise and fall
In haunting rhyme, monotonously,
Like echoes of a far-off sea.

I told of heroes, ancient gods,
And long-forgotten periods,

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How earliest man, communing, caught
From thought for others passionate thought
Inspiring and creative, till
His hands, obedient to his will,
Had built a domed roof, to form
For loved ones shelter from the storm.
Then, how he taught the stubborn field
To understand his need, and yield,
Sweet food and raiment; how he bent
Each age beneath the wonderment
Of Beauty, labouring to prove
That all Life ministered to Love.

She told (ah, sad the tale!) how years
For woman brought grim pain and tears.
Domed roofs beneath a sky-domed sky,
Love builded, sheltered her, to lie
The lonely victim of a strife
With Death, for more than woman's life.
Man, ever dreaming, toiling, saw
In dream and toil the eternal law,
And for his loved ones and his kin
We shaped the world they sojourned in.
But woman by fierce suffering
Alone could her great tribute bring
To Life, who triumphed over her,
And over Love, his minister.

And the wide, undulating heath
Lay silent, slumbering beneath
The late hot afternoon; and we
Lay silent, musing drowsily.
Now blue haze on the hills gray-blue
Was scattered softly; one lark threw
His quivering rapturous heart in song
Suddenly downward; soon the long
Sweet day toward its closing turned.
Duskily red the big sun burned
And vanished. Then our way we went
Homeward in tremulous content.

*

IF A MAN SIN

By H. A. Cody. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS new Canadian novel reflects the atmosphere of the Canadian north-western frontier life with what we take to be accuracy and sympathy. Not having known by personal experience what the life on the Peace river and in the Mackenzie valley generally is like, we are compelled to judge by the various impressions previously gathered, and by the consistent and convincing quality of Mr. Cody's work, that his descriptions are reliable. As to the story, it is all very well for those of a religious or moralizing turn of mind, but even readers of this class must find it difficult to regard the plot as logical. A young preacher, having committed "a very serious offence"—so serious in fact that Mr. Cody dare not even hint at what it was—is disgraced by the Bishop, breaks the hearts of parents and fiancee and goes to the far north to repent and be forgotten. He rescues a white girl baby, orphaned by accident in the north, from a life among the Indians, goes with her to a fur-trapping shanty, and brings her up as his daughter. The affectionate relations between the two are charmingly portrayed. In the end they are forced to meet white people again. The girl marries a young Canadian hero, and the man finds his former fiancee and marries her. It is a simple book, almost naïve, yet full of a sturdy and homely Canadian love of virtue. It is wholesome and interesting reading, for young women especially.

*

THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET

By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS little book, to be sold for a shilling, begins by comparing the navy of to-day with the navy of a hundred years ago, when "the narrow seas were full of single-ship actions; mail-packets, West Country brigs, and fat East Indiamen fighting for their own hulls and cargo . . ."

"It was a brutal age, ministered to by hard-fisted men, and we had put it a hundred decent years behind us when—it all comes back again! To-day there are no prisons for the crews of merchantmen, but they can go to the bottom by mine and torpedo even more quickly than their ancestors were run into Le Havre. The submarine takes the place of the privateer; the Line, as in the old wars, is occupied, bombarding and blockading, elsewhere, but the sea-borne traffic must continue, and that is being looked after by the lineal descendants of the crews of the long extinct cutters and sloops and gun-brigs. The hour struck, and they reappeared, to the tune of fifty thousand odd men in more than two thousand

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ships, of which I have seen a few hundred. Words of command may have changed a little, the tools are certainly more complex, but the spirit of the new crews who come to the old job is utterly unchanged. It is the same fierce, hard-living, heavy-handed, very cunning service out of which the navy as we know it today was born."

*

THE ANVIL

By Laurence Binyon. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is a chaste little volume of chaste verse by one who always seems to exercise the real poetic instinct, whether he takes as his subject a vision of London in time of peace, or in time of war. We give an example of the latter in "The Zeppelin":

Guns! far and near,
Quick, sudden, angry,
They startle the still street.
Upturned faces appear,
Doors open on darkness,
There is hurrying of feet.

And whirled athwart gloom
White fingers of alarm
Point at last there
Where illumined and dumb
A shape suspended
Hovers, a demon of the starry air!

Strange and cold as a dream
Of sinister fancy,
It charms like a snake,
Poised deadly in the gleam,
While bright explosions
Leap up to it and break.

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear.

So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them, too, the danger
Of those who died,

Of those who yet fight
Spending for each of us
Their glorious blood
In the foreign night,
That now we are neared to them
Thank we God.

There are better poems, but they are too long to quote. "Fetching the Wounded," "The Ebb of War," "The Antagonists" and "Edith Cavell" are all vivid impressions of the great struggle.

*

FIELDS OF FAME IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

By J. E. Wetherell. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

APART from its general interest, particularly just now, when comparisons are prone to be made, this book should prove to be an excellent supplementary volume for use in schools. It describes in a succinct, yet interesting manner famous battlefields such as Hastings, Flodden Field, Culloden Moor, Bannockburn, Marsten Moor. Much of the space is given to the wars of the Roses and to the great civil war in England. It begins with the battle of Hastings and ends with the battle of Culloden. There are numerous illustrations

*

THE BELFRY

By May Sinclair. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALREADY the war is being used by the novelists, and although this is not a novel based on the present great struggle its climax is reached in incidents based on it. It is a very long novel, and while it seems to drag in places one overlooks that in view of the fine characterizations of Tasker Jevons, the struggling, impudent yet enjoyable Cockney, and Viola Thesiger, a complex and attractive heroine. But it is in the style of the writing that its appeal mostly lies, and the book will be read and enjoyed for that, if for nothing else.

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TWICE-TO NTERNAL BATH?

R. BEAL

Taking a Risk

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug-store?"

"Perhaps; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam."

"Don't you know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it doesn't look right."—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

*

Dinah Snow was a coloured cook in the home of the Smiths. One morning on going to the kitchen Mrs. Smith noticed that Dinah looked as if she had been tangled up with a road-roller.

"Why, Dinah!" exclaimed she, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Was me husban'," explained Dinah. "He done went an' beat me ag'in, an' jes' fo' nothin', too!"

"Again!" cried Mrs. Smith with increasing wonder. "Is he in the habit of beating you? Why don't you have him arrested?"

"Been thinkin' ob it several times, missy," was the rejoinder of Dinah, "but I hain't nebah had no money to pay his fine."—*Atlanta Journal.*

almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection" and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigourous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely?

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Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

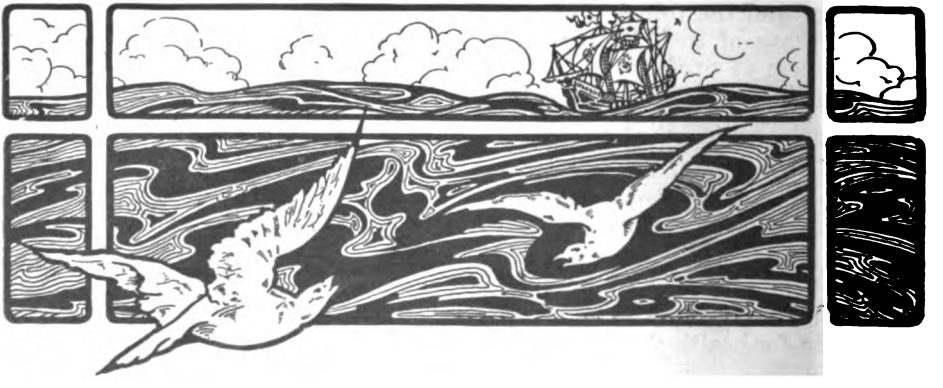
People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would present the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigour of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY, OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 215, 257 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?



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WHAT IS AUTO-INTOXICATION—AND HOW TO PREVENT IT

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomania, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Ekin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they therefore "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is

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called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligation, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 536, 257 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what is has to say on he subject.

NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 537, 257 College St., Toronto, you will receive free on request a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in Canadian Magazine.

There are few people who consider the eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

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DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ADVANTAGES OF INTERNAL BATHING?

THE DANGERS OF AUTO-INTOXICATION EXPLAINED

In these days of super-activity in business and social life, when we all —men and women—are burning up our vitality and nervous force in the endeavor to keep up with the taxing pace, it is a welcome sign that men and women are entering upon an era of common sense in the care and preservation of their physical selves.

Less and less do the great mass of intelligent people place dependence on nostrums and drugs. On every hand, often in our own intimate circles, we witness convincing demonstrations of the uselessness of hoping for real relief from such harmfully stimulating, unnatural means of combating the hundred and one ailments so common:

Your physician will tell you, in case you have not yet realized it yourself, that probably fully 90% of the ills and diseases from which we suffer are due to the clagging of the system by waste and poisonous matter that should rightly be eliminated immediately if we would remain in health and escape even more lasting evils.

By the way in which we live our lives, the demands of unnatural convention, the forcing of our bodies to try to adjust their activities and functions to the call of personal convenience—the forming of unhygienic habit, in short—is yearly exacting a terrible toll in suffering.

If you are run down, tired out, lacking energy and vim; if your nerves are "all gone"; if you are bilious and headachy; if everything is a burden and an effort; if your physical condition tells you all too plainly that you are even more seriously affected, you may be quite sure that you are paying the penalty, either directly or indirectly, of a system that has been mismanaged. You are no longer paying yourself dividends in health; you have no surplus in vitality—you are exhausting your capital.

And all these things because you, like nearly everyone else in a similar plight, have paid the least attention to the part of your body that needs it most, for, as Professor Metchnikoff, the world-eminent scientist, states, it is the insidious, health-destroying, disease-breeding germs generated in the lower intestines that are the chief cause of our premature old age, and, of course, are responsible for the many bodily disorders that cause it, by reason of the poisons that cause them to deteriorate.

Your own physician, when he comes to you in illness, first makes sure to thoroughly purge your system of the accumulated waste—he knows he cannot help you until he has done so, just as he knows that if you had kept your intestines hygienically clean there would have been no need for his services.

And that is why the internal bath is the natural, the logical, the ideal way to eliminate this waste matter, and by eliminating it remove the source of most of our ills. It does not

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drug your system; it is not a violent, system-racking thing, but a pleasurable, scientific, efficient adaptation of a curative method that is as old as civilization itself. It corrects the very conditions that give the blood a chance to absorb these poisons. It keeps you clean inside by removing waste matter, prevents the blood from having a chance to carry them to the organs and tissues of the body, infecting them and starting that lowering of bodily efficiency and vigor which makes us miserable and unhappy, even if it does not pave the way for more serious ills and diseases that endanger life itself.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 531, 257 College street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canadian Magazine.

Like all really worth-while things, the internal bath is as simple as nature's processes always are. You will find in its use a new freedom from the effects of drugs that at best can but temporarily, and then only partly, aid nature in freeing the system of its waste. It is above all else thorough and rational and right, and in accord with the laws of health. And it is something beyond even this. It is the means of keeping your body at par even when you are not suffering from any particular organic disease. It enables your system to do its work fully and freely under all conditions. It is a wonderful tonic—a tonic that braces without artificial stimulation or any harmful results. It keeps you free from the risk of disease that gets its start from accumulated waste; and by keeping the intestinal tract always hygienically clean prevents the blood from absorbing poisons that otherwise reach every organ of the body through the circulation. It can never become a habit, something one cannot say for drugs. What the internal bath has done for so many thousands of grateful men and women it can do for you. We believe you will be interested in reading a more thoroughly discussion of the subject than is possible or advisable here.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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The first of three notable articles on

"Our Great National Waste"

By Francis Mills Turner, Junior

We Must Fight

A Scholarly Consideration of the War

By Cephas Guillet, Ph. D.

The Thirteenth Guest

By J. D. Logan, Ph. D.

Harry Charlton

A man who helps to make Canada Famous

By C. Lintern Sibley

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IVORY SOAP rinses easily. It does not stick to the skin because it does not contain unsaponified oil.

The rinse water, whether cold or warm, removes every particle of soap instantly. The pores are left clean in every sense—clean of dirt, clear of soap.

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The skin feels comfortable and looks its best after an Ivory Soap bath because it really is clean in the strictest sense.

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Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.

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Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

For Those Dark Mornings

A frosty tang in the morning air makes you snuggle the bedclothes tight. A lazy sun makes the night stay late, so it's easy to sleep on through.

Big Ben's right there with a tuneful call to tell you it's morning time. The hearty cheer of his "Come on, pal!" sticks with you the whole day long.

He'll be right there with his mellow chimo whatever hour you set. He'll ease your eyes open with ten gentle, half-minute rings, thirty seconds apart, or he'll rouse you with one vigorous five-minute signal. Once you're awake a touch of a switch stops him short in either call.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, slender, well built, handsome; business-like, efficient, accurate. Judge him on performance — he'll more than fulfill his promise.

He's waiting for you at your dealer's. His price anywhere in the United States is $2.50; in Canada, $3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock him a money order addressed to "*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,*" will bring him to your door postpaid.

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There is Much to be Thankful For

After one changes from coffee to well-made

POSTUM

—the pure food drink.

A ten days' trial shows the way to health and comfort—

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Delightful — Refreshing
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

1916 JANUARY 1916

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IVORY SOAP is white—by nature. No bleaches are used.

Ivory Soap is the rich, creamy white produced by the combination of its high grade ingredients. It is white by nature as milk is white, cotton is white, snow is white.

Ivory Soap is white because it is good. Its whiteness, while desirable in itself, is more important as further evidence of Ivory's quality.

Many people try Ivory Soap because it is this natural creamy white. They continue to buy it because its quality is all that its color implies.

IVORY SOAP.. 5 CENTS IVORY IT FLOATS ..99 44/100% PURE

Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.

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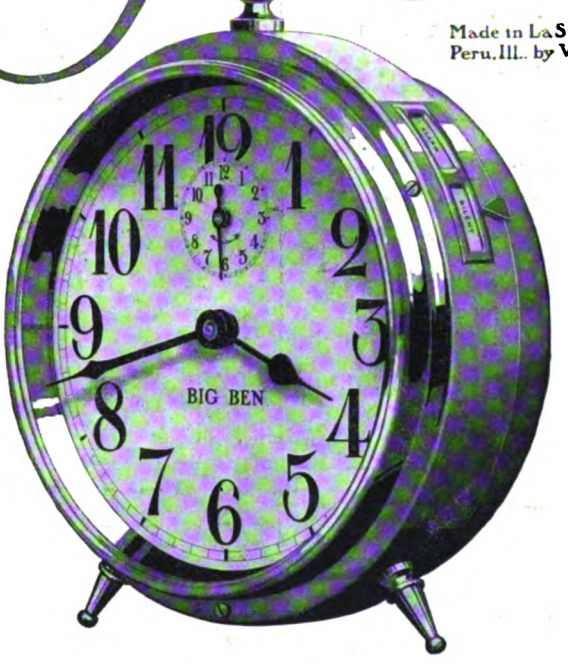
Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox



Has a Get-Up all his Own

IT'S the buoyant note in his get-up signal that lifts you out of sleep, glad to be awake. It's a get-up that makes you smile an answer to Big Ben's morning greeting.

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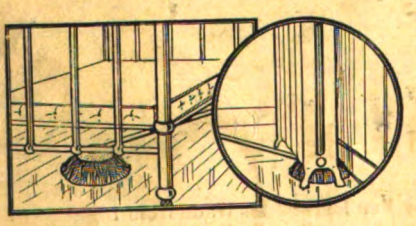

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1916 MARCH 1916

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baby Ben

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Who enjoys a splash in the tub —a comfortable shave—a hot breakfast — and a minute or so with the family.

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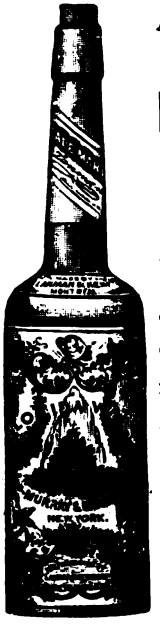

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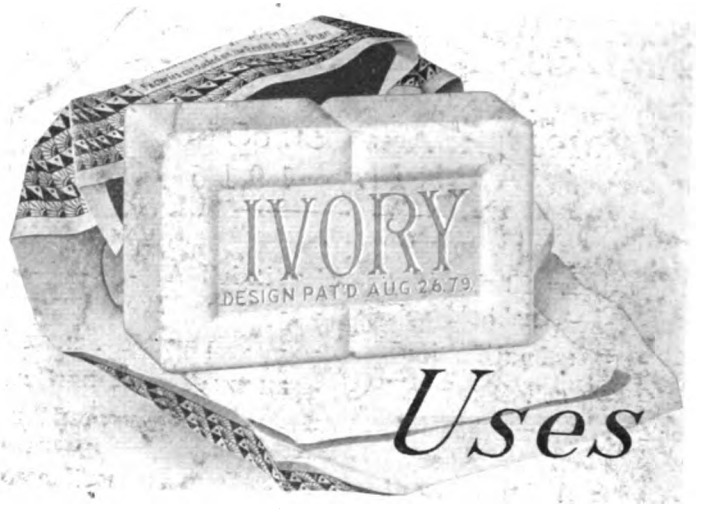

THESE are the uses for which Ivory Soap is especially suited:

For toilet and bath because it lathers freely, rinses easily, floats, and does not smart or burn.

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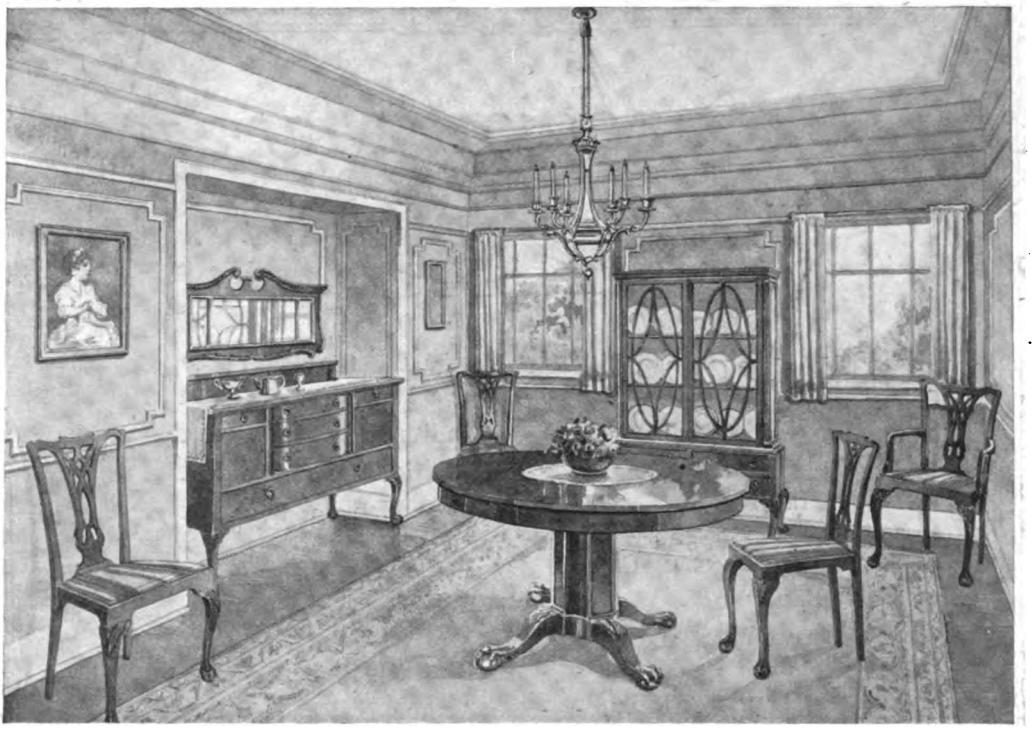

Walls, white or covered with foliage paper, with blue or grey predominating; woodwork white; rugs, plain dark blue centre with floral border; hangings dark blue; pictures, eighteenth century sporting prints or reproductions of Gainsborough, Reynolds or Romney.

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The Canadian Magazine

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Announcement.

¶ For May Mr. Charles S. Blue, who will be remembered by his former spirited articles, particularly by the one entitled "The Wooden Walls of England," gives us in "John Henry the Spy" a sketch of a most romantic, adventurous and picturesque career. Historians have told us very little about this strange individual who operated between Canada and the United States a hundred years ago. Who was he? How came he to be employed as a secret agent? What was the precise nature of his mission? Why did he betray the trust reposed in him? These questions are answered in this article of absorbing interest and historical importance.

¶ Dr. George Bryce, whose articles on Strathcona have been widely read, will have an article dealing with early soldiering in Canada. The first half deals with conditions and practices, and the second mostly with the battle of Ridgway.

¶ Now that the British and Russians are fighting in Asia Minor an article entitled "The Garden of Eden Revisited," by Florence Withrow, is both timely and interesting.

¶ There will be also, by Alfred Fitzgerald, an article dealing with an American University Graduate who came to Canada to work amongst the navvies along the northern frontier; another by S. P. Macdonald, dealing in a most delightful and sympathetic manner with transplanted Scots in Nova Scotia, with, as well, a good selection of choice fiction and essays.

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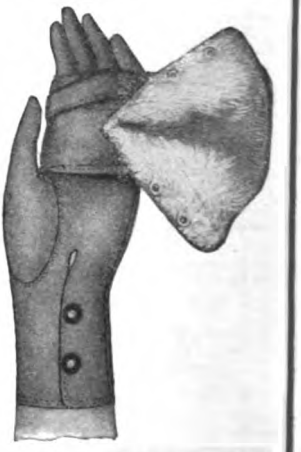

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Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Garage. Write for booklet.

SEATTLE WASH.

HOTEL BUTLER Large airy rooms.

Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c. Rooms $1.00 up; with bath $2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

NEW JERSEY

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium.

New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

THE JERSEY COAST MAGAZINE **Send for a Copy** Guide to all resorts; illustrated in 2 colors; big feature articles; hotel information; 10 cts. a copy. Asbury Park N.J

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN

Commonwealth Ave. Boston

THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE

Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed

A. P. Costello, Mgr.

Sconset Cottage Club "Sconset-by-the Sea" Nantucket, Mass.

Open June 15th. Fine location. Excellent cuisine. Surf bathing. Golf. Tennis. $3 and up. Booklet. Address Isaac Hills.

CHICAGO ILL.

New Kaiserhof CHICAGO

450 Rooms-$1.50 Up

300 Baths

Centrally Located One Block from LaSalle Station Post Office & Board of Trade

Write for Folder No. A

HEALTH RESORTS

BATTLE CREEK

A Mecca for health seekers. Over 1,000 different curative baths and treatments, renowned diet system, reducing and fattening diets scientifically regulated, thirty-three specializing physicians, 300 trained nurses, restful tropical garden, colossal recreation gymnasium, swimming pools, beautiful natural surroundings, invigorating climate, just the place for rest and health building.

Send for free booklet, *"The Simple Life in a Nutshell"* and illustrated prospectus.

THE SANITARIUM, BOX 109, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

Health & Pleasure Resort with the famous Mineral Baths for the relief of Rheumatism. Hotel & Baths under one roof. Open all year-Booklet

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INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Furnishes a Complete System of Insurance

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from $500 to $5000

For further information and literature apply to

Total Benefits Paid 42 Million Dollars

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LETTERS of appreciation of the Canadian Magazine come from far and near. One of the latest from a distance is sent by Mr. A. H. De Wind, of Comber, County Down, Ireland, who renews his subscription with this comment:

"We are all of us very much pleased with the Magazine and look forward with great pleasure its monthly delivery."

$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the colonies. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

200-206 Adelaide St. West TORONTO, ONT.

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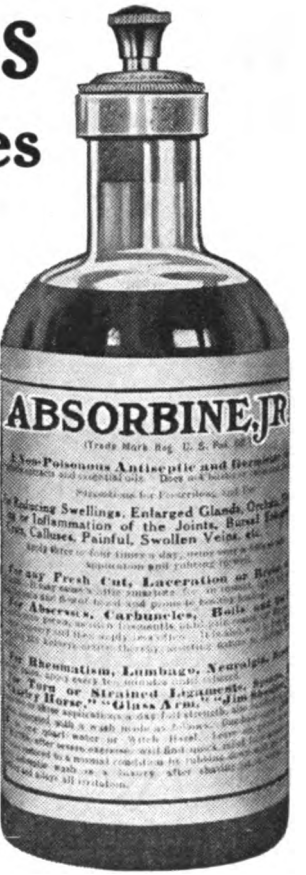
For Sore Muscles

Sprains, Cuts, Bruises

here is an antiseptic germicide and liniment—

one that is healing, cooling and soothing—Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming something more serious.



ABSORBINE JR
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or minerals.

It is needed daily in and about the home—for the numerous little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stable, the garage and the grounds. Use and prescribe Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated.

To reduce inflamatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.

To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations. Absorbine, Jr., is a discutient and resolvent.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.

To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of Absorbine, Jr. is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria.

To heal cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers.

Used by athletes the world over as an invigorating, antiseptic and soothing rub-down—keeps muscles right and prevents second-day soreness and stiffness.

Walter Johnson
the famous pitcher, says
"Absorbine, Jr., is a first-class liniment for tired muscles. I have used it myself to advantage and can heartily recommend it to ball players everywhere."

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and retaining its germicidal powers even when diluted one part Absorbine, Jr., to 100 parts water.

IT KILLS GERMS

"Evidence," a forty-eight page booklet, gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what Absorbine, Jr., has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 a bottle, or sent direct, all charges paid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle *will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.*

W. F. Young, P.D.F., 187 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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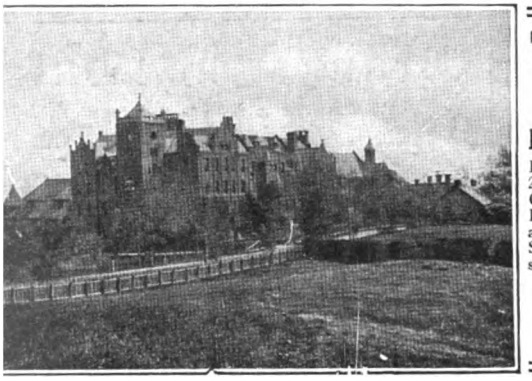
ST·ALBAN'S

BROCKVILLE

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Headmaster—A. G. Mainwaring, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.
Housemaster—J. J. Stephens, M.A., Dublin University.
Visitor—The Lord Bishop of Ontario.
Separate houses for Senior and Junior Boys. The School grounds cover 24 acres.
Recent R.M.C. Success: 1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th places; 1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th places.
R. N. C., 1915, 1st place.

FOR PROSPECTUS, ETC., APPLY TO THE HEADMASTER.



Trinity College School

FOUNDED 1865
PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential Church School for Boys

Beautiful Healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink.
Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course. Special attention given to younger boys. Several entrance scholarships for young boys.

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—
REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M. A. (Camb.)
(Late Headmaster St. Alban's School, Brockville)

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Arts Courses only

SUMMER SCHOOL

July and August

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE

SCHOOL OF MINING

MINING
CHEMICAL MECHANICAL
CIVIL ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERING

GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.

Royal Naval College of Canada

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval Career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—90794

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"SECURITY FIRST"

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN DOLLARS

Of Assets for every $100 of Liabilities.

THIS IS ONE REASON WHY YOU SHOULD INSURE IN

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WHICH

WILL PROTECT YOUR DEPENDENTS FOR MANY YEARS AFTER YOU ARE GONE.

Apply to-day for a Monthly Income Policy

Head Office
EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO, CAN.

Corson's CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

A TOOTH PASTE that combines the cleansing and purifying qualities of refined charcoal in a dainty and delightful dentifrice. It polishes the teeth beautifully, purifies the breath and gives a fine feeling of freshness and mouth cleaniness.

Send 25c to-day for full sized tube of this fine Tooth Paste and free sample bottle of Corson's "Ideal Orchid" Perfume.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED
146 BROCK AVENUE . . . . TORONTO

Superior Toilet Requisites, Made-in-Canada Exclusively

The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about $800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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Must have a Beginning

Do not postpone the opening of a savings account simply because of the smallness of your first deposit. All things must have their beginning. The big things of to-day were the little things of yesterday. We have many large accounts which have grown to their present proportions gradually from very small beginnings.

For this reason we cordially welcome the deposit of a dollar, knowing that in most instances the incentive to save, and the regular addition of interest, will ensure a steady increase in the balance at the depositor's credit. You may deposit by mail.

Canada Permanent
Mortgage Corporation
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

MUTUAL SERVICE

THE Mutual endeavors to give the largest amount of protection for the least possible outlay.

The Mutual is an old line legal reserve life company, established on the basis of mutuality.

The Mutual does not reserve one dollar of its huge earnings for shareholders' dividends.

The Mutual is a democratic organization owned and administered by its policyholders.

The Mutual is a "Safety First" Company and puts security before every other consideration.

The Mutual is the only Canadian Company established on the basis of mutuality.

The Mutual sells ideal, life, limited payment life, and endowment policies.

The Mutual Life of Canada
WATERLOO, ONTARIO
113

7% Investment

Embodying three essentials required by careful and shrewd investors,

Safety, Profit, Money Back

your attention is directed to an exceptional opportunity for investment in onds that will pay you 7% interest in place of 3% that you are getting on your money.

These Bonds carry absolute security, a guaranteed interest of 7% per annum, and the privilege of withdrawing all or any part of your investment at any time after one year on 60 days' notice.

Bonds are issued in denomisations of $1,000, $500 and $100 each, and are absolutely non-assessable, and afford an excellent opportunity fo the investment of large or small sums of money.

Write for full particulars to

National Securities Corporation
LIMITED
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
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BOND OFFERINGS

Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.

Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON ENG.

free from facial blemishes and with a clear, soft, pearly-white appearance that will be the envy of your friends.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

does this for you instantly. Its effect is so subtile that its use cannot be detected. Non-greasy - 68 years in use.

Send 10c. for trial size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
344 West St. Paul Street Montreal, Que.

1915—A RECORD YEAR
FOR THE
LONDON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
LONDON, CANADA

New Business Written. Gain in Business in Force. Increase in Cash Income, in Assets and in Surplus. All reached High-Water Mark in 1915.

Profits to Policyholders exceeded Estimates one-third and a further increased scale goes into effect for 1916.

The following comparative statement shows the excellent progress made in recent years:—

	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force	$14,189,613	$20,237,984	$27,118 375	$34,820,327
Insurance Issued	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,060,511
Total Assets	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income	754,307	959,185	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Our "**Endowment at Life Rate**" is one reason for the remarkable progress of the Company.

FULL INFORMATION GLADLY GIVEN UPON REQUEST

JOHN McCLARY, President — DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C., Vice-President — J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S, Manager — E. E. REID, B.A., A.I.A., Asst. Manager & Actuary

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Paid-up Capital - - $7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 7,245,140

206 Branches in Canada.
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.
Deposits received of $1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

General Banking Business.

The Report for 1915

Of The Great-West Life Assurance Company is now in print, and will be mailed to any interested person on request.

It records a year of remarkable success—success founded upon twenty-three years of remarkable

RESULTS TO POLICYHOLDERS

Over $119,000,000 of Insurance is now held in force by

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office - Winnipeg

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - $25,000,000 **Reserve Funds - $ 13,236,000**
Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000 **Total Assets - 200,000,000**

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, *President* E. L. PEASE, *Vice-President* E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., *2nd Vice-President*
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C. S. Wilcox W. J. Sheppard A. E. Dyment C. E Neill

Executive Officers.

E. L. Pease, Managing Director C. E. Neill, General Manager
W. B. Torrance, Superintendent of Branches F. J. Sherman, Assistant General Manager

325—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—325

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Antigua, Barbados. Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, St. Kitts, Trinidad and Bahama Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C. **NEW YORK,** Corner William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

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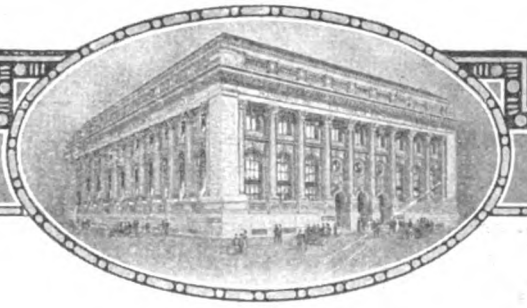

Many Benefits come to the Depositor

in the Savings Department of The Bank of Toronto

The steadily increasing balance gives a feeling of contentment and satisfaction with the present, and also gives assurance that want cannot invade the uncertain future.

The knowledge that The Bank of Toronto is strong and secure, with the experience of sixty years, and is carefully managed, gives certainty that all money entrusted to its care will be safely guarded, and can be had when required.

Interest is added to all balances every half year.

Depositors in this Bank receive every courtesy and such assistance in their banking as may be required.

Paid-up Capital - -	$5,000,000
Reserve Funds - -	6,439,382

YOUR BANKING ACCOUNT AND BUSINESS SOLICITED

INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

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North American Life

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

PROGRESSIVE.

New Business issued during the year 1915 exceeded that of the previous year by One and a Quarter Millions. Total Business in Force at December 31st, 1915, amounted to over $56,200,000.

PROSPEROUS.

Net Surplus held on Policyholders account increased during the year by $385,927, and now amounts to over $2,500,000, while Assets amount to over $15,716,000. ¶ It is a Policyholders Company. A "Solid as the Continent" Policy is a safe and profitable one to hold.

North American Life Assurance Company HEAD OFFICE: Toronto

EDWARD GURNEY, President. L. GOLDMAN, 1st Vice-President and Managing-Director

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	$3,000,000
SURPLUS	$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

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Except in the bottle---

No! You cannot get real Bovril except in the Bovril bottle. Bovril is so strong that it cannot possibly be manufactured in cheap cubes. It takes the beef of a whole bullock to make a dozen bottles of Bovril. Add Bovril to make your cookery more nourishing and to save butchers' bills. But it ***must*** be Bovril.

S. H. B.

THE Ingersoll TRIO

MADE IN CANADA

Delicious and Appetizing

Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Consists of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. In packages 10c. and 15c.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

—is superior to any ordinary cheese — in flavor — in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical. In packages 15c. and 25c.

Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious. In packages 15c.

Ask Your Grocer

"Spreads like Butter"

07

The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll, Ont.

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Her Second Childhood

Eating the simple, nutritious foods that keep the mind buoyant and the arteries soft and pliable is the surest road to the bounding, exuberant health of children. You can postpone Old Age through the constant companionship of children and through eating the simple, natural and well-cooked foods.

Shredded Wheat

supplies in well balanced proportion the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the material for replenishing the daily waste of tissue and at the same time supplies a laxative element that keeps the colon clean. A food for all ages—for babies, mothers and grandmothers—for invalids and athletes—for outdoor men and indoor men.

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, it is easy to prepare with Shredded Wheat a delicious, nourishing meal in a few moments. Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore its crispness. Serve with hot or cold milk, adding a little cream and salt. Delicious for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fruits.

"Made in Canada" by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office, 49 Wellington Street East

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Worth Looking Into!

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family—both children and grown-ups.

Some persons seem to get on with tea and coffee for a time, but they both contain a drug, caffeine—from 1½ to 3 grains to the average cup—which generally gets in its work sooner or later.

Those who desire to play safe with health will do well to quit both tea and coffee entirely and use

Instant Postum

This famous pure food-drink is made from whole wheat skilfully roasted with a small portion of wholesome molasses. Postum has fine color and aroma, and a delicious, snappy flavour, and is free from the drug, caffeine, or any other harmful element.

There are two forms of Postum. The original **Postum Cereal** must be well-boiled. **Instant Postum** requires no boiling—a level teaspoonful in cup with hot water makes a delicious table drink—ready instantly. The cost per cup is about the same for both forms.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

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The Rodgers' TRADE MARK

REGISTERED TRADE MARK. GRANTED 1682

Known the world over as the mark which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD - - - ENGLAND

CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE

A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

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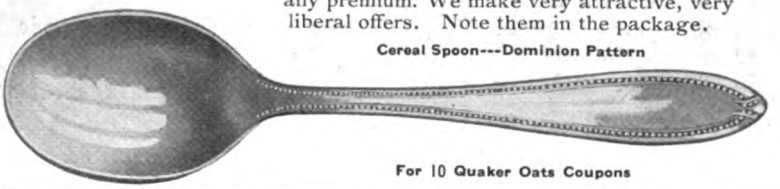
QUAKER OATS PREMIUMS

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Silver Plate
Jewelry
Aluminum



Cereal Spoon---Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

To Make Folks Love Oats Better

To Revel in This Vim-Food

This is to mothers who are anxious to make a dainty of this energizing oat

The way is this: Get the large, white, luscious flakes. Get them unmixed with smaller flakes, for little oats lack flavor.

Serve none but Quaker Oats.

On some oats Nature lavishes enjoyments. Some oats in the same field she neglects.

We pick out those favored oats for Quaker, discarding all the rest. Only ten pounds are obtained from a bushel. It is worth the pains to get these queen oats. It brings a double welcome to this spirit-giving dish. And you pay no extra price.

Quaker Oats

All the Little Grains Omitted

Some things we know, and some we don't know, about oats.

We know they are rich in phosphorus and lecithin, the brain and nerve constituents.

We know they are 75 per cent energy food, and 15 per cent nitrogenous. And that two per cent is mineral food we need.

But we don't know why they so excel in vim-producing power.

In this respect, for all the ages, oats have stood supreme. And oats will always be the king food where vitality is prized.

That's why we urge this method of making oats delightful.

Regular Package, 10c Large Round Package, 25c
Except in Far West

Peterborough, Ont. **The Quaker Oats Company** **Saskatoon, Sask.**

NEW ROUND 25c PACKAGE

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package. [1253]

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For Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in he treatment of Diptheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,
Woodland, California.

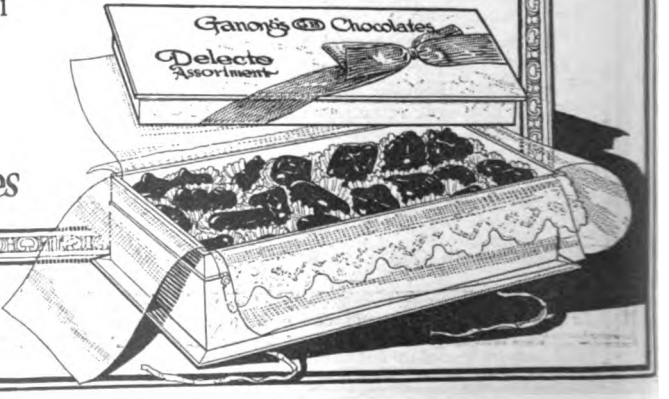
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For Children Teething
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful assortment.

Ganong's GB Chocolates



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To Military Tailors

Khaki Cloths

For Service Jacket
Riding Breeches
Army Greatcoat
British Warm

The stock we carry in Khaki Cloths includes all the weaves required for British Army Officers' Uniforms. Fine Worsteds, Cheviots, Whipcords, Baratheas, Bedford Cords, Meltons, and Frieze manufactured by the most reliable makers, and lines that we know to be correct in shade and made to stand wear. Also Shirting Flannels and Cotton Ducks and Drills.

Officers' Caps
Sam Browne Belt
Fox's Puttees
Leather Leggings
Buttons, Badges
Braids, etc.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES OF KHAKI CLOTHS

Nisbet & Auld, Limited

Toronto **Ontario**

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Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equipped Corset factories in the World.

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ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

Is your baby peevish and irritable? Is it under-weight and not gaining strength or weight? Is it restless at night, constantly crying and unable to retain food? Any of these symptoms would indicate that baby is not getting the right food. There is nothing better to nourish and strengthen your children than Robinson's "Patent" Barley. It is easily digested and readily assimilated. Read what Mrs. Moore of Yew Tree Farm, Pleasenhall, Suffolk, England, says about her boy (whose picture is shown), "He was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley until he was 14 months old."

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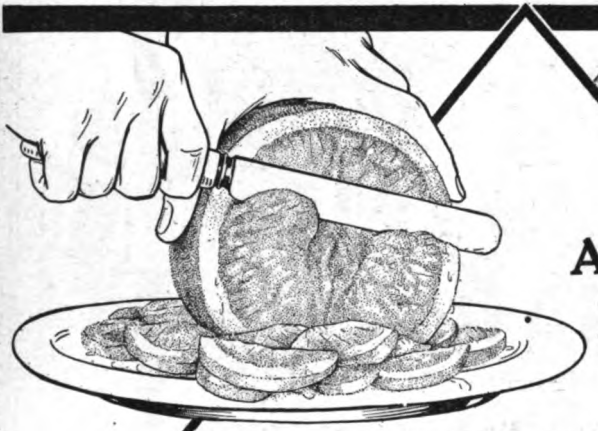

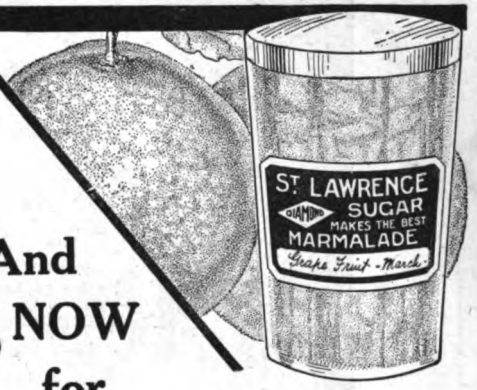

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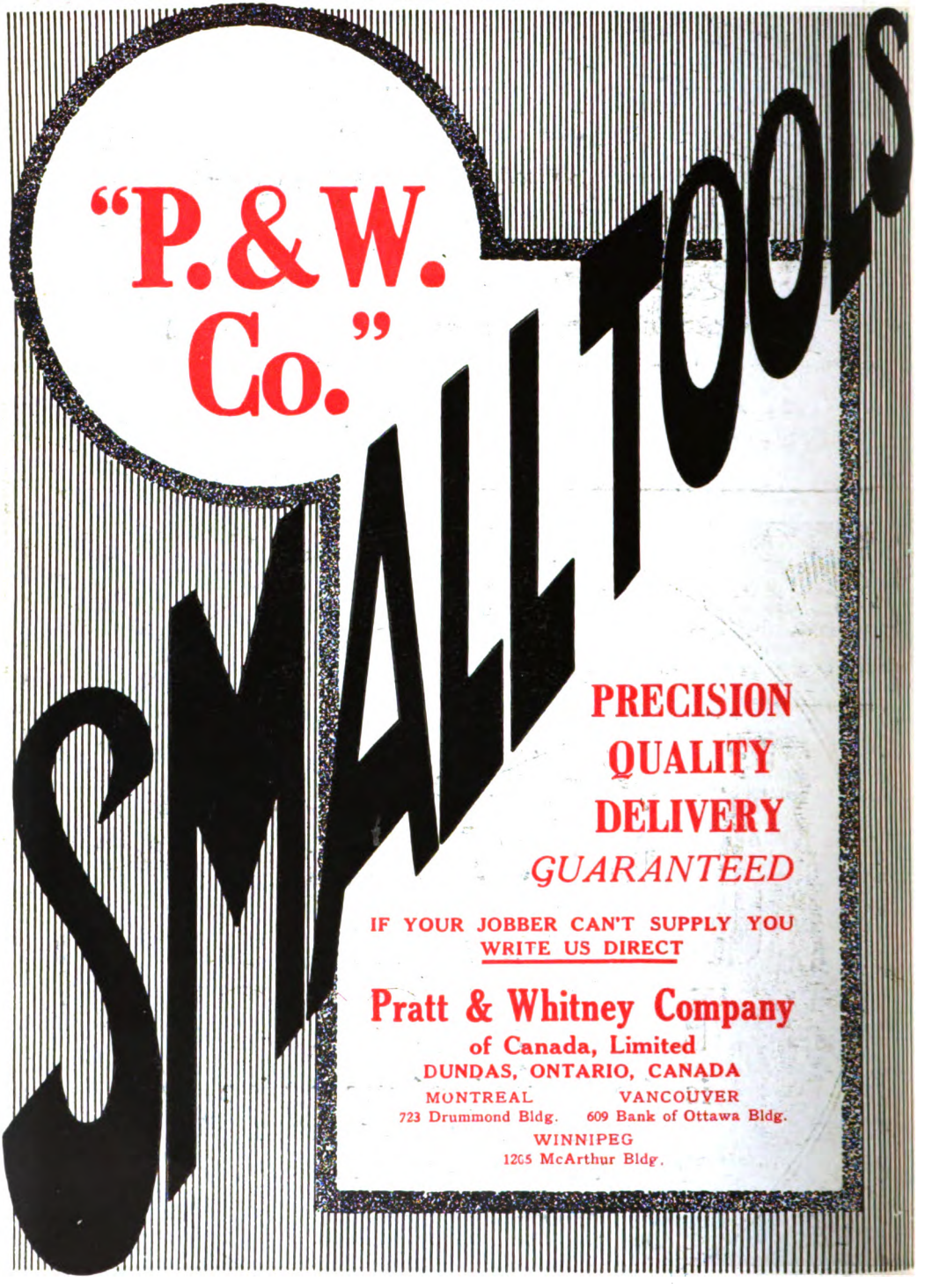

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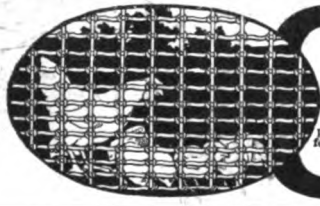

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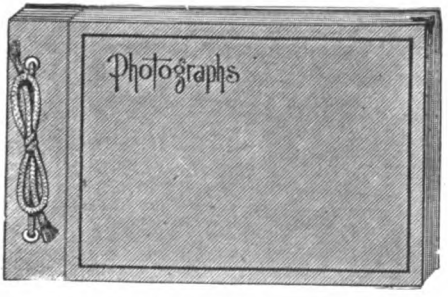

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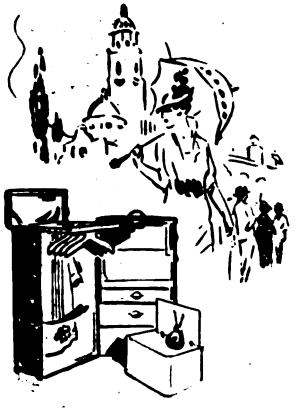

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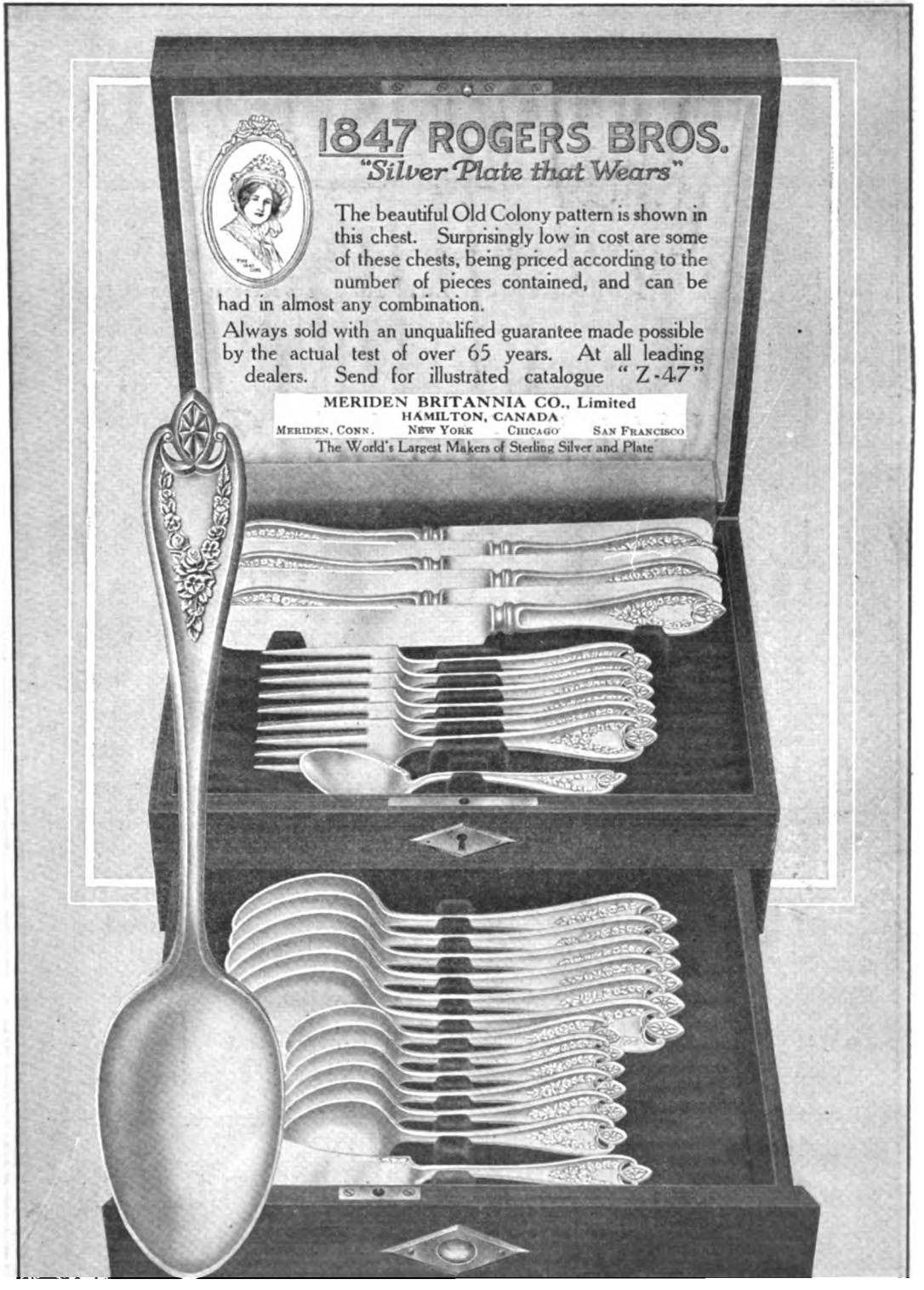
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The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. McGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the Birtish Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the industrial world.

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or so. But because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

Here a new Canadian Ford car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars may keep pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs of men where not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. What a contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel of a Model "C" car!

In the immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of steels, is heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stress and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows of very expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48-cylinders at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from sides, top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

In this plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as mentioned above, is refined here.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but $16.88 worth of material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here in Canada. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford car.

Consider what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense purchases as 25,000 tons of steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over $1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory, until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on, the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this $652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced $120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	**$480**
Ford Touring	**530**
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Ford Sedan	**890**
Ford Town Car	**780**

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Never Before Such an Instantaneous Success

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The $850 Overland has made history. It marks the entrance of a new automobile value—a car complete in every respect at a price which was hitherto thought impossible.

Yet here it is—a powerful five passenger touring car *complete* for only $850.

It is large enough for the whole family—moderately priced, within the reach of the majority—economical to maintain—built of the best quality materials—snappy, stylish and speedy—and complete in every sense.

In short, it is just another striking example of what our large production enables us to do.

It comes complete—only $850.

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 656.

Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada.

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Equally Good on Enamel Metal or Wood Surfaces.

Means

Wholesome Cleanliness in the Kitchen

MADE IN CANADA

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Big Ben

baby Ben

That *Well-to-do* Feeling

IT'S Big Ben for the man who likes to kick off the covers before the last call for breakfast.

Who enjoys a splash in the tub —a comfortable shave—a hot breakfast — and a minute or so with the family.

It's Big Ben for the man who likes to take it easy on the way to work—to know the well-to-do feeling of ample time.

Who likes to have a little while to himself to set things right before tackling the day's work.

It's Big Ben for you, to let you know the joy of unhurried mornings and well-started days.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, well built, handsome, punctual, with a big dial, a cheerful voice, comfortable keys, a light running movement. Calls steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten.

For light sleepers, Baby Ben—a quarter size reproduction of Big Ben, 3½ inches tall—keeps the same good time, calls the same punctual way, a handy clock for the traveling bag, the desk or the dressing table, or any place where attractiveness, dependability and small size are desired.

Each is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, price $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer does not stock them.

Western Clock Co

La Salle, Ill. U. S. A. Makers of *Westclox*

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7/12/18

A Strength and Long Life Breakfast

Some fruit
Grape-Nuts with cream
Soft boiled eggs
Some crisp toast
Cup of well-made POSTUM.

That's enough until noon.

Surprising how well-fed and comfortable one can be on such a breakfast.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

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Needs care and attention to keep it beautiful and new looking. Be careful of the polish you use. Do not take chances. Use

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(Made in Canada)

Use it on all furniture, woodwork and floors if you would have them admired. It dusts, cleans and polishes at the same time. It removes all dirt and scum and leaves that bright new looking appearance so much desired.

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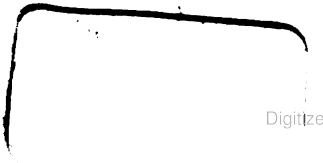

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